OCTOBER 14, 1944

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 60. NO. 6 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Which Way Coalition?

POLITICAL events in Ontario during the next few weeks will be watched with interest by the nation at large. At present the situation in the Province is, as outlined in an article on page 10 of this issue, that an attempt is being made by the Labor-Progressives to manoeuvre a coalition to defeat Premier Drew. The basic strategy of the Labor-Progressives is that they are working to achieve a "coalition of the left" with the CCF and the more liberal elements of the Liberals.

Granting that the next federal government will in all probability be a minority government, the activity in Ontario takes on national interest as a foretaste of national events to come. With a minority government in power some sort of coalition (or mutual agreement not-to-disagree pact as has been in effect in Ontario) will be essential in Ottawa. The CCF strategy, as expressed by Mr. Coldwell, is to force this coalition to be between the Conservatives and the Liberals, returning the country, in effect, to two-party government, with the CCF as the second party—if not the first. The Labor-Progressives, believing that Conservative influence would be bound to dominate in such a partnership, class this as a "coalition of the right" and their policy is to try to substitute for it a federal coalition of their own party, the CCF and whatever portions of the Liberal Party could be persuaded to go along. The present situation in Ontario is therefore a miniature of the forthcoming federal picture.

So far the CCF leaders have strongly held to their line in Ontario and there has been little support for the coalition movement from the Liberals. But the return of Mr. Hepburn, who has been listening to the Labor-Progressive plan with an open mind, is bound to have a strong influence on the Liberal plans which in turn will exert indirect pressure on the CCF.

Moving up toward the front in Holland, this long line of British tanks presses through the streets of a Dutch town. Tank spearheads are being driven deeper into enemy territory despite stiff resistance.

The Road Back

AS THIS is written British troops are storming their way back into Dunkirk. What adult of our generation will ever be able to forget Dunkirk? Those terrible and yet wonderful days are surely burned in our memories as no other experience of the war.

It was defeat, with the most direly threatening consequences, as Churchill had to remind his people in the midst of the cheering for their menfolk, snatched as by a miracle from death or capture. But it was also victory, one of the truest examples of the British spirit of "never-say-die." The men should have been lost. The German tanks and bombers should have been able to grind them to pieces. But naked courage and uncalculating determination defied and defeated the machine which to that moment had appeared invincible.

It is a curiously contrary British trait—which the Germans have certainly never been able to understand, if the British do themselves—which drew from this glorious defeat the faith to go through the valley of shadows after the fall of France. But are not the most celebrated military traditions of the British race just such glorious defeats: the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna; the thin red line at Mons; the gallant but unsuccessful campaign in Greece and Crete in 1941?

In Greece, too, we are on the road back this week. The road from Patras to Athens, along the south shore of the Gulf of Corinth—one remembers as though it were yesterday the account by Robert St. John of his flight along this road with the British Army, can it be three and a half years ago? Nearly a year had passed since Dunkirk, yet it still seemed as though the Germans had all the planes in the sky, nearly all of everything in fact, and the British only courage.

Actually, things had improved quite a bit. We had behind us Wavell's brilliantly executed victory in Egypt and Libya—though it is true it was over the half-hearted Italians. And General Wilson's three-weeks' stand against the Germans in Greece was a far more professional show than our awkward beginning in Norway. What satisfaction it must be for Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, now Allied Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean, to go back into Greece.

A Great Fighter

ONE of the great fighting civilians of the war, Wendell Willkie, has met an untimely death. And death seems to have been as close a call for him as the Presidential election which he lost four years ago. Entering the hospital for a check-up and rest-cure, a deadly streptococcus infection attacked his heart. Joking with the nurse in his typical fashion at 1 a.m., he was dead at 2 a.m.

The American people have yet to learn what the loss of this man is going to cost them. Though they twice rejected his services, they may now at last make an unbiased estimate of his worth. He may have been an amateur in both domestic and international politics, with a great deal to learn. But he was a genuinely big man, eminently equipped to learn, with a great faith in the democratic process.

Willkie had color, with his forthright manner, his rumpled hair and his rough manners. But above all the man had a great wealth of courage. His campaign for the Republican presidential nomination in 1940 must surely become an epic in American political history. A new adherent, with no connections with, or support from, the party "machine", he succeeded by personal magnetism in winning the votes of the individual delegates.

We listened with the greatest of interest through the roll-call at Indianapolis in 1940, and felt that here was a genuine stirring of democracy. And in the amazing campaign which he carried to every corner of the country, speaking as long as his voice lasted, not to party managers in smoke-filled rooms, but to the people wherever they gathered to hear him, Mr. Willkie displayed the deepest understanding of the working of democracy.

This man, almost unknown to the public six months before, won more votes than any Republican candidate before him, even successful candidates. Willkie was not successful. But he came nearer to establishing the position, lacking in the American set-up, of an official leader of the opposition, than had any other losing candidate for a long time. If his trips to Britain, Russia and China kept him in the public eye, they also reaffirmed his courage, for he never was a man to say what people wanted to hear. Rather the opposite.

Never was his courage better displayed than when he chose to force a test on his internationalist doctrines in the ultra-isolationist state of Wisconsin, last spring. Without the Midwest vote he did not believe he could win the nomination or the election. And unless the Midwest had abandoned its blind isolationism he didn't think much of the chances of a sound peace. Many observers saw an ominous portent in Willkie's total rejection in Wisconsin. It was a heart weakened by profound disappointment which failed last Sunday.

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Smythe's Charges

IF THE supply of reinforcements for Canada's forces overseas is adequate, as Mr. Ralston says it is, a simple way to allay public disquietude over Major Smythe's and Mr. Drew's charges would be to have General Crerar, as operating head of the army on the western front, issue a statement to that effect. General Burns might do likewise, as commander in Italy. These officers have the duty and responsibility of carrying out operational tasks assigned to them and, we may reasonably assume, would be quite disinclined to cover up any political shortcomings in Canada. Thus,

(*Continued on Page Three*)

NAME IN THE NEWS

Quebec's Lady Champion of the Cause of Teachers' Rights

By COROLYN COX

MUCH talk flows over the dam about the need for laying foundations in our schools for the understanding and cooperation so badly needed between the two independent races that inhabit Canada. In the Province of Quebec few individuals have got down to it and done something about the matter with the persistence and courage of Beryl Truax. Miss Truax' job is teaching both French and History to the English speaking youth at Westmount High School—and she is able to complement Senator Bouchard by dealing with the mote in the English-speaking eye (if one may mix a metaphor!). But with the end of her working day her work for Canada has only begun. She has just completed a year as President of the Canadian Teachers Federation, is a member of the odd 99 man City Council of Montreal, and, among other activities, is presently concerning herself with backing the effort of French speaking women teachers to raise the standard of their profession.

Photo by Nakash.

Beryl Truax

The Ancestry

Miss Truax is rather an extraordinary sort of person. Forthright, plain speaking, "tailored" in appearance, she is not in the least domineering, sticks by her guns without developing the aggressiveness that too often handicaps the efforts of capable women possessed of many of her qualities. Could it be that her French antecedents and early cultural graces acquired in the Province of Quebec have something to do with the case?

Five generations back Beryl's forebears settled in the Province of Quebec, came up from the U.S. thus putting one over on the Province. For Truax was once "du Trieux", and the French emigrant of that name was a Huguenot, and had come into the States with the Dutch when Huguenots weren't allowed to settle in Quebec. Beryl's background is French, but Protestant, on the Truax side. Her mother is English stock.

Born in Farnham, P.Q. fifty-one years ago, Miss Truax was taught her alphabet—and how to back out of a room without tripping over things—by a French nun in a local convent. She didn't attend the convent long, and had no orthodox schooling. Her father, a locomotive engineer, died when she was fourteen, and the four children learned the meaning of hard work. Beryl went to a mission school, Feller Institute, founded by the Swiss, administered by French Protestants. She had twenty-two months to nip through her entire high school training, the while washing dishes, making beds, and cleaning staff rooms in this boarding school.

To qualify as a teacher and get on her feet with a job, Miss Truax went on to Macdonald College, spent her short time there running to catch up with herself, but managed to make the grade. Thereafter she put in ten years as grade teacher at Notre Dame de Grace. She felt she owed the Province of Quebec "damn little" for education.

Entirely on her own she tackled rising out of her confined field by taking an extra mural B.A. from Queens University, four courses a year, with one year in residence at the end. She got her degree in 1927, with honors in French and English, a medal in French, and won a scholarship she couldn't accept because she had to get back to earning.

Work at Westmount

Now qualified to move up into high school work, Miss Truax went at once to Westmount, has taught there ever since. Expanding salary made expansion of her own world possible. She took full advantage of the possibilities, did postgraduate work in education at McGill University, and embarked upon the broader educational field of travel. The summers of 1933, 34 and 35 she spent in the British Isles, then turned to France. Her first summer in France in 1937 she watched the sabotaging of the Blum government, the next year saw the fruits of Munich ripen, and in 39 the Abetz scandal. When she left France on August 26th, it was obvious something was about to happen.

As a Leader

Miss Truax became President of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers in 1939 and gave full support to the members in their drive to better salaries at a time when the city minimum was $800, and the country $300 or less. When authorities of the day soothed the clamoring teachers with the quotation, 'Man shall not live by bread alone", Miss Truax snapped back—"Show me the line that suggests man shall live *without* bread". She was chairman of the Salary Committee for the Province, which made a survey of teaching conditions throughout the Province and produced a report that Miss Truax says could only be described as a scandal sheet. She helped organize the Federation of Women Teachers of the Island of Montreal, seeking united action in co-operation with the Catholic teachers of the Province. She was made Vice-President of the Canadian Teachers Federation in 1942, President in 1943.

Her continuous effort to raise the status of teachers is, she feels, the direct method of raising the quality of product of the schools. So long, she insists, as the salaries of French Catholic women teachers remain at their present low level, just so long will French speaking youth of Quebec Province continue to emerge from their schools at a handicap in competition with English speaking youth tackling the world in which they live together.

A product of authoritarian education, the French-speaking women teachers find it hard to "organize" on their own behalf. With no Minister of Education in the Province, but an extraordinary setup of Education Councils wtih two secretaries, one French, one English, the situation is more than difficult. Catholic women teachers still sit at a minimum salary of $800 per annum, when the Protestants have risen to $1,000. The Catholic maximum salary for women is $1320, the Protestant $2200. And Miss Truax points out that in the regulations Catholic teachers are required to "dress well", whereas the Protestants may, so far as rules go, do as they please!

In the middle of August last the arbitration over Catholic women's teachers salaries began. The proceedings opened with the Council's lawyers challenging the teachers to prove that teaching is a profession.

Frozen salaries are another headache. Teachers in the country districts are held on *wages* lower than you'd have to pay for housemaid—if you could get one. Miss Truax thinks the whole teachers' salary situation in the whole Dominion is a drawback to Canadian unity, in that the low pay eliminates travel, even back and forth between the Provinces of Canada, let alone abroad, or into the States.

The Womens Civic League is another of Miss Truax' activities, and she has struggled valiantly in the Parks Association, hoping at least that French and English speaking children might play together in public parks, thus establishing early the conception of each other as "good neighbours". Opposition from certain interested quarters, however, to this project is strong and so far effective. Day Nurseries, too, set up in connection with war industries, have been "separate".

To Miss Truax all this seems "too bad". She will not, however, cease to work on for Canadian unity. Her own deep cultural understanding of the French is the foundation of her belief in the possibility of a true Canadian race, one family.

The first of the recently instituted Long Service Medals in Scouting was presented to His Excellency the Governor-General, as Chief Scout for Canada, by Mr. Jackson Dodds, G.B.E., D.C.L. The presentation was made at the Annual Meeting of the Boy Scouts Association in Ottawa.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Communist Infiltration in the Labor Unions of the Coast

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ with amazement the article on Malcolm McLeod by Corolyn Cox in your issue of July 15.

As a former President of Sub-local G of the Boilermakers & Iron Shipbuilders Union, Local 1, in Vancouver, I feel compelled to give the true facts.

The split between the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Boilermakers was, as is well known to trade unionists, the result of a communist bid for control of the unions in the Pacific Coast. Unfortunately I was not aware of this at the time and placed my weight with the Boilermakers. I bitterly regret this mistake as do thousands of other trade unionists.

As many of us now realize, these Communists have succeeded in gaining control of the B.C. Shipyard General Workers' Federation, of the Boilermakers in Vancouver and Victoria, and several other unions. I understand that there are seven Unions in this Federation and all Communist-controlled except one.

A glaring example of their methods is the present struggle of the Amalgamated Building Workers of Canada, Shipwrights' section. In seeking control of the Shipwrights, the Communists met stiff opposition. Seeing they could not make the grade, they split away a section and set up a dual organization. Malcolm McLeod, as President of the Federation, immediately, in order to keep the worker-against-worker fight going, gave the dual organization a charter.

The Amalgamated held closed shop agreements in the shipyards, and the dual organization set out to smash these agreements, at the very time when all unions were carefully trying to keep harmony and goodwill in the shipyards and protect all agreements.

Under the guidance of the Labor Progressive leadership, the Federation Unions led work stoppages in the yards in support of the dual union. The A.F.L. unions refused to take any part in stoppages which were aimed at breaking a closed shop agreement of another union. Some of the A.F.L. machinists were actually attacked in the yards.

The first agreement signed by the Boilermakers under the Federation banner is the worst agreement they hold. It was signed by the leadership without telling the workers the full contents of the agreement. The Boilermakers Local 1, which has taken in approximately a quarter of a million dollars in 18 months, is today practically bankrupt! They are the only large union in Canada which does not have one war bond! Yet the union had bought $30,000 in war bonds in four years! Their membership has dwindled in 12 months from approximately 14,000 to 8,000 and possibly less.

Under the leadership of these so-called Labor Progressives, the Boilermakers have suffered more defeats than at any time in their history, and more than any other union in the Dominion of Canada. The meetings of the union appear to be dominated by a machine which has slandered and ridiculed any member who opposes them. Less than 3% of the membership attend the meetings!

I resigned my position in the union, and resigned from the union because of the tactics of what I felt was a political machine. And there are many thousands of workers beginning to have their eyes opened.

Vancouver, B.C. R. L. BENSON.

A Matter of Precedence

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

In case it might be taken from Mrs. W. G. Campbell's letter, quoted in SATURDAY NIGHT, August 19, that the Honourable Mrs. Walter Parlby, sworn in as a member of the Executive Council of Alberta on August 13, 1921, was Canada's first woman Minister of State, may your readers be referred to The Parliamentary Guide, 1921, page 458, where the following will be found:

"The Honourable Mary Ellen Smith (widow of the Honourable Ralph Smith of British Columbia) was the first woman in the world to take her husband's seat. (She was) appointed Minister without Portfolio (in the B.C. Cabinet) and was the woman first honoured thus in the world, March 24, 1921."

However, Mrs. Smith was not the first woman elected to Parliament in Canada. The Parliamentary Guide, 1921, p. 488, gives the following: "Mrs. Louise McKinney, first elected to Alberta Assembly, general election 1917, having the honor to be the first woman to be elected to a Canadian Legislative body." And again on p. 490: "Alberta was the first province in Canada to elect a woman to Parliament. . . ."

Winnipeg, Man. A. B. SCOTT.

Fascist Spain

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SPAIN is on our conscience, for we stood by in cowardice and complicity while democracy in Spain was ravaged and a freedom-loving, peaceful people crucified.

These are my thoughts after reading the article in your issue of Sept. 9, by the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes: "Where Lies the Answer to the Spanish Problem?" He says: "Our desires could not be other than a wish to see Spain left alone to settle her own problems and shape out her own future. . ." This, of a people prostrated under the gangster guns of a partner of the criminal Hitler.

Can we do less than demand that fascism be ended in Spain under the control of an international commission which will guarantee free elections, and recognition and security for the government returned?

TRP. H. G. MILLER

Camp Borden, Ont.

Quebec Complex

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR articles "When Quebec Hails Paris" and "The Quebec Enclave" well and accurately portray and expose the peculiar mental attitude and the inconsistent actions of the French Canadian people, to the public, and more especially to the thoughtful element in Quebec itself.

My own conviction is that if Quebec is ever going to be properly assimilated as a part of our Canadian nation it will have to come about by or through the Quebec people themselves.

Toronto, Ont. J. DOW.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor
P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor
WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor
BERNICE M. COFFEY, Women's Editor
C. N. FOY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland $3.00 per year, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years. Single copies 10c.

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Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OR RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 1, CANADA

MONTREAL .....Birks Bldg.
NEW YORK.....Room 512, 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling - - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - - - Circulation Manager

Vol. 60, No. 6 Whole No. 2691

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

if they are satisfied with the number and quality of reinforcements coming forward from Canada, there is surely nothing more to be said, other than to censure Major Smythe, and especially Col. Drew who obviously is open to the charge that he is politically minded.

If Mr. Ralston is certain that the reinforcement situation is as satisfactory as he asserts it to be, he should have no objection to announcing that he was asking Crerar and Burns to report on it and that he would publish the reports in the press. Such a statement would go far toward restoring public confidence, which would be made complete by the receipt of favorable reports from the field commanders.

Those who remember the serious shortage of reinforcements with which General Currie's Canadian Corps suffered in the later stages of the last war, and who now have some boys fighting overseas, will naturally feel especial anxiety until the matter is cleared up.

Shirking Political Duty

THE country could do with more such speeches as that recently delivered by Robert Fennell, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, before a social gathering of members of that organization. It covered considerable territory and it is not necessary to agree with everything said, to recognize the vital import of at least two of his themes. First, the tendency of business men to shirk political duty; to grumble about this and that and do nothing about it. Second, the obvious fact that if Canada is to play her proper part, in the post war world, (of which we hear so much lately) there must be a firmer check on waste of natural resources than has ever prevailed in any part of this country.

The problems are tied together; we cannot have a far-seeing and business handling of natural resources if business men shirk an active, intelligent participation in politics. Most of us have heard much grousing about "political heelers" from coteries of business men, whatever political party held power; but the protests ended in talk. The "heelers" did not worry for a moment; views of business men or professional men did not interest them; they just went on getting control of constituency organizations in town and country, with a sharp eye for the "gravy".

Mr. Fennell is reported as saying "It is a sign of an immature nation to find its business men and industrial leaders without an active interest in politics. Canada has not grown up, so long as we men (men like the Board of Trade) remain aloof; so long as they believe there is something wrong in taking part in politics, in having an opinion and expressing it on the affairs of the nation."

We have always had with us the paradoxical individual who growls about his taxes, and denounces public men as ninnies, but will take part in no movement aimed to create better conditions; the man who on election day decides to play golf instead of voting. On any general election day the beefers can be seen herding illiterates to the polls; while solid citizens sit round after lunch wondering whether they will bother casting a vote on the way home to dinner.

That is a time-honored situation, but at the present juncture in the world's affairs such indifference to politics, which is in essence the nation's business,—may well prove disastrous to Canada's future. Surely the multitude of efficient men who armed Canada for global warfare with amazing energy and skill, can show an equal efficiency in organizing to meet the problems of peace. They can only do so by taking an interest in politics.

Russian Studies at Varsity

THE University of Toronto has taken a step of high importance in adding to its staff, for the current academic year at least, the eminent authority on international affairs, Sir Bernard Pares. There is probably no greater authority on Russian history, past and present, than Sir Bernard, and his friendship for the vast Slavonic Empire, which still remains mysterious to many, is unquestionable. His lectures will be the more welcome and the more effective, because they will be the utterances of a sound, clear-headed Englishman. Sir Bernard first came to the attention of editors in America during the last war when he seemed to speak more intelligently of Russia and its people than most other publicists. He was well equipped to do so because he had commenced his study of Russia on Russian soil as early as 1898. He set up a school of Slavonic studies at the University of Liverpool in 1907,—an ideal location, since Liverpool has enjoyed close commercial relations with Russia for many decades.

It will perhaps interest Sir Bernard, not to speak of many Canadians, to know that the first Governor-General of United Canada, Charles Poulett Thomson, Lord Sydenham, obtained his early training in the St. Petersburg office of his father's firm, engaged in Russian trade with England. He was sent there at the age of 16 and remained several years. His training was such that in 1830, at the age of 31, he became Vice President of the Board of Trade in Lord Grey's administration. When in 1839 he was sent across the Atlantic to organize the administration of United Canada it was because of his business training, obtained in a country, which, like Canada, was supposed to be severe in climate. Relations between Britain and Russia 100 years ago were much better than half a century later, and Sir Bernard's charges that creation of dissension between the two great powers was due to insidious German policy persisted in for seventy years or more are unquestionably true.

North America in recent years had an overdose of talkers with weird names trying to force the idea down our throats that the Russians in a quarter of a century have developed political intelligence superior to that gained by the British people in a thousand years of free parliamentary institutions. That is, of course, rubbish. But the intellectual potentialities of Russia were shown in the vast development of literature, music and the arts during the six decades between 1840 and 1900. In this century Russia has also come to the forefront in science and research. Sir Bernard will be able to give Canada an enlightened Englishman's view of what Russia really means in the modern world.

Victory was so certain even a short while ago that we can prepare ourselves with fresh courage for a later fight.... (an) unavoidable fresh contest for the leadership of the world.— HITLER'S LATEST
LOW

"WILL YOU TAKE MY I O U ?" —*Copyright in all Countries.*

Sir William and Marconi

THE energies of the late Sir William Mulock touched the life of Canada and the Empire at many points for a long period. Naturally our brief reference to his passing could not cite even a few of his notable acts. One of these was his official encouragement while Postmaster General, of wireless telegraphy, and its immortal inventor, Guglielmo Marconi. Though little known to the public it was a service that Marconi never forgot, and while he lived his messages of goodwill to Sir William were frequent.

In the first decade of this century the future of the world was entirely changed by revolutions in communications effected by a handful of men. Marconi, the Wright brothers, and Diesel, inventor of the internal combustion engine, for instance. The greatest miracle worker of all was Marconi. The man who sits at his breakfast table and listens to what has happened overnight on the Western front, owes this boon to him and the army of technicians who followed his lead. There was a time, less than fifty years ago, when Marconi, half-Italian and half-Irish, was a poor young genius, regarded as a dreamer and possibly an imposter. It was then that the interest of Canada's Postmaster General stood him in good stead. In Italy his ideas had received no encouragement whatever, but he fared better with the British authorities and ultimately proved his theories by the establishment in 1899 of wireless communications between England and France.

That wireless could be operative across the vast Atlantic had yet to be demonstrated. In 1901 Marconi was in Newfoundland and received recognizable signals from Poldu, Cornwall,—2,100 miles away. The story was doubted and Marconi was at his wit's end to obtain funds and recognition. It so happened that Alexander Johnston, M.P., editor of a Sydney N.S. newspaper read of Marconi's experiments in a Newfoundland newspaper, and was convinced that Marconi should be invited to use Cape Breton as a base of experiments. He communicated with Ottawa, but only one of the Ministers was interested,—Sir William Mulock, Postmaster General.

The latter, with whom communications was a hobby, seized on the project eagerly. Though he had no parliamentary authority to expend money in that way, he managed to stake Marconi with funds to conduct experiments on a larger scale, from a station in Cape Breton. They were a success. Thus Canada became the birthplace of Trans-Atlantic wireless. Reference books record that such communications were first formally inaugurated in a message from the Governor General of Canada (arranged by Sir William) to King Edward VII, transmitted by Marconi himself, in 1901. Had it not been for the hospitality of the Mulock mind to new ideas that honor would never have come to Canada. It paved the way to fortune and immortal fame for the poor young inventor, and nobody realized that so much as Marconi himself.

Sir William's closing years were accompanied by such an amazing prolongation of mental elasticity and bodily vigor that they somewhat overshadow in the mind of the present generation other important achievements of his life. He was one of the most notable figures in our political history, for he had a great share in bringing about the Liberal victory of 1896 and in designing the policies which kept the party in power until 1911. He might be termed a practical imperialist being much more concerned with the effective linking up of the commonwealth nations by cheap and rapid communications and their intelligent cooperation for common defence than with the niceties of constitutional structure.

As a centenarian his last speech was devoted to the problem of education in French Canada. If this nation had been ready to tolerate any federal activity in the sphere of education he would have been the ideal minister to have charge of it, but that was not to be.

The Passing Show

If it weren't for the news, always breaking at unseasonable times, a reporter's life would not be without charm; unless he had to write news that hadn't broken—as at Quebec.

•

Our Solid Sender

I LIKE our new baby,
But his howling's a fright.
I don't "walk in beauty",
But I walk in the night.

HUGH PRYCE

•

For the present a speech by Mr. Hepburn has the same effect on us as the radio commercial's urgent warning to buy such-and-such TODAY. We don't buy it.

•

Drafted

WHEN Ysobel was young and fair (She's ornamental yet!)
She always liked to do the sums no other kid could get,
And when to College she repaired, she chose the Honor paths,
Denied to ordinary folk, of Physics and of Maths.

To-day she has three little girls, of six and eight and ten,
Likewise a husband whom we count most fortunate of men.
Her role has been to sweep and dust, to keep her daughters fair,
To wipe their three young noses and to curl their golden hair.

To argue with the grocer-man, to swat the summer flies,
To boil potatoes, baste the roast and cooper apple-pies,
To sew and mend, to knit and darn with all her clever might,
Or do a lobster Newburg for her bridge-club Tuesday night.

But lately came Authority, a proper Mr. Big
Who said "We have no teachers for Geometry and Trig.
Come back, O brisk and clever one, turn from your household pets
And pound some mathematics in our rising Air Cadets."

Now little Norma Ann explains to smaller Janet May,
And she to Shirley, rising six, "Our mother is away,
'Cause meals and games and bedtime-tales and other kinds of fun
Are not so nice as quadricks and the root of minus-one.

"While Daddy works and Mother works, we must look after Rover,
And sweep and dust and cook our meals until the war is over,
And curl our golden hair ourselves, all quiet and serene,
And get to school before the bell and keep our noses clean."

J. E. M.

•

What they used to call old world charm has a new meaning. It consists now in seeing Germans in retreat.

•

Christopher Morley found an isolationist tooth-carpenter in Quebec and didn't think in time to respond, "Ah, a dentist and an irredentist." The staircase-mind again.

•

Soldier

TIME was when labor was his joy.
He was a man while still a boy,
And when mature a Hercules,
Too stern and proud to take his ease.

Now helpless in his chair he sits
While Doctors vainly rack their wits;
And truly he comports him well,
Smiling—from out his private Hell.

J. E. M.

•

We cannot but regret the inconsiderate manner of a young mother of our acquaintance who has complicated the housing problem by having twins.

•

Ask Mr. Foster?

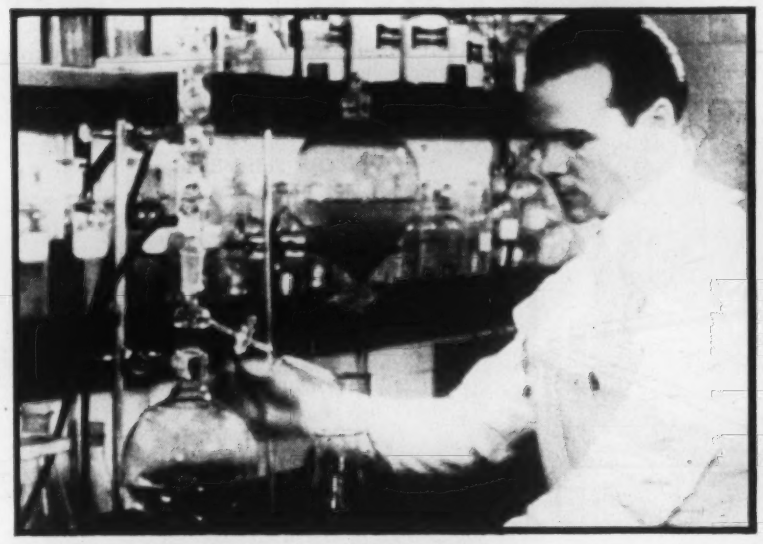
I can't decide who travels more
Georgie Drew . . . or Eleanor?

MONA GOULD

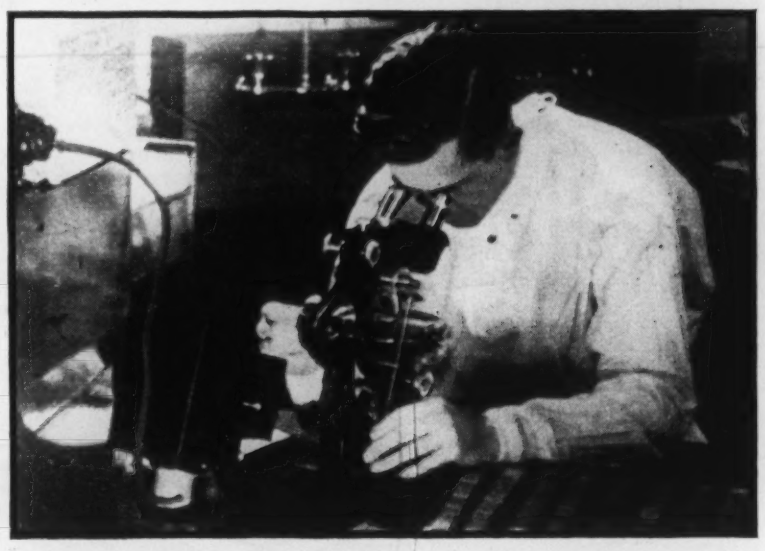
•

Long ago in Ontario truance used to be called mitching. Nowadays staying away from the Liberal Party—for a space—is the same thing, with a capital "M".

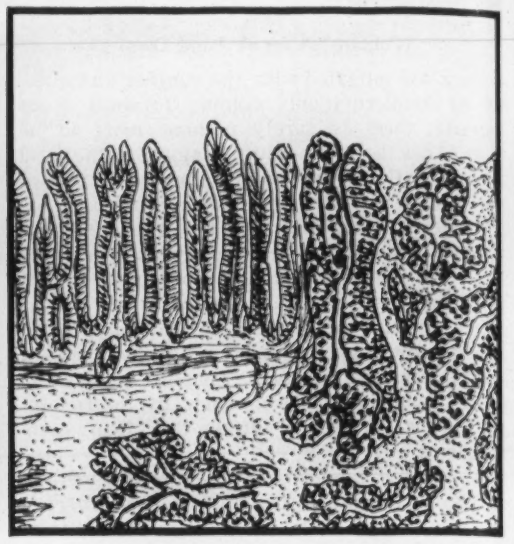
Prospects for Cure in Early Cancer Are Good!



One of the many laboratory analyses which may be made in reaching diagnosis. These facilities are best supplied in central clinics.



"Biopsy"—pathological analysis of the affected tissue under microscope to confirm diagnosis. Microscopic picture may show . . .



. . . normal structure (left), abnormal and irregular (right), cancerous invasion below.

Patients often read or knit while radium pack (consisting of tiny tubes of radium applied directly to the affected area) is in position.

Powerful X-ray equipment directs the rays on the diseased cells. The treatment, as photograph indicates, causes no discomfort.

THE confident, assuring atmosphere of the hospital met us as soon as we were a few steps beyond the door of the Cancer Clinic in the Dunlap Building of the Toronto General Hospital. Passing the cubicles where 'sitting-up' patients receive treatment we saw a woman reading and knitting. She looked relaxed and comfortable while the radium pack on her cheek did its work. A month ago she had gone to her doctor about a blemish on her face that would not heal. Her doctor had referred her to the Dunlap Clinic. She remembered her shocked horror at the very word cancer. Today she knows that her fear and terror and horror of the discovery of cancer were unnecessary added worries. Because her cancer was caught in time this woman will not be one of the approximately thirteen thousand victims who die of cancer every year in Canada. Early diagnosis and treatment could have saved the lives of many of these.

In 1933 a quarter of a million dollars from the Dunlap Estate was designated for the rebuilding of a portion of the General Hospital in Toronto (to be known as the Dunlap Building) for a cancer clinic. The establishment of this clinic coincided with the report of the Royal Ontario Commission recommending centralization of cancer treatment. In addition to the Dunlap Building, clinics under the combined jurisdiction of Government and Hospitals are now in existence in Ontario at London, Kingston, Windsor, Ottawa and Hamilton. Treatment for cancer at these clinics is within the economic reach of everyone. The only stipulation is that a patient must be referred to the cancer clinic either by his own doctor or by the general hospital clinic.

Facilities for the treatment and control of cancer vary considerably

By Megan Smith

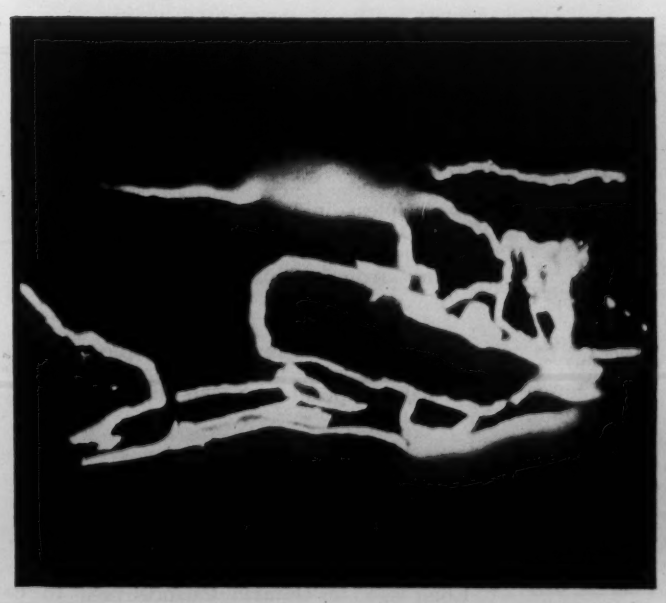
in Canada's nine provinces and range from the one extreme of clinics wholly under private auspices as in British Columbia to the government sponsored programs of Saskatchewan and Alberta, which offer free diagnosis and treatment for all residents of those provinces. Manitoba, where cancer is a *reportable* disease, carries on an extensive educational program in rural areas through the Manitoba Cancer Institute, which also maintains a biopsy service for all rural physicians and provides free X-ray and radium treatments for their patients.

In Nova Scotia, diagnosis and treatment are sponsored by the Provincial Health Department at the government owned and operated Victoria General Hospital, Halifax. In St. John, N.B., city and county authorities support a tumor clinic for cancer patients of the province. Quebec's Radium Institute and seven cancer clinics located in hospitals in Montreal and Quebec City provide facilities similar to Ontario.

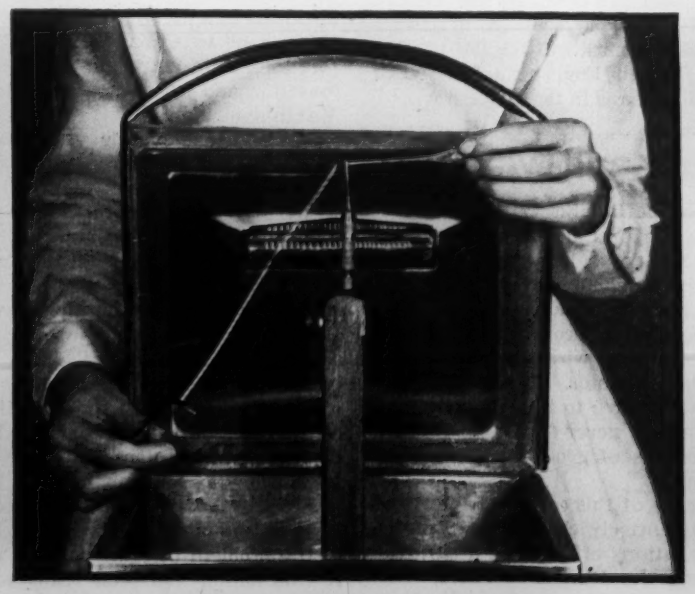
AFTER registration at the Dunlap Clinic a patient awaits his turn for examination in a comfortably furnished waiting room. Patients going for the first time are seen in a clinic-room especially designed for the purpose by a staff doctor and a graduate nurse. Here he is free to ask questions pertaining to prognosis. In a friendly atmosphere nervous tension is reduced and confidence gained. A complete examination of the patient follows, a pathological examination of the affected tissue is made, and treatment outlined. A sedative is given when radium needles are inserted in a cancer and a local anaesthetic used as in a dentist's office. A radium pack applied directly to a cancer causes negligible distress during its application. Unless overcome by drowsiness the patient can read or knit while the rays do their work. This is also true of X-ray or radium treatments. Women compare these treatments to sitting under a drier at the hairdressers. All patients, however, are given sedatives so that their treatments are completely painless.

The number of patients applying for treatment at cancer clinics steadily increases. Approximately one hundred and seventy-five possible cancer cases are examined every day at the Dunlap Building alone. With a fifty-bed capacity the Dunlap Clinic is at a disadvantage in caring for thousands of cancer sufferers. An additional fifty beds in this clinic would make possible the treatment of approximately eight hundred and fifty more cancer patients yearly.

Constant vigilance on the part of the public is also necessary in the battle against this disease which is second on the list of death-dealing afflictions of the human race in Canada. Cancer cannot be checked or controlled by scientists or medical men alone. Every man and woman has a place to fill in its conquest. The Canadian Society for the Control of Cancer, whose membership consists of people from all walks of life across the Dominion, who realize the need for organized effort in fighting cancer, supplies the public with knowledge about this disease. Through the use of educational films, pamphlets, bulletins, posters, talks and radio addresses it spreads the knowledge that early cancer can be cured, and lessens the fear and ignorance with which cancer is so surprisingly regarded by many. In a disease in which a few months delay may mean the difference between life and death this work almost ranks in importance with the actual treatment.



Self-portrait of radium made simply by exposing a photographic plate to ore with rich radium content. .



Special lead-lined equipment used in hospitals to protect workers handling radium. In threading this radium needle . . .

. . . care is taken not to touch the radium itself. Here: Interstitial application of radium in treating skin cancer.

Mexican Experience Enriches Canadian Artist

Cosgrove's treatment of figures shows a classical influence, and is entirely different in feeling from modern Mexican art.

By Miriam Chapin

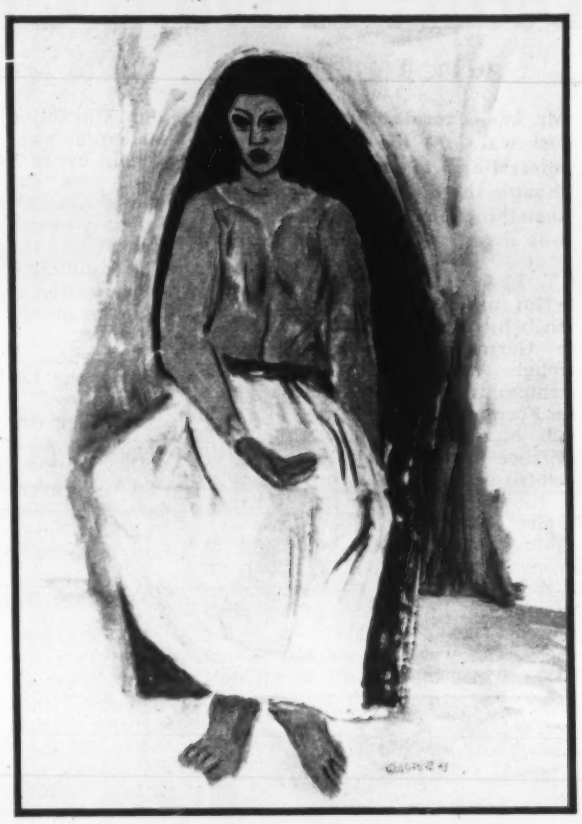
AFTER four years in Mexico, Stanley Cosgrove has returned to Montreal, and is showing the results of his work in an exhibition at the Art Association of that city, from October 7th to 30th. Later, the paintings and drawings will go to Quebec City, and after that to Toronto. Canada acknowledges a new master among those who have made her distinguished in modern painting.

When, in 1939, Cosgrove received from the Province of Quebec a fellowship for work abroad, he chose to go to Mexico to study mural painting. He had been a pupil at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts in Montreal, worked at the Art Association with Mr. Edwin Holgate, and exhibited in Quebec City some landscapes of Gaspé and the Laurentians. He had shared in the decoration of the Canadian pavilion at the New York World's Fair. A few discerning critics had praised his work, but he arrived in Mexico comparatively unknown. In October, 1943, he held a show at the Biblioteca Benjamin Franklin in Mexico City, which made El Canadiano a recognized artist in Latin America.

The contrasts of Mexico's landscape, the varying human types among her people, have attracted artists from other countries, but hitherto only her own sons have truly interpreted her opulent tropic lands, her bitter desert mountains and the folk who dwell therein. It has remained for a Canadian of Irish and French ancestry to possess the distinction of being the first outsider to penetrate her spirit, to present in art an understanding of her life. During Cosgrove's stay in Mexico, he travelled from one end of the country to the other, watching the people, talking with them, studying their ancient sculpture and their modern murals in markets and city halls and schools. He worked with the great muralist, José Clemente Orozco, and with him decorated the Church of the Hospital of Jesus, built by Cortez. Although he profited much from this association, his own work has a different feeling from the Mexican's; it is less revolutionary, more classical. Some of these drawings of nudes are as timeless as a Greek statue or a sketch of Leonardo's. Some of the landscapes, while as modern as a rocket bomb, have, unlike that symbol of our time, a universality that is characteristic of lasting art. Their clear beauty is absolute and whole.

COSGROVE doesn't talk much about his work. He thinks it ought to speak to the eye direct. He likes to argue on wider questions. One of his favorite theses is that no country can produce great art unless it fosters the handicrafts, unless the ordinary man and woman has grown up from childhood to see and express beauty in everyday life. The marketplace in a Mexican town, where earthen pots and serapes repeat the old patterns of Aztec times and also bloom with new designs, is the source of the great art which astonishes every visitor to Mexico. Canadians need to develop such an attitude to the work of the carpenter, the painter, the designer. He is interested, too, in every link with Spanish-American life, and believes that both Canada and Mexico will benefit from closer knowledge of each other.

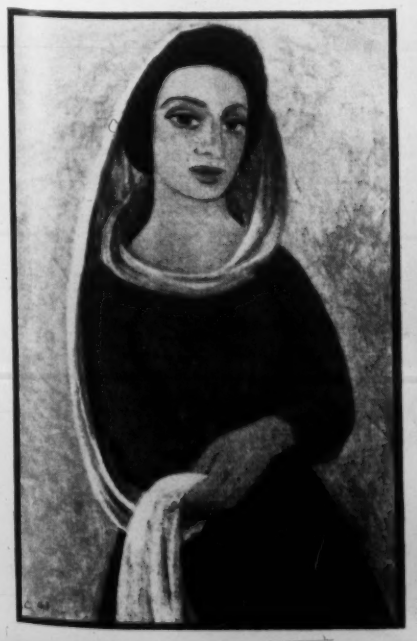
Now living in Montreal with wife and child, he is teaching at his old school, the Beaux Arts, and painting his own Quebec. He brings to the task an enriched experience and a talent which already establishes him as a great artist, not only of Canada but of the New World.



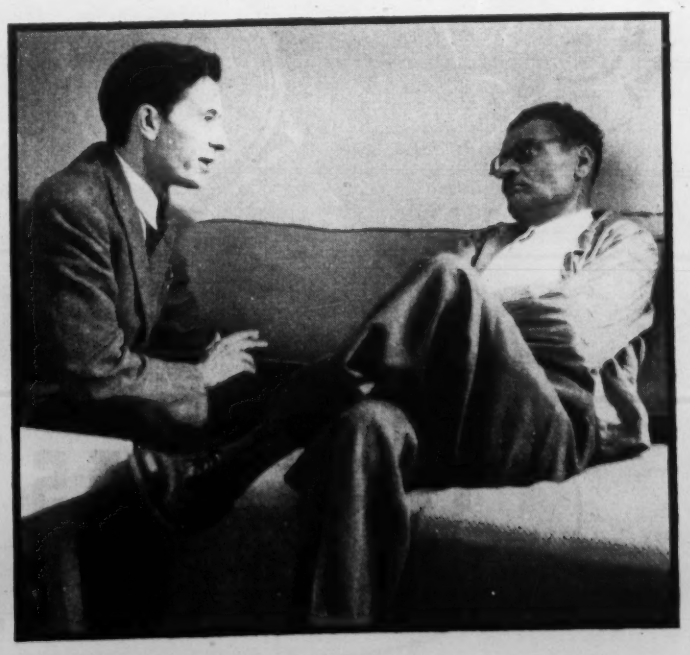
Here, not only subject, but feeling, is Mexican. Color is strongly massed for effective contrast.

Another oil—but very different in treatment. Line, rather than color masses, gives emphasis.

Mexican native and Indian types were inspiration for these heads. The head (left) is a pastel; the one (right), an oil on paper.



A Mexican-Spanish Type.



Cosgrove (left) with Orozco, great Mexican muralist.

Bold brushwork characterizes Cosgrove's paintings, even in this "Still Life."

In the End the Kaiser Didn't Have a Choice

By ROBERT LUCAS

Mr. Lucas recalls the end of the last war. At the moment it is interesting to remember that though the Kaiser tried to save something out of the debacle he was dismissed without thought.

AT 11 o'clock on the night of November 7, 1918, staff cars with white flags fluttering carried the German armistice delegation through the French lines. Next morning, in his railway carriage in the Forest of Compiegne, Marshal Foch handed to them the Allied armistice terms. They were to be accepted or rejected within 72 hours. In those 72 hours the German Empire collapsed.

Things were already boiling up in Berlin. On November 7 the news of the Kiel naval mutiny reached the capital. Four years of war had reduced the population to acute misery. The workers and the middle classes were in a state of chronic semi-starvation. A violent influenza epidemic was killing hundreds of people every day. With supplies of coal and oil dangerously short, winter was anticipated with horror.

For a month it had been common knowledge that the war was lost. The conviction had spread, even in conservative circles, that the Kaiser was the main stumbling block to an armistice.

The more extreme elements regarded the Kiel rising as the signal for action. Mass meetings were called for the same evening. In barracks and factories the advisability of the formation of Soldiers' and Workers' Councils was discussed. General von Linsingen, the Military Commander of the Brandenburg province, banned the meetings.

Socialists Wanted Monarchy

The Socialists presented the Chancellor, Prince Max von Baden, with an ultimatum demanding the immediate withdrawal of the ban, an assurance that no violence would be used by the authorities, and the abdication of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince by noon next day.

The Kaiser was at the Villa Fraineuse in Spa. He indignantly refused to abdicate. It was not the first time this step had been suggested to him by his embarrassed advisers and Secretaries of State.

He ordered General Groener—Ludendorff's successor as Quartermaster-General—to lead the German army against the German people. Groener explained the impracticability of this fantastic scheme. He offered the solution that the Kaiser, at the head of his army, should seek death in battle and by his self-sacrifice give lasting inspiration to his people. Such suicidal heroism was not to Wilhelm's taste.

On the evening of November 8 the Socialist delegates from the Berlin factories met. The situation was difficult. Although unanimous in their condemnation of William II, many of them hoped that the monarchy would be preserved.

They looked to England for their political ideal—a constitutional monarchy, with a democratic parliament. They were opposed to any revolutionary development. At the same time they were haunted by the fear that the radicalized masses might go over to the parties of the extreme left, who were their rivals in the struggle for political power.

Kaiser Tied Own Noose

The Socialist delegates decided to extend the time-limit of their ultimatum until the next day—November 9, at 9 o'clock in the morning. In Spa, increasing pressure was put on the Kaiser. He remained adamant.

During the night Prince Max sent an urgent telegram to the Villa Fraineuse. He explained that resignation of the Socialist members of the Cabinet would bring about the downfall of the whole Government. Refusal of the Socialists to collaborate would render the formation of a new Government impossible. Absence of a Government would cancel the possibility of an armistice.

The logic was irresistible. But the Kaiser obstinately insisted on his plan to suppress the revolt by force. His hopes received a shattering blow in the shape of this curt intimation from the Army:

"The Army High Command has decided to inform Your Majesty that in the case of civil war the armed forces would not stand behind Your Majesty. Difficulties of food supply would prevent the army from operating in a civil war."

Fifty commanders were ordered to Supreme Headquarters to report on the loyalty of their troops. Eleven generals never reached Spa. The thirty-nine who arrived were asked "Are the troops ready to follow the Kaiser in a campaign to reconquer the Fatherland?"

One general replied: "Yes."

Fifteen said: "We don't know."

Twenty-three generals answered bluntly: "No."

The Kaiser gave in.

Before midday an urgent telephone message was passed on to Prince Max: "The Emperor is prepared to abdicate. He is about to draft his last proclamation." The Chancellor cut in hastily: "There is no more time for that. Tell him we have already prepared a proclamation."

A few minutes later that proclamation went to print. Its first sentence read: "The Emperor and King has decided to renounce the Throne." While the news spread through Berlin, Max von Baden handed the Chancellorship over to the Socialist Fritz Ebert.

Ebert was determined to save the monarchy. The Crown Prince was as unpopular as the Kaiser, but his son, still a child, was a possible successor to the crown, with Prince Max as Regent.

In the Reichstag restaurant Ebert had lunch with Scheidemann. Soup had just been served when a group of workers and soldiers stormed into the dining-hall. "Scheidemann," they shouted, "you must make a speech. They are waiting to hear you."

Scheidemann wanted to finish his lunch. "No, you must come at once! Liebknecht is already making a speech."

Scheidemann got up. Something decisive had to be done before Liebknecht succeeded in winning over the crowds to the idea of social revolution. Scheidemann stepped on to a balcony and, addressing the thousands who filled the huge square around the Bismarck monument proclaimed Germany a republic.

When he returned to his table to finish his soup (as he minutely described in his memories) somebody shouted the news into the hall. Ebert turned on Scheidemann with the horrified question: "Is that true?" Then the future President of the Republic shouted in a fit of unrestrained fury: "How could you dare? You had no right to do that!"

Next day, at dawn, Wilhelm left for Holland.

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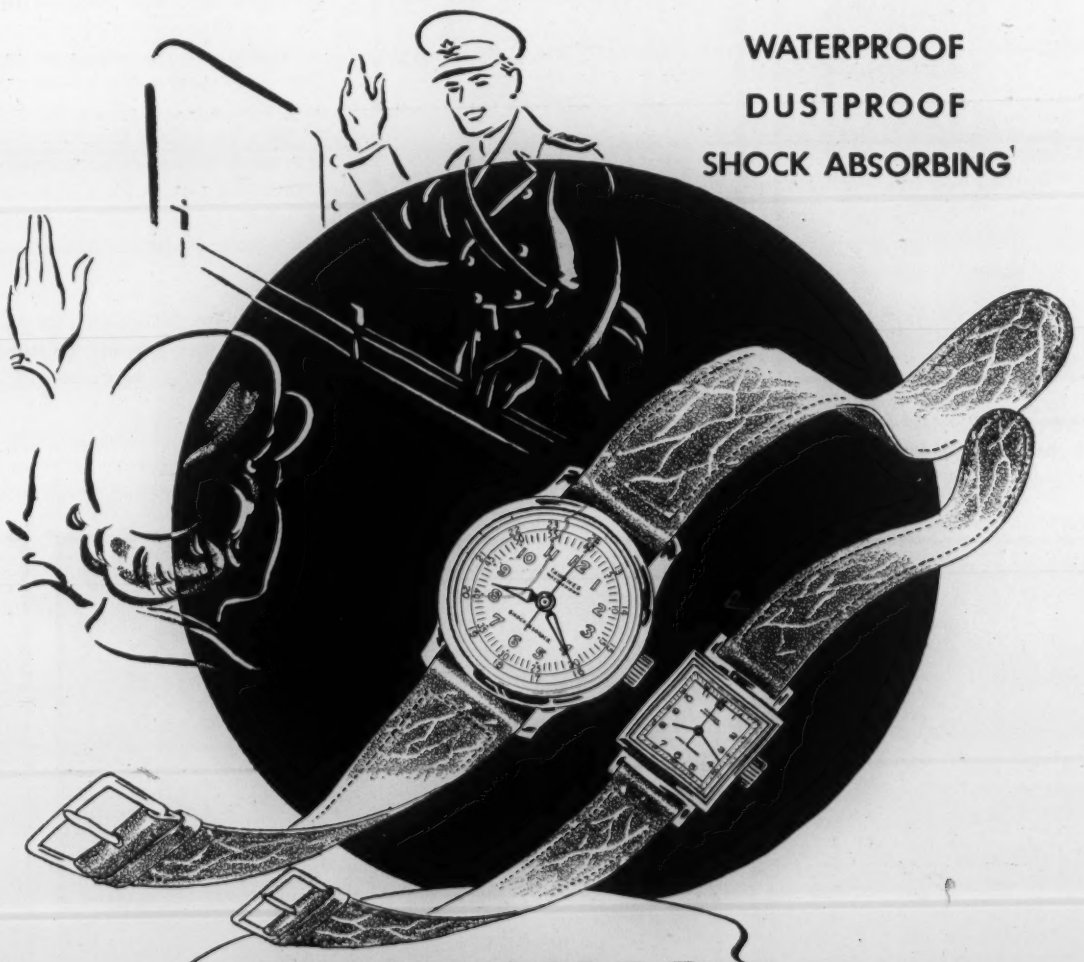

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TIME THE WORLD

UNRRA Supply Trouble Still Looming Large

By R. M. COPER

The Yugoslav incident two weeks ago proves that very important political consequences may issue from UNRRA's otherwise unpolitical activities.

Regarding the supply problems that face UNRRA, it is impossible to share the optimism of Mr. Acheson, United States UNRRA delegate, who said at Montreal that UNRRA could put on one side worry about the availability of supplies.

This is the second of two articles by Dr. Coper

UNRRA intends to spend well over two billion dollars within six months. This period is, generally speaking, the second six months after the cessation of hostilities. The countries which are to benefit from UNRRA's relief and rehabilitation activities are those Allied countries that are liberated from the Nazis. But, enemy or ex-enemy countries, too, may receive assistance if UNRRA so decides. The recent Montreal session of UNRRA, for instance, decided to give limited assistance to Italy.

During the first six months after the cessation of hostilities the Allied military authorities are to administer such relief as is necessary and cannot be provided by the government, or whichever authority is in control, of the liberated country. This initial six-month period is considered to be the maximum of time during which the Allied military authorities have, for military reasons, an exclusive interest in any liberated Allied country. Thereafter, the field is clear for UNRRA provided that the controlling authorities ask UNRRA to operate in their territory.

At first glance it might appear certain that all liberated Allied countries will ask UNRRA for assistance. But the problem is not so simple as that. In a previous article we pointed out that the supplies which UNRRA contributes toward the relief and rehabilitation of Allied countries are handed over to the governments of those countries, and that the use to which these governments put these supplies may start economic policies which run counter to world-economic plans in general, and to the economic plans of neighboring countries in particular.

Since we wrote that article the Yugoslav incident has proved that UNRRA faces a major problem here. Two weeks ago, the Free Yugoslav radio said that Marshal Tito's government refused to accept UNRRA's aid because "Yugoslavs wanted the relief distributed through their own organizations, but UNRRA insisted it should be distributed by special UNRRA machinery in Yugoslavia." This, of course, was a mistake; for UNRRA never contemplated the use of a machinery of its own in any liberated country.

Must Know Economic Policies

But the fact that UNRRA does not contemplate the setting-up of agencies of its own does not resolve the problem; it merely removes it by one step. If it is not UNRRA, it is the governments of liberated countries that may start undesirable economic policies with whatever they receive from UNRRA. It is not to be assumed that, for instance, the provisional governments of General de Gaulle and Marshal Tito will favor monopolistic trends. Other Allied governments, however, have not announced their economic policies. Yet at a time when the government of the United States, for one, has proclaimed that reconstruction must include the abolition of certain monopolistic practices in international trade, all other Allied governments ought to announce their own policies in this respect; especially those governments that request aid from UNRRA. What makes this aspect of UNRRA's operations so particularly difficult is that no one would advocate the withholding of aid from suffering people because their governments pursue economic aims that are incompatible with world democracy.

Apart from this problem UNRRA is faced with the problem of supplies. Until the Montreal session of UNRRA last month, supply questions were foremost in public discussion. At that session, however, Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States delegate to UNRRA, made a speech in which he said: "Let me read to you the first sentence of the summary of the report of the Combined Food Board: *The Board has confidence that, given the necessary co-operation between governments, the problem of meeting overall requirements of allied countries during 1945 can be solved. . .* The significance of that, I submit, is that the time has come for UNRRA to put on one side worry about availability of supplies. That is somebody else's responsibility. Somebody else has undertaken to meet that responsibility. If they fail, as they will not, we will know where the responsibility lies."

This statement of Mr. Acheson has been hailed as the most important statement coming from Montreal. I submit that it is a most inadequate statement quite apart from the fact that the shifting of responsibility to someone else has never been a satisfactory policy. To begin with, the opening sentence of the report quoted by Mr. Acheson refers only to food. But there are also two other Combined Boards, the Combined Raw Materials Board and the Combined Production and Resources Board. The task of these Boards is to procure whatever is necessary to an efficient conduct of the war. The membership in them is confined to Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States, but Canada is not represented on the Raw Materials Board.

Reading the report which the Production and Resources Board presented to UNRRA at Montreal one is at a loss to understand the optimism of Mr. Acheson.

More Goods Needed

Productive capacity in the U.S., the U.K., and Canada will not suffice to produce those manufactured goods which UNRRA needs. Raw materials, such as wool, cotton, and others, are however available in abundance. In order to couple relief with rehabilitation the obvious thing to do is to rehabilitate European industries so quickly and so sufficiently that the European countries can be supplied with raw materials to manufacture what they need. UNRRA's experts are quite aware of this problem, but if they have laid satisfactory plans to solve it they have not submitted any evidence of this solution to the Montreal session.

It must in fairness be said that the confusion prevailing here is no fault of UNRRA's. UNRRA could deal with the problem if the member governments that require assistance submitted reports on which UNRRA could act intelligently. Of course, the submission of such reports would in turn require a greater knowledge of conditions in their own countries than some member governments possess at present.

In sum, these political and supply considerations prompt the conclusion which we drew in our previous article, namely, that practice will make impossible the maintaining of compartments of time, the military administering the most urgent relief in the first compartment, and UNRRA operating thereafter. And that UNRRA will have to transform itself considerably if it wants to turn from an agency that plans vaguely into one that acts efficiently.

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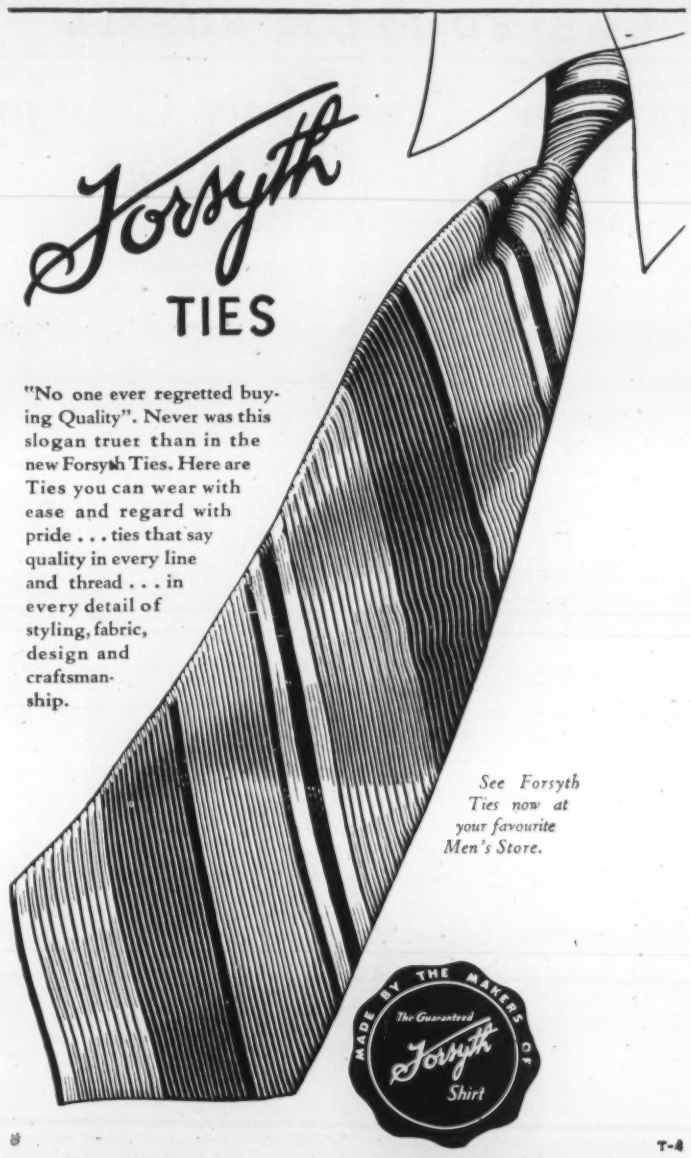

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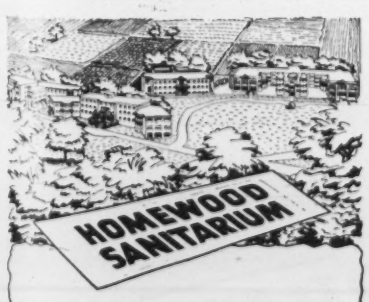

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CABLED FROM RUSSIA

During Past Year Many Changes Have Taken Place in Russia

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

ON THE eve of leaving for home for a few months of lectures and rest your correspondent may perhaps be forgiven if he indulges in a little review of what has happened in Russia since his arrival nine months ago. After all, this year has been a momentous one here and the advances at the front haven't failed to have their reflection not only on conditions of life and work but also on the mental attitude of the people.

When I arrived in January the Eastern front followed a line from the sea of Barents through Leningrad just west of Smolensk and then south to the Dnieper. The Germans seemed powerful. The Western front hadn't been opened and the war seemed certain to hang on for a very long time. The Russian people, long-suffering and almost inured to the pressures of war, fought and worked for victory, for the army and for nothing else.

Inside the land almost no consumer goods were manufactured or for sale. The overall impression of Moscow was of a mass of humanity whose sole visible concern was to keep warm in any possible way. Clothing reflected this desire. Food was barely sufficient.

The people believed that the Allies would open a second front but they believed because they wanted to believe. Those who reasoned found doubts, too many doubts, and hid them as far as possible in recesses of their minds.

Many things have happened since. I watched the line of the front move westward ever westward in one amazing offensive after another. First Leningrad was freed, then the Germans were thrown from the Dnieper, Odessa was taken and the front moved towards Rumania. Uman was taken and the front moved towards Poland. Then in a crushing crescendo came the Byelorussian break-through and the front moved toward Germany.

Not Victory, Peace

The opening of the Western front brought new hope to the Soviet people not so much for today or for this war as for tomorrow. Somewhat to this correspondent's surprise, the Russian people aren't worried so much about victory, and weren't even in darker days (they knew they would have it), as about a secure and satisfactory lasting peace. And the question of peace, what type of peace, and what it would give them and the world, has had a strong hold on Soviet public opinion during the latter part of the year. Interest in such events as the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and the Quebec Roosevelt - Churchill meeting has been very keen.

From this observation point it has been interesting to a Canadian to see the attention that is being given to trade relations with Canada. Our developed industries capable of supplying a market of ten times our population interest the Russians enormously. During the year I have had numerous occasions to observe this interest at parties and dinners given our Ambassador, at receptions given by Mr. Molotov and in the course of wanderings through a few Soviet war plants that I have been given an opportunity to visit.

In many respects things have changed during the year. Take the problem of living. Beginning in the early spring as the front moved west and harvest time drew nearer one began to notice a relaxation in the food situation. Market prices began falling as early as May. Soon vegetables appeared. In ration stores a greater variety of products became available. In stores attached to great plants greens appeared from auxiliary farms owned by the plants. The Muscovites, however, took nothing for granted and every Sunday could be seen in droves taking the trains towards the suburbs and their victory gardens. Potatoes and cabbages were kings.

As the market prices of food fell there came the exciting event of the opening of so-called Commercial Stores by the government. In these, for the first time since the war, could be bought such things as fruit, sweets, fifty varieties of sausage and so on. Prices were high but the Muscovites seemed to have money for the lines stood interminably. Then as summer wore on the queues at these stores grew smaller and smaller.

Now they have completely disappeared and this means that the people have more food and better food from their own gardens and stores. The reaction of the market on commercial stores has followed along. Prices are falling. Potatoes cost a fourth of what they did last year. Wages have not fallen of course and therefore purchasing power is slowly rising.

The event of the year came a while ago. Mostorg — Moscow's Eaton's or Simpson's—opened. Again there were enormous queues. But in a few weeks here too the queues disappeared for everything except footwear. Now you can go into Mostorg anytime and for a price buy anything you want from pianos to needles, glassware or ice cream. You can even buy diamonds.

The latest event, and quite remarkable in its own way, has been the appearance of gold for dentistry —at 225 rubles a gram.

Crops Harvested Somehow

So much for Moscow. In the countryside too life is better, although it still is hard. Somehow the harvests have been miraculously brought in. Millions of acres have been harvested without benefit of machines—by hand labor, by cow labor, by child and woman labor. Today millions of pounds of golden grain fill the granaries, and elevators and mills are working day and night. The basic food questions have been solved through stringency and the period of stress isn't yet over and won't be for some time. A while ago, though, I was talking to the manager of an aluminum plant and he said that his workers had harvested so many potatoes from the plant's farm that they had some to spare and were trading them for other products. This also applies to farmers in general.

Improving conditions within the country are also manifested by the recent family and motherhood laws. These laws never would have been passed if the State hadn't felt sure of being able to put into effect the lofty plans expressed in them for helping mothers with money, better food, better hospitalization, medicines, children's homes, etc. Already in many cities the number of lying-in homes is being doubled, stores are being opened for expectant mothers, nurseries are being expanded and hospitals generally being painted and tidied up. This is a sure sign that victory is coming and that the army no longer needs everything.

One could go on for a long time giving similar cases. Taken all together they mean that the Russian State has come through its trials with flying colors and now is on the way towards improving the living standards that have been so drastically reduced by war.

Remarkable during this year of growth has been Soviet certainty of the importance of its world role. Step by step, in the cases of Rumania, Poland, Finland, Bulgaria, Dumbarton Oaks and elsewhere Russia has been acting as a great power and as a power that knows and appreciates its own greatness and therefore demands the attention and privileges owed the great. At one time we used to speak abroad of Russian inferiority complexes. They no longer exist here and we must draw the right conclusions. Russia intends to collaborate with her *equals* in making peace.

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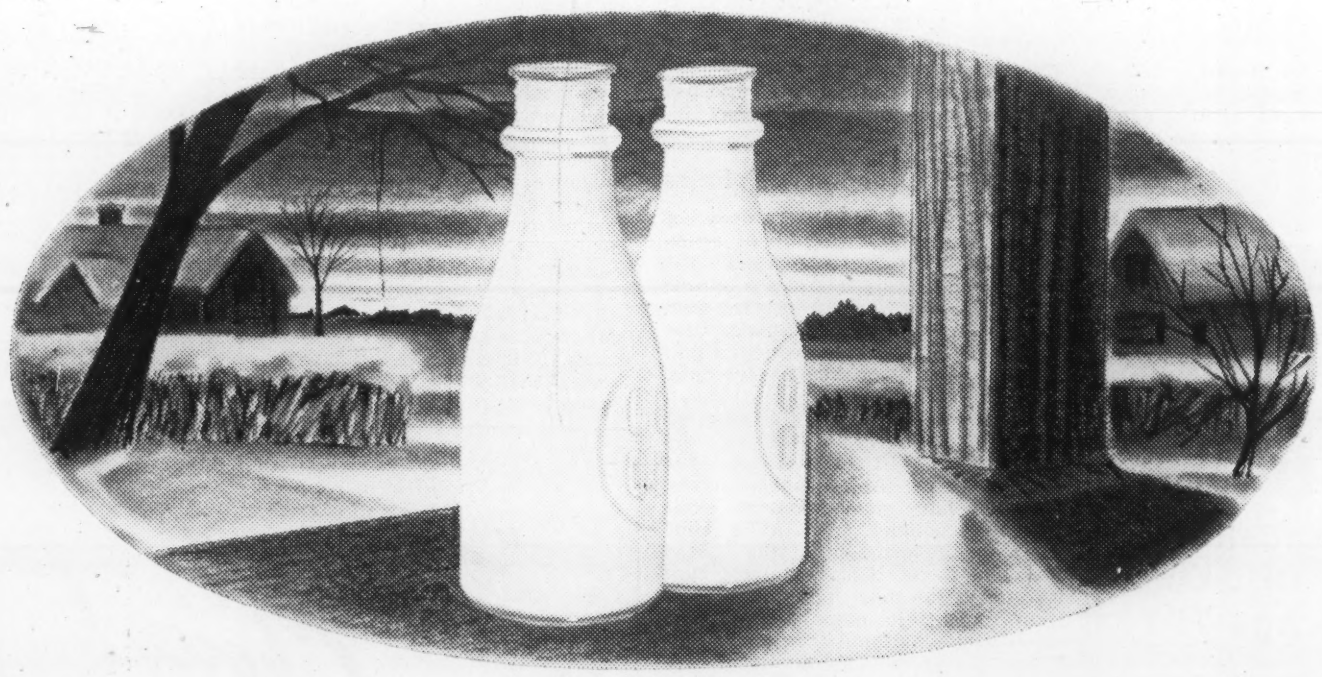

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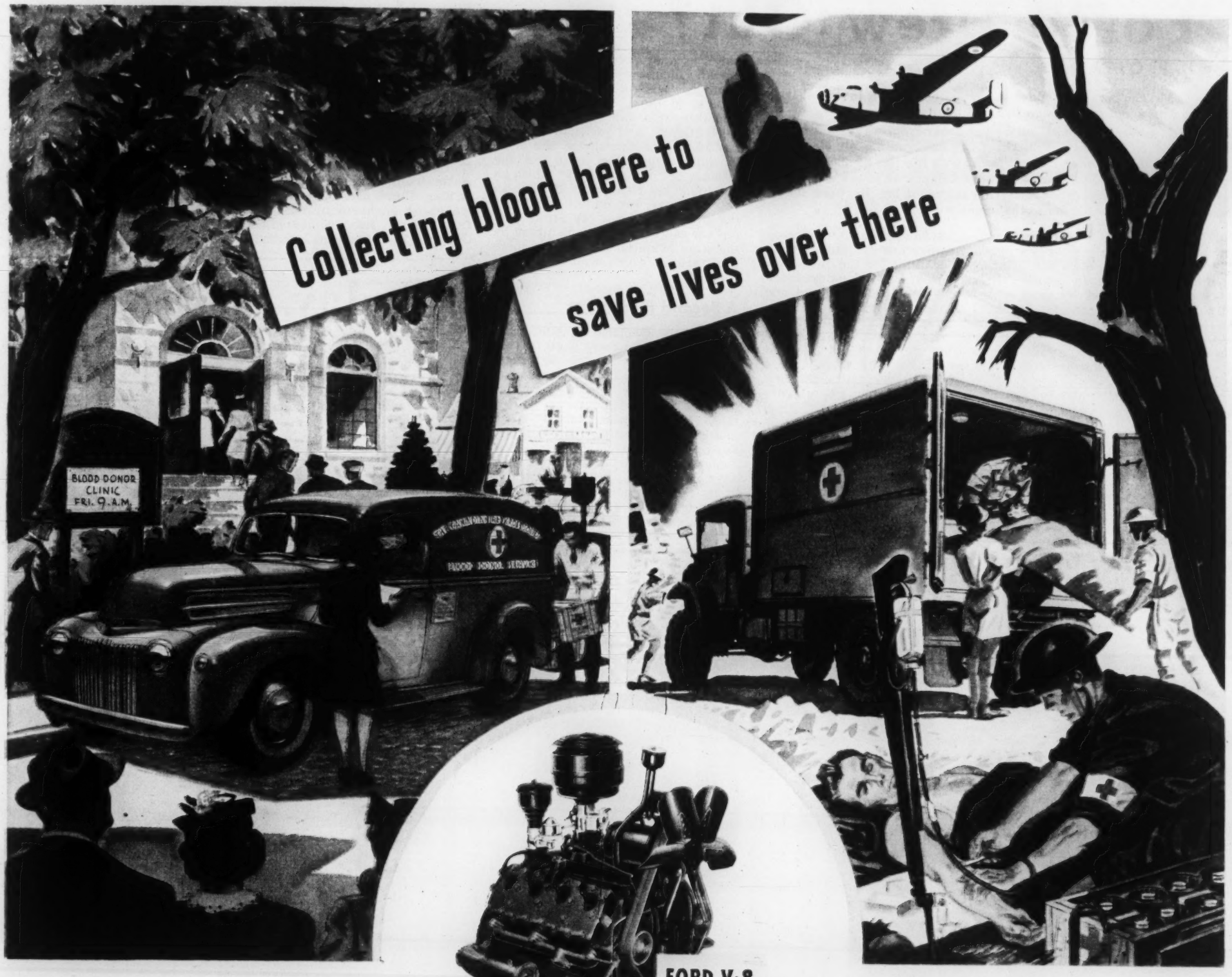

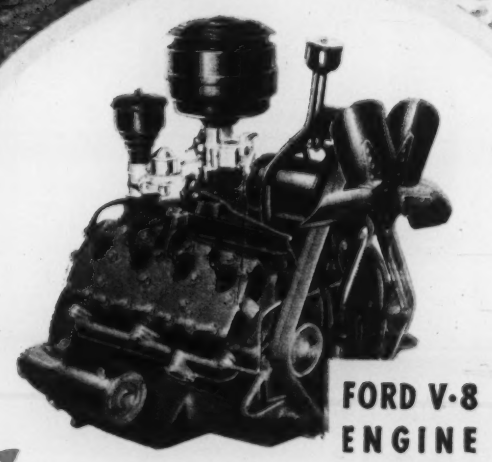

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Will Hepburn Be the Man to Force Drew Out?

By D. P. O'HEARN

The return of Mr. Hepburn as a "reform" Liberal has further involved the already confused state of Ontario political affairs.

An anti-Drew movement fostered by the Labor-Progressives has been gaining strength in the province. The CCF, not wanting an election, hasn't supported the movement and is faced with the loss of many of its labor supporters. The Liberals are holding a balance of power and with their election chances strengthened by the return of Mr. Hepburn they may force the Government to go to the country.

IN SOME quarters the return of Mitch Hepburn last week to a fighting role in Ontario politics was viewed with surprise and in some others it wasn't unexpected but all sides had one thing in common: they didn't know for sure just why Mitch was coming back.

Of course with a man like the former Premier of Ontario it was hardly to be expected that he would stay long on the sidelines, and those close to the political scene have been keeping a weather eye constantly in his direction waiting for the first signs of resurgence. But it is no exaggeration to say that practically no one, even among those fairly intimate with Mr. Hepburn, had any inkling that he was going to re-enter the active arena just when and as he did.

The common theorizing about Mitch has been that he would come back probably in the federal campaign as a supporter of Bracken, or as an Independent with Bracken leanings. His return as a "reform" Liberal in the provincial field was something that didn't enter into most calculations. And yet, now that he has announced this choice, the move is quite reasonable, even on the grounds of "national unity" which he has made his battle-cry. No one as yet, of course, can quite believe that the stormy petrel of the Sirois Conference can be sincerely disturbed by the state of national unity but there are factors which would make it possible.

A Second Front?

When the Hepburn announcement broke on Ontario there were two immediate reactions. One was that Mitch was in the nature of a second front for the Toronto group who have been the strongest supporters of Premier Drew but who lately, it is rumored, have been getting slightly fed up with the activities of their champion. Mitch, of course, in his days of office was intimate with this group, and it might have meant interesting results if the group as an act of high strategy was backing him. But in recent months Mitch reportedly hasn't been on very close terms with most of those concerned and on the second day after the announcement of his return any thought of patronage from this direction was pretty well scotched when the *Globe and Mail* ran a really vicious editorial against his reappearance in an active role.

The second reaction is the one that seems more logical and the one that is now being most widely accepted. It is in essence that Hepburn now hates Drew even more than he does King.

Aside from statements from the former Premier which support this belief, there are reasons which make it tend to ring true. Last winter in the closing days of the session of the Legislature there were evidences on the floor of the House of growing friction between the Conservative leader and his former Liberal sparring partner. Mr. Drew towards the end of the session lost some of the statesmanlike dignity with which he had conducted the early affairs of the sitting and on occasion was apt to be patronising and in very poor temper. In private conversation Mr. Hepburn didn't hide the fact that he was resenting the attitude of the Premier and although he only made one real blast against the Government in the House, at times his discomfiture was obvious.

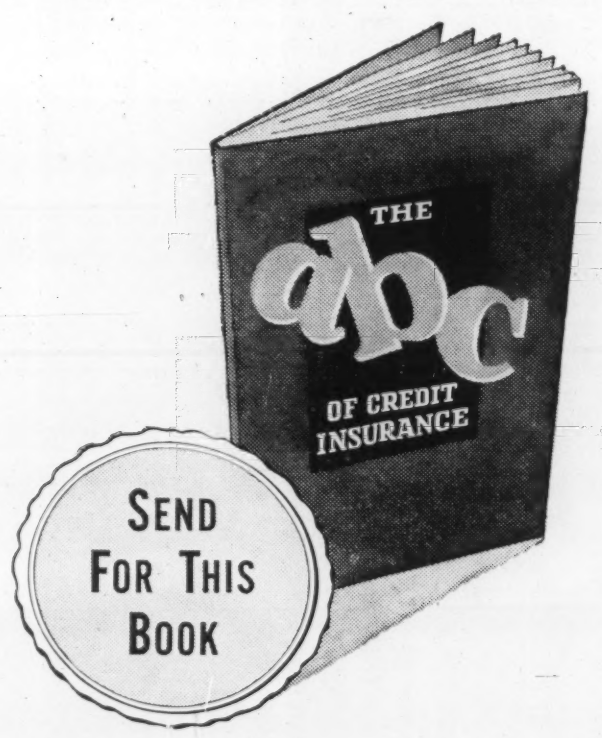
Mitch himself says that his decision to support the Liberals again is based on the fact that he has had the chance to think things over and observe for a while and that, in effect, he has had a change of heart. In considering this it should be kept in mind that the Hepburn make-up is highly emotional and that in his political career his convictions have never been based on very great depth. He has altered course before and more than once, most notably in his attitude towards labor.

Return Not Unimportant

There is one group of opinion that dismisses the Hepburn return as unimportant. With this we are far from in agreement. In viewing the Hepburn hold on the people it must be remembered that his biggest influence has never centred in Toronto. His big hold has been in the rural areas and in the minor industrial localities. He has always treated minorities such as the French-Canadians (who make up a big chink of Ontario's voters' list) and the Germans well, and there is no indication that anyone since has supplanted him in their political hearts. And aside from the fact that the public memory is short, and probably even now isn't quite sure why it was a little fed-up with the Hepburn regime, it must be remembered that the Hepburn personal decline was really within the government and higher ranks of the party and it never has been accurately known just how well his retirement was supported by the public at large. Certainly it has been largely agreed that the Liberals would have done much better in the last election if their old leader had been at the helm.

The final argument used by those who would dismiss Mr. Hepburn is that he will never get along with Ottawa. There is a question here but again there is reason to believe that even this breach may be healed. Aside from rumor, at the time of writing there has been no definite statement on harmony with the national party from either Mitch or Ottawa. But Mitch has inferred that the breach has been healed and Ottawa has not made any intimation that he is unwelcome. One definite straw in the wind is that the *Toronto Star* on the day after the announcement carried a dispatch from its Ottawa man saying that the Hepburn return was unimportant but the story was only carried in the first paper of the day and was dropped from all other editions. In view of the *Star's* good contacts with Ottawa this would seem to have some significance.

But to put theory entirely aside, however, there is one practical result which the Hepburn return will have which is not unimportant: it is going to crystallize the anti-Drew sentiment which has been carefully fostered and growing apace in the Province ever since the Baby Bonus



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speech and would seem to now be at the point where it is just about ready to boil over.

To put it roughly, the political state of the Province, which has been far from easy ever since the last election brought in the Drew minority government, has been brought to a new high of confusion. Ever since Drew took office the question of a new election has been an important consideration with all political onlookers. It has been generally conceded that with any one of the three opposition parties able to force a trip to the polls practically as they desired the Province was due to go just as soon as one or the other considered the time propitious.

Until late this summer, however, it was the Government and not the opposition that was anxious for an election. During the last session, particularly, Mr. Drew was obviously anxious for a good issue when, on the strength of his election victory and the recognized popularity of the early days of his regime, it was conceded that he would be returned with a majority. Even the opposition conceded that he would be returned, however, and so in the House they were very careful not to walk into, or be manoeuvred into, a position where the Premier could force an issue.

Baby Bonus Changed Trend

With his handling of the liquor situation in the Province, however, the Drew fortunes began to ebb and with the Baby Bonus speech the rate of ebb increased. And with the ebb the election offensive swung into opposition hands.

The first ones to see the swing in the tide were those very astute political strategists the Labor-Progressives. With the Drew statement they intensified their anti-Drew campaign into an all-out demand for a coalition government to oust the "forces of toryism". They carried on this campaign with great vigor particularly in those ranks of labor where they are strong and within recent weeks have been gaining in strength.

The position of the fellow-opposition parties, the CCF and Liberals, has been an awkward one. Although both have been bound to be anti-Drew and against his Baby Bonus stand neither has been at all sure until now that it wants an election. This has put them in the position of having to more or less condemn Drew and the LP anti-Drew campaign at one and the same time.

The position has been particularly embarrassing for the CCF, and not without intention on the part of the LP's. The root of the LP campaign has been to rally trade unions to demand an early session and the ousting of the Government through special motions, public proclamations and letters to their representatives in the Legislature (all CCF except the two LP members). The campaign has been meeting with success particularly in labor strongholds such as Windsor and Hamilton where the CCF hold has never been as strong as elsewhere. From the first the CCF, knowing it to be LP inspired and not wanting an election, have been resisting the campaign, but in labor ranks it has been meeting with growing support and the result has been considerable internal trouble in CCF ranks. The LP's claim that more than a hundred thousand union men (half the union strength in Ontario) have supported the campaign so far and though they haven't swung LP, have gone on record against CCF policy.

Mr. Jolliffe's Memorandum

The situation was made particularly uncomfortable for the CCF last week when the *Canadian Tribune* printed what purported to be a confidential memorandum dealing with the question from CCF Leader Jolliffe to his three members in Windsor who have been feeling the brunt of the campaign. The memorandum was sent to all members of the CCF caucus and the *Tribune* story is that a copy was mailed to their office. They claim that under ordinary circumstances the document wouldn't have been printed but that in view of its importance they published it.

The memorandum, if it is true, and this hasn't been denied, *is* important, for it labels the CCF with a particularly ambiguous stand. In a statement attached for public release Mr. Jolliffe says that if the CCF were in power a special session of the Legislature would certainly be called *at this crucial time*, but in the confidential memorandum he notes that the calling of a special session had been discussed in caucus and that it had been decided that this would only give Drew a chance to "spring an election on the racial issue before the troops came home". There are other statements equally contrary and the document confirms the impression that the CCF is afraid of an election but is liable to be manoeuvred into one anyway.

This manoeuvring if it comes can come from the Liberals. So far they have been a silent factor in the campaign, their only participation having been a statement from Premier Nixon that they would certainly bring up the matter of the Baby Bonus in the Legislature and agreement that an early session was necessary. But with Mitch back in the saddle this stand may be expected to become much more vigorous, for the double reason that he will give the party temper a shot in the arm and that their election chances will be much bettered by his return.

At the moment the future course of events is still problematical. By the time this is read the Liberals will have held a caucus and the situation may be much more definite. Ontario's immediate political future lies immediately in that caucus.

If the Liberals come out with a strong demand for coalition or even an early session Mr. Drew's situation will be ticklish. There is every reason to believe that the Premier definitely doesn't want an election. Although there is the suspicion that Mr. Drew's testing of the public pulse customarily doesn't extend further than his own left hand, at the moment even he must be aware that his latest issue is of doubtful popularity (gossip says that his own party members have intimated that he is talking himself into a noose) and no one can have any doubt that he wants more than anything to do battle in the coming federal election as Premier of Ontario, not as ex-Premier. But if the Liberals come out strongly, the CCF with a large part of its support making demands along the same line will be bound to chime in and it's hard to see how Mr. Drew will be able to stand the pressure.

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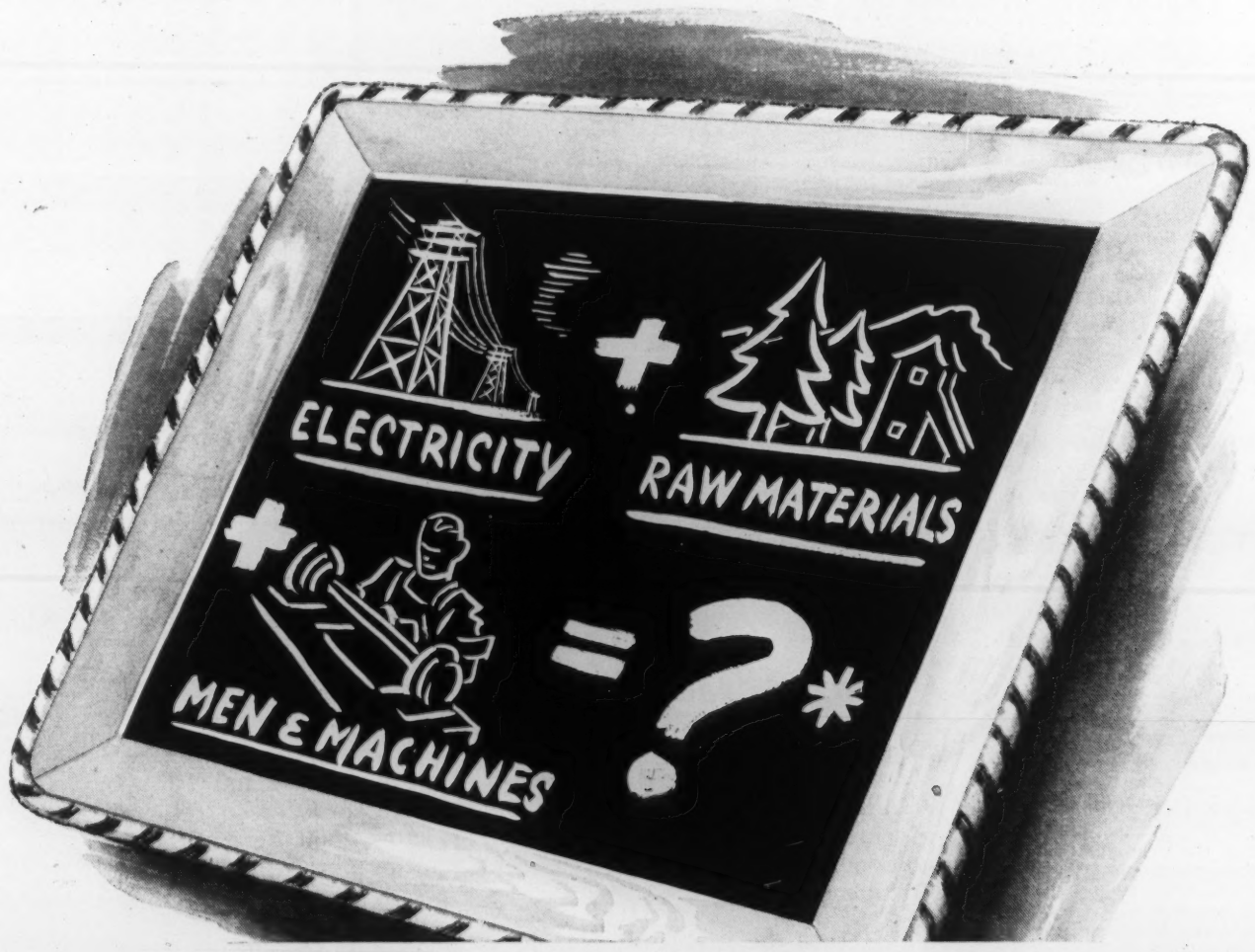

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Douglas Plans to Put Province "In Trade"

By C. ROSS MacEWAN

This, the last in a series of three articles by Mr. MacEwan on the plans of the CCF Saskatchewan Government, deals with the financial program.

The program centres round four points: economy, taxation of outgoing wealth, extension of government commission sale to other fields than liquor, and public exploitation of natural resources.

In the opinion of the author, who is a well-known labor writer, the third point is the most important and will bear more influence than the proposed tax on mortgage interest which already has caused certain alarm.

ONTARIO Premier Drew's recent blast against Mr. King's family allowances turned the spotlight on the ever-thorny issue of provincial revenue. Premier Drew correctly pointed out that much of the pre-war provincial tax revenue turned over to the federal government during the war emergency will, perforce, remain in federal hands after the war. The Dominion will need the money for social security expenditures. The big job before all provincial governments of all political complexions is the diffing out of new revenue sources which will not bear too heavily upon the already heavily taxed citizenry.

Out in Saskatchewan the new CCF administration is in the same boat as Mr. Drew. While Douglas is avoiding use of public funds for state investment through his proposed encouragement of co-operative industrialization, he must still find money for co-op and municipal subsidies. And, like all his provincial contemporaries, he must be ready for expensive post-war public works.

CCF thinking along these lines is embodied in the financial planks of that party's provincial pre-election literature. It has four facets. First, economization. Second, taxation of wealth going out of the province. Third, and most important from a long-term point of view, extension of Commission sale. Fourth, and furthest in the future, public exploitation of natural resources.

No Debt Reneging

In the field of cost-cutting, there will be no Alberta-like reneging on provincial debt interest. The CCFers do not share the Social Credit conviction that banks are the sole source of the world's miseries. Furthermore, Mr. King is now paying the interest charges as part of the war-time tax shuffle. Douglas plans to refund each bond issue as it reaches maturity, aiming of course for lower rates upon refund.

Apart from government obligations, however, Douglas believes that his farmers should be forgiven the steadily swelling debt owed for depression seed advances, now amounting, with accumulated interest to around $2.20 a bushel. He has asked Mr. Ilsley, co-guarantor with the province of these debts, to pay off the banks now, before the debt gets higher. In return Douglas would give Ilsley Saskatchewan bonds for one half the $14,000,000 principal and collect only the remaining half from the farmers—possibly in matured wheat rather than cash.

Hon. T. C. Douglas

So far Mr. Ilsley has refused, accusing Douglas of saddling Ottawa with the cost of his campaign promises. Douglas has, in reply, told Mr. Ilsley that, since Ottawa won't talk business, they can assume the whole cost for all he cares. The CCFers point out that city workers are not expected to pay back depression relief advances and that Ottawa should treat the wheat growers' debt in a similar fashion. Particularly since the wheat seed was billed at $1.41 to $1.47 per bushel but the matured result sold at 30c.

Up until now, Saskatchewan government purchasing has been decentralized, each department making its own arrangements with suppliers. This is a rather obvious but familiar technique for spreading patronage gravy over a wide area. It is also expensive for the taxpayer. Douglas, his party not requiring patronage income, can safely go ahead with centralized buying, thereby saving another goodly chunk of provincial revenue.

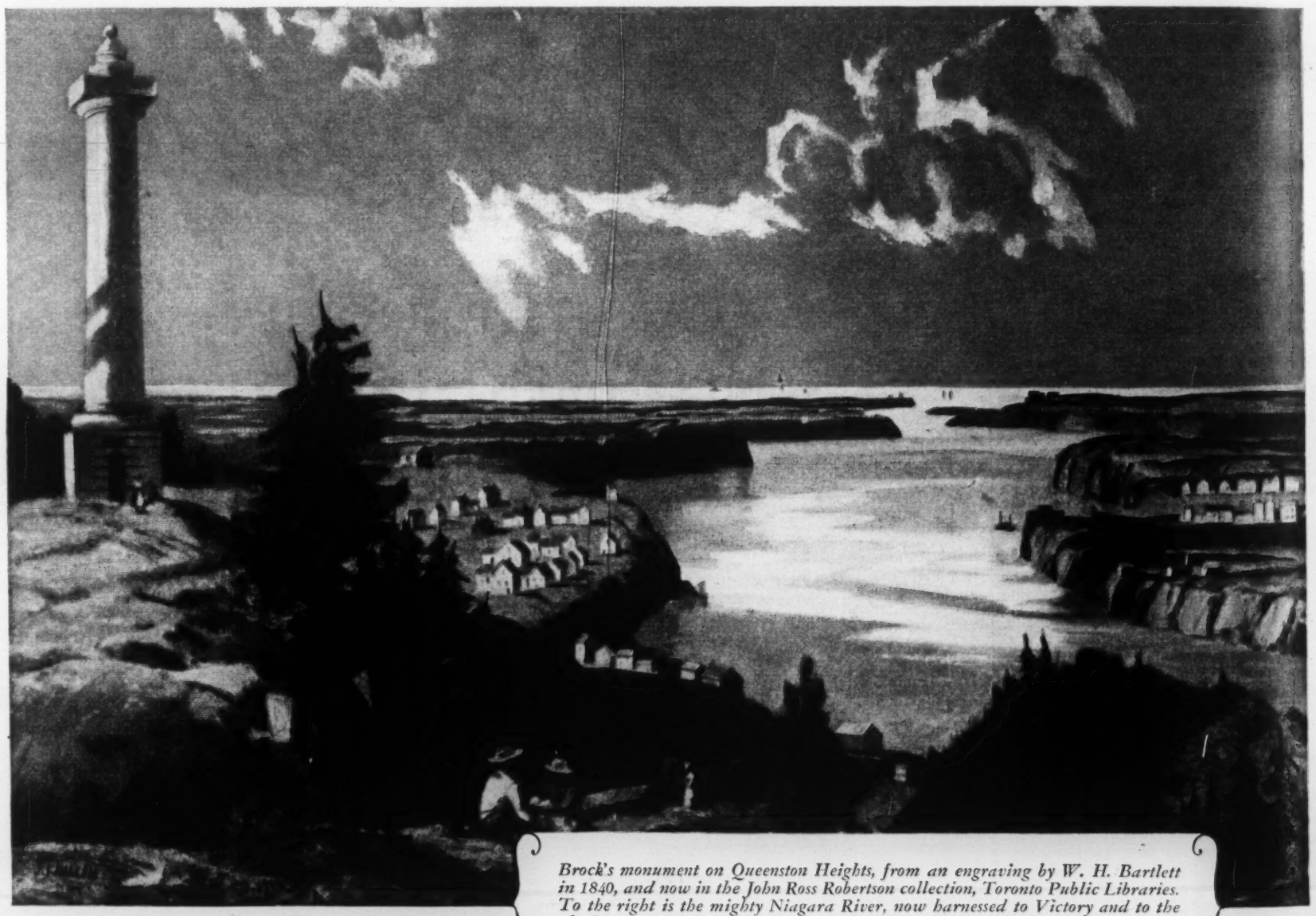
Saving in Ministers' Salaries

Douglas has also announced salary cuts for himself and his cabinet ministers. Critics have claimed that the saving is more than made up by the creation of two new Ministries, requiring the payment of two more cabinet salaries. That criticism is not quite fair. Under the previous regime cabinet ministers not only received their salary but also their sessional indemnity. Douglas and his colleagues have forsworn this indemnity as well as taking a pay-cut. Even with the extra Ministries there is still an overall saving.

So much for cost-cutting. It will help but, of course, it will not meet the entire need for added revenue.

That brings us to the already contentious subject of the proposed tax on mortgage interest. The CCF charges that some $30,000,000 goes out of Saskatchewan each year as mortgage interest payments. They propose to divert part of this outflowing river of currency for irrigation of the provincial treasury.

Quite apart from its legality, which Douglas maintains is quite sound, it would certainly be a popular tax. Not in the east, of course, but among the farmers. Mortgage companies



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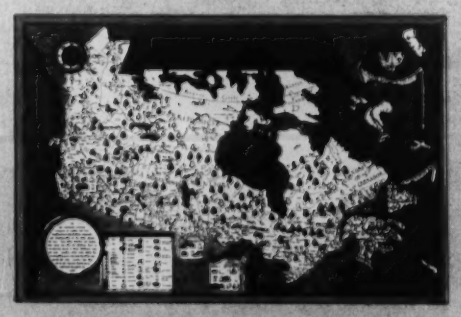


Canada Unlimited

F-173

can win an easy first prize in any mid-west unpopularity contest. Even non-CCFers will find some plausibility in socialist arguments that such interest is surplus value in its purest form and that it should be plowed back into productive Saskatchewan endeavor if the provincial economic balance is to be maintained.

It has been said that the mortgage companies will merely add this tax on to their charges, thereby transferring the tax to the farmer. That may not worry Douglas as much as some easterners think. He knows that Saskatchewan farms are good risks right now and he also knows that there is plenty of restless money which will be ready to play ball even under the revised rules. Furthermore Douglas can easily use any such mortgage company counter-measure as a selling point for encouragement of local business or credit unions, thereby strengthening his favorite brand of economic structure at the expense of eastern business.

Some think he may back down. If he does, it will only be because he can work out a better deal with financial groups at some coming Dominion-Provincial conference. And it will have to be a good deal to make up for the popularity of the proposed move in the eyes of his farmer constituents.

Commission Sales

But neither cost-cutting or mortgage interest taxing will be the most sensational of the CCF moves. Both will fade in comparison with the third proposed method of securing added provincial income . . . extended Commission Sale.

It is common knowledge that provincial Liquor Commissions have proved to be government gold mines. Originally adopted as a control over intemperance, the income from liquor sales stood between solvency and bankruptcy in many a depression-ridden provincial year. Douglas, being a socialist and not having any qualms about slicing off a share of private profit into the public purse, proposes to extend this technique to other commodities. He states that the province will go into the brokerage business, not only in liquor, but in all commodities where prices are obviously fixed to provide a good safe profit. Among such commodities are oil, cement, fertilizer, etc.

For the future, Douglas has ideas about tapping some of the wealth of the province's largely undeveloped northland. Right away he is proposing to jump royalties on existing private development but it is not expected that such extra income will do more than pay for the cost of needed supervision. But, once the manpower returns, Douglas plans some government investment. For example, his co-ops now have a large oil refining business and could absorb petroleum from government drilled wells. Douglas also points out that modern prospecting is usually a matter of government geologists locating the ore body before the mining company stakes its claims.

State Prospecting

He likes the Russian idea of government grubstaking, whereby the state develops a likely property on its own, cutting the discoverers in on the income. And, as many a chagrined modern bushwhacker will no doubt admit, they might get a better break from such a scheme than they do now.

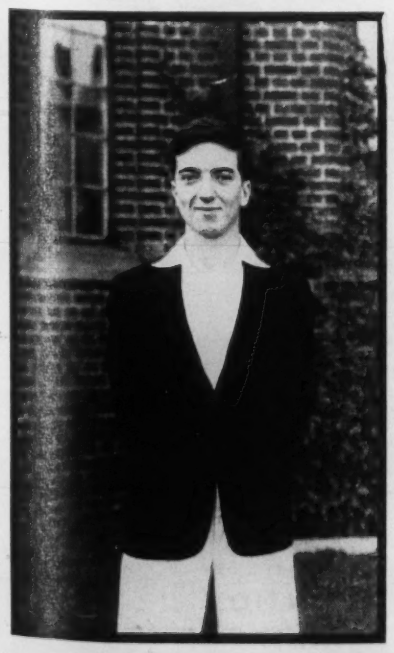
This last is, however, something for the future. For the present, the first three money-raising techniques are practical issues.

None of these techniques could be called socialist in the *a la Russe* sense of the word. Cost-cutting is normal procedure, the mortgage interest tax is not designed to end mortgage companies but is merely a method of cutting the government in on profits. Even the extension of Commission Sale is traditional.

In every case Douglas has neatly circumvented the standard criticisms of his opponents. Threats of "government bureaucracy" fall flat when set alongside staff reductions. Even non-CCFers believe in "ploughing back" profits and that will be the CCF's main justification for the mortgage interest tax. In applying Commission sale to those products where prices are obviously fixed, arguments in favor of "free enterprise" are liable to boomerang. Douglas needs only reply that, once prices are fixed, free enterprise has already vanished.

The Commission Sale extension idea, if it works, will not remain in Saskatchewan. Premier Garson of Manitoba has already warned that provincial governments may be forced to "go into business" if they cannot get enough income from taxes. Even Mr. Drew needs extra money if he is to follow through with his entire program, particularly the assumption of 50% of educational costs.

Douglas, having no inhibitions about "going into business", may lead the parade. Once the parade is started, other and non-socialist administrations may gladly jump on the bandwagon. Commission Sale of price-fixed commodities may not be the way out for the provinces. But, at any rate, it is the only really important new suggestion to emerge in recent years.



A. E. Millward, Head boy of Trinity College School, Port Hope, and son of T. Millward, Langford, B.C., has been awarded eight University scholarships as follows: The Prince of Wales Scholarship for the highest standing of all candidates for admission; the Edward Blake Scholarship in Modern Languages; the Mary Mulock Scholarship for Greek and Latin; the Wellington Scholarship in Classics; the F. A. Bethune Scholarship in Classics; the Dickson Scholarship in Modern Languages; the Dickson Scholarship in English, Latin and French; the Bishop Strachan Scholarship in English, Latin and French. The last five are all Trinity College University of Toronto Scholarships.

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THE HITLER WAR

Soviet Moves in East Europe Send Churchill to Moscow

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

MR. CHURCHILL'S second visit of the war to Moscow, and Mr. Eden's third, surely confirms the argument set forth in these columns last week on the urgent need for agreement with Russia, in face of the swiftly developing Soviet politico-military offensive in Eastern Europe.

Every normal consideration of diplomatic courtesy and national prestige would have required that the Soviet leaders come this time to Britain. That they would not is an indication, I believe, of how high they are riding these days, but more importantly, of how content they are to go along on their own.

We have rather overlooked, I think, the extent to which the Russians have fought the war on their own, and how essentially different their attitude towards us might be from our attitude towards them. I only go back to their complete miscalculation of their interest in August 1939, in dealing with Hitler instead of us, and the fact that they showed no interest and gave no aid to us in our struggle, though this turned out to be vital to Russia's survival just as her struggle later relieved us, to make the point that Russia never "came into" the war; she was forced in.

Soviets Go Own Way

Fortunately we understood the general interest better, and immediately offered all the aid we could render in the way of supplies. But Russia wanted what she had been unwilling to give in 1940: a "second front"; and she wanted it at once. Over this issue the sparks flew on Churchill's first visit to Moscow in August 1942, according to many credible accounts.

We know now that the reasons which Mr. Churchill must have given for not being able to carry out the grand invasion of Western Europe at once were quite valid. We had still everything to do, the landing barges to design and build, better tanks and assault weapons of all kinds to produce, techniques to learn, and troops and commanders to train.

But the Russians, not exactly noted for their open-minded trust of others, may have convinced themselves in the bitter year that followed that we were holding off until both they and the Germans had been weakened in their death grapple. One could understand this idea gaining currency in the trenches at Stalingrad. But how a sober statesman sitting in Moscow could reconcile it with our efforts to build up the Red Air Force and put the Red Army on wheels, I never could understand.

It does seem, however, that the Soviets hold the cynical view that we *only* sent them arms so that they should do the fighting and save the lives of our men (I don't claim that we did it through sheer altruism, but our self-interest was at least enlightened), and that no real sense of partnership has developed from the so-called "common" fight against Germany.

They have, for example, absolutely refused to give us a voice in the Polish settlement, though as Mr. Churchill forcibly reminded them in his speech ten days ago, Britain is the only great, unconquered nation which declared war on Germany on account of her aggression against Poland; and though Polish divisions fight alongside their armies and ours. They have so far insisted on a unilateral settlement of the Polish frontier and governmental question.

As soon as they had signed a treaty of alliance with Czechoslovakia, though she had a previous treaty with Britain and had received throughout the war what succor we could give her, notably a refuge and diplomatic support for her government, the Soviets pressed Dr. Benes hard to move his regime to Moscow. Three times they proposed this, and three times it has been voted down in the Czechoslovak cabinet and state council—by a majority of 60 to 3, I am told. It was not a very subtle reply on the Russian part to belittle in *Pravda* the ideals of Thomas Masaryk (or perhaps of his son?). This has come as a shock and an eyeopener to the Czechoslovaks in London.

Now we are experiencing the same Russian inclination to handle the Yugoslav situation entirely on their own. Tito, whatever one may think of his fighting ability, is their man, and speaks for them. And his radio has in the past fortnight told our forces landing in Albania to keep out of Yugoslavia, which can look after its own liberation; and also told us bluntly that UNRRA is unwanted in Yugoslavia if we insist on sending in our own officials to administer it.

Kicked Out of Sofia

This exclusion we have already experienced in Bulgaria. Though we have been at war for three years with Bulgaria, and Russia has not, and though we have made pledges to Bulgaria's victims Greece and Yugoslavia, the Russians maneuvered the Bulgarian peace delegates away from Cairo, sent the Red Army into Bulgaria and switched the negotiations to Moscow. When we sent an Anglo-American mission to Sofia a fortnight ago to take care of our interests, it was expelled from the country by the Soviet commander, as Secretary of State Hull has admitted.

Even in Greece, a country which has old ties with Britain and the use of whose naval bases is considered necessary to the British naval position in the Mediterranean—something which, it has been adequately proven, must be one of the pillars of European peace—Russian policy is active.

It is active in domestic politics through the EAM, and through Tito has demanded Greek Macedonia as part of a unified Macedonia, within a South Slav Federation. There can be no question but that the plan is for this federation to be closely allied to, if not completely dominated by, Russia. And Salonika lies in Greek Macedonia. The Greek Government, under the Socialist Papandreou, has firmly rejected Tito's proposal.

If this is, as I believe, something like the true situation in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, then it will be seen that there is as yet no real agreement at all here between the Western Allies and Russia. This is surely what has drawn Mr. Churchill and his large party of British officials to Moscow. Were the talks concerned with a settlement of the whole of Europe, or of the German question, or the planning of a combined winter or spring offensive against Germany, the State Department and General Eisenhower would have been represented.

Balkans and Straits

But the Balkans, Turkey and the Middle East are an area in which the United States concedes Britain's interest to be dominant. The "Eastern Question" concerning the Dardanelles and these former Turkish domains fills the whole history of Anglo-Russian relations during the past century. All this time Britain has worked, and fought when necessary, to maintain this belt of neutral territory between her empire and the Russian. She resisted numerous proposals to partition Turkey, "the sick old man." It is not to be thought that under a leader with such a strong historical sense as Churchill's, she will easily give up this tenacious effort.

This is neither pure "imperialism"

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nor jealousy lest Russia gain what many might consider a "fair reward" for all her sacrifice. It is above all, a realization that maritime Britain can only fully exert her influence for peace in Europe if she controls the strategic underside of the continent, that is, the whole Mediterranean. This is an interest which goes back long before the day when Suez became a "lifeline of empire." But control of the Mediterranean does also mean today the maintenance of the Imperial position in the Middle East.

One could safely wager, therefore, that around the table in the Kremlin the British delegation, now backed by victorious armies on the continent, as well as its great air force and navy, is using all its arguments and all its arts to persuade the Russians that it will be necessary to peace in the future as in the past, for both Great Powers to keep hands off this middle zone of the Balkans, Turkey and the Straits, and Persia.

Will Soviets Listen?

Will the Russians prove amenable to argument or pressure? There is an excellent discussion of the forces working in Russia for and against an expansive policy in the *Primer Of The Coming World* by Leopold Schwarzschild, reviewed at length in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT.

The temptation to the Soviet leaders of this greatest opportunity in centuries will be very great, the writer believes. It is impossible to know whether Stalin has really disavowed Lenin's goal of world revolution, or is merely following the latter's advice on making every necessary detour, shift or feint. As for Stalin's much mooted conversion to Russian nationalism, Schwarzschild sees no conflict between socialism and nationalism in determining Russia's future international course.

"Every expansion of nationalist Russia would be a gain for Communist Russia." And even if Stalin became in his heart exclusively nationalistic, he would still march into other countries under the flag of Communism, just as the imperialist Napoleon always marched under the slogan: Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, though he was no liberal or democrat.

In this unique opportunity it is conceivable that the Soviets might seek to extend their dominion from Germany to China.. "The much more modest opportunities of 1939 and 1940 were exploited: the Red Army rolled across six frontiers."

But this shrewd observer also notes strong arguments in Russia against expansion, and believes that the final decision has not been taken yet. The bulk of the normal industry of the country—as distinct from the mainly military industry of Siberia—is in ruins. The buildings and tools of the greatest agricultural provinces have been destroyed. The people have lived through an inferno of blood-letting, of super-human effort and stark hunger.

Thus it is no cliché to say that after this war Russia will need long years of peace. Whether or not her leaders recognize this as the most essential need, they will certainly consider it an important argument in choosing their course.

Then there will be the attraction of becoming one of the respected triumvirate dominating the world. Co-operation with Britain and America will offer Russia great and tangible advantages during her reconstruction period, shortening this by many years.

And finally, there is the risk of an expansionist policy. Through two decades in which he has guided Russia's foreign policy, Schwarzschild notes that Stalin has always avoided great risks. "True, he tried many things, and nothing with success. From China in 1927 to Spain in 1936 he failed in everything he undertook. But he never undertook anything in such a fashion as to incur great risks. He never undertook anything he could not drop at the first sign of failure. And the greatest failure of his foreign policy (the deal with Germany in 1939) resulted not from his having taken great risks, but from his attempt to avoid them."

Stalin Not Committed

Can Churchill, backed by the most important political and military figures of the British Empire, convince Stalin that the risks of an expansionist policy are not worth taking? For let no one deceive himself, the same instincts would be roused in us if Russia were to begin to spread her power over Europe and the Middle East, and if her partisans in our countries became still more active, as brought us to oppose German expansion and German fifth columnists.

If Stalin can be thus convinced, he is not yet committed to the hilt in Poland, in Germany or in the Balkans. With his typical caution, he has allowed his Polish Committee and the Soviet press to advance his Polish policy; a German Committee and a League of German Officers his German policy; and Tito his Balkan policy. He can disavow all of these, exactly as he did Kuusinen and his Finnish Workers' Government in 1940.

In Moscow, in the next few days, much will be done that will decide whether the world organization framed at Dumbarton Oaks is to get off to a good start, or have a chance at all. For it should be clearly kept in mind that we must first make a peace settlement, which means primarily a settlement of the German question and a settlement with Russia, *which will stand by itself*, and then on this solid pedestal place our new League of Nations.

"The United Nations"

Or "United Nations" — it makes little difference what it is called. Nor will it make a vital difference how the United Nations Council is set up, whether it numbers four, five, or as suggested, eleven, if it has no power to prevent the big powers from starting a war. Study the new charter as you will, it remains clear that the only thing in this set-up to check the big powers is their own good will. The "International Police Force" will apparently have a power far smaller than any of the national armies of the big powers, and be essentially an instrument of theirs to keep the lesser powers from quarrelling.

Yet it is worth organizing "The United Nations." It shows a number of constitutional improvements arising out of experience with the paralyzing veto which every power in the old League possessed. And it has at least started everyone thinking about *"who keeps the policemen in order?"*

There is, of course, only one thing which can prevent the big powers from making war, and that is the merging of their power to give supreme authority to a world state. We shall have to raise our sights far beyond Dumbarton Oaks. Is the goal so impossibly remote? Twice at Quebec I have seen a combined staffs committee sit down in harmonious session, representing a virtual merger of the power of the British Commonwealth and the United States.

There are many who believe that this should be maintained after the war, that it is much the most attainable and workable guarantee of a long peace within the present field of practical politics. But not much can be said of such a scheme officially, for fear that the Soviets might think we were forming a coalition against them—the same suspicion which they hold of all schemes for unifying Europe.

If Russia will agree to stay at home and co-operate in unifying Europe, it is probable that Britain and the United States will undertake in return *not* to maintain their military unity after the war. This week's conversations in Moscow will go a long way towards determining these great issues of peace or rivalry in coming decades.

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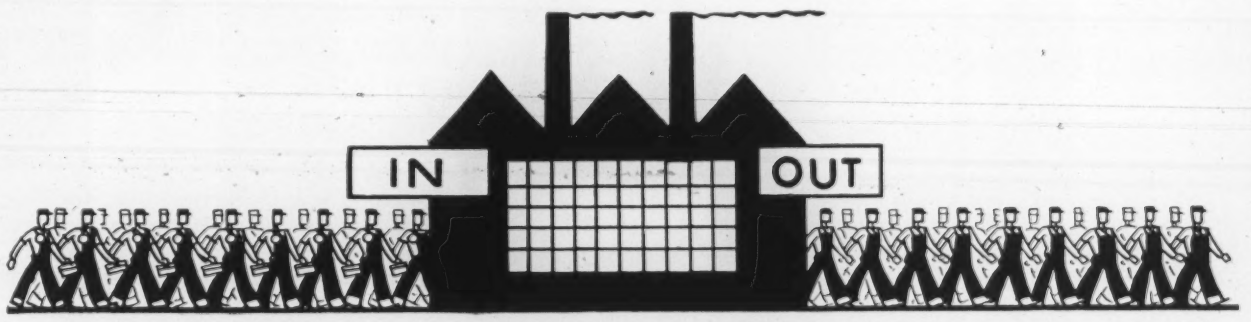

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Kaleidoscopic Moscow, Strange Yet Familiar

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Mr. Davies pictures Moscow of today as an exciting city of contrasts. While barrage balloons float over the city the people rush to buy ice-cream and flowers at high prices; trade-in shops are crowded and the city officials replace shabby sidewalks.

MOSCOW is an exciting city. It is a city in a state of constant turbulence. Everything is on the move. New people come in streams through the dozen railway stations. Others leave—for the east, for the front, for home, in liberated territories. Streets are torn up and pavements changed. Buildings are repaired. Stores are opened. The dull beaverboard of wartime is torn off to reveal huge store fronts or plate glass windows. At night, after one, when traffic becomes restricted and one can only circulate when in possession of a night pass, barrage balloons still rise into the ky.

Almost at any time of night or day, the roar of planes can be heard taking off or landing from the score of airports around the city. At nights, the toots of river boats resound and the whistles of trains.

The streets in daytime are entrancing. Outside the hotel where I live the crowds move in never-ending, never-slowing streams. They overflow the sidewalks. The people rush to and from the three subway stations near the hotel, and towards the huge Mostorg, Moscow's sole department store, which just opened with everything selling at astronomic prices—but at least on sale, and that's something new in wartime Moscow.

Ice-Cream is New

At the corner, girls dressed in white coats, and wearing small boxes suspended from shoulder straps, are intoning "Yest Morozhennoye, Yest Morozhennoye. Slivochnoye ee limonnoye." "Ice cream, Ice cream, vanilla and lemon." This too is new. Moscow hasn't seen ice cream for a long time. The price is high. The customers are many and there is never any lack of buyers. These ice cream girls can be seen on every corner in the central part of the town. Their best business is in Eskimo Pies which are sold wrapped in silver paper and mounted on sticks—like lollypops.

Down the street a way is a flower kiosk at which there's almost always a line of customers. You can get roses, asters, tulips, sweet peas. The Muscovites love flowers. Last year a friend of mine had a vegetable garden. This year he planted only flowers. He said he could sell the flowers and buy all the vegetables he needed and come out ahead. And yet flowers are not cheap. A good bouquet of roses costs about twice as much as in Toronto. Within five minutes walk of the hotel in all directions I counted a dozen such kiosks and one large flower shop.

Across the square begins the huge block of the Moscow Hotel, the Russian version of the Royal York. A twelve story building, it exceeds any of our hotels in area and has rooms second in nothing to ours. There's a catch, however. Only Russians can stay here, and most rooms are reserved for visiting officials; Heroes of the Soviet Union, Supreme Soviet members and the like.

The first floor of the hotel is occupied by two famous stores—one a commercial non-ration grocery store and the other a TEJE store selling perfumes. There is always a line-up at the first. The second too, doesn't lack in customers, though some perfumes come as high as two thousand rubles a bottle.

Re-Paving Despite War

This week the street in front of the Moscow Hotel, and running between its huge pile and that of the Government buildings across the way, is in an uproar. Day and night, steam shovels work ripping up the pavements, and gangs of workers, mostly girls, lay the cement foundation for a new street dress. As I recall it, the street wasn't too bad before but the city authorities decided since the asphalt had been laid ten years ago that it had better be replaced. The girls on the job wear khaki skirts and blouses. They are part of the labor reserves under which every non-essential worker is required to give a number of months of service to the country and can be assigned to any job.

The street fronting the Moscow Hotel farther down is Gorki street, widest and possibly most important in Russia. It is about twice as wide as University Avenue in Toronto or Park Avenue in Montreal and can accommodate some twelve to fourteen lines of cars. Fortunately there aren't that many cars here or the tricky crossing would be even more hazardous. You can't cross whereever you wish, either. If you do, a whistle resounds, and a militiaman or woman comes up, receipt book ready, to collect your ten to fifty ruble fine depending on the gravity of offense. You can appeal but that involves appearing at the militia station and rarely pays. Occasionally, I, as foreigner, break the crossing law and when stopped produce my correspondent's card which lets me off easy, but the militiaman mutters something about those "dumb foreigners".

Avoid Stamp Collectors

The main telegraph station is located a short way up Gorki Street. This was a new modernistic structure when I visited Moscow thirteen years ago. Now it looks old and almost dilapidated. I spend much time there arguing about cable transmission and mailing letters. There is always a crowd of boys and girls about buying the latest postage stamps. And since new stamp issues appear on the least provocation, the line at the stamp wicket never disappears.

The man or woman who wishes to buy a stamp simply to mail a letter is looked at as an intruder. In the darker recesses of the telegraph building the younger stamp collectors are doing a rushing exchange business.

Still farther up the street is the interesting building of the City Soviet—our city hall. The structure is painted pink and white and now two or three more stories are being added. Bricklayers, almost all women, are working far above the street. Facing the City Soviet is a small park where a fountain of water, illuminated like our Niagara Falls, plays in the evening. This is a favorite spot for lovers. In the daytime children play here guarded by their "Nyanyas"—nurses.

A bit farther on is Pushkin Square, one of the squares on a ring of boulevards surrounding the central part of town. There are three such rings in Moscow. They could make getting about quite easy. But they don't, because for some reason each section bears a different name. Thus one continuous boulevard may have fifteen different street names.

Whenever I journey from Hotel Metropole, where we correspondents live, to the Canadian Embassy, I walk along this boulevard. This walk is disappointing in a way, because it makes me feel that people everywhere are so alike. There is not as much sensation of difference as there is in the business sections.

Children play in the sand. Nurses gossip in the shade. If they're young, and you overhear their conversation, it's about boys and dresses and dates, just like Queen's Park. If they are old—then the talk is of rheumatism, and gossip, and meals.

Yesterday as I walked towards the Embassy I observed three pretty, young girls on a bench near the entrance to the Boulevard, the parkway of which is fenced in. They talked merrily, laughed, gabbed away. Then I saw three Red Army men walk along, glance at the girls, sit down on a bench opposite. In a little while the men and girls were quite pally and sat together.

And then, almost with a shock, I reached the point along the Boulevard where a rope barred further progress. I glanced up. Barrage balloons, like huge dugongs, lay nestling in the sand. Girls in khaki were on guard. These balloons can be seen all over the city. Though the enemy is far away the Russians take no chances.

The Stores

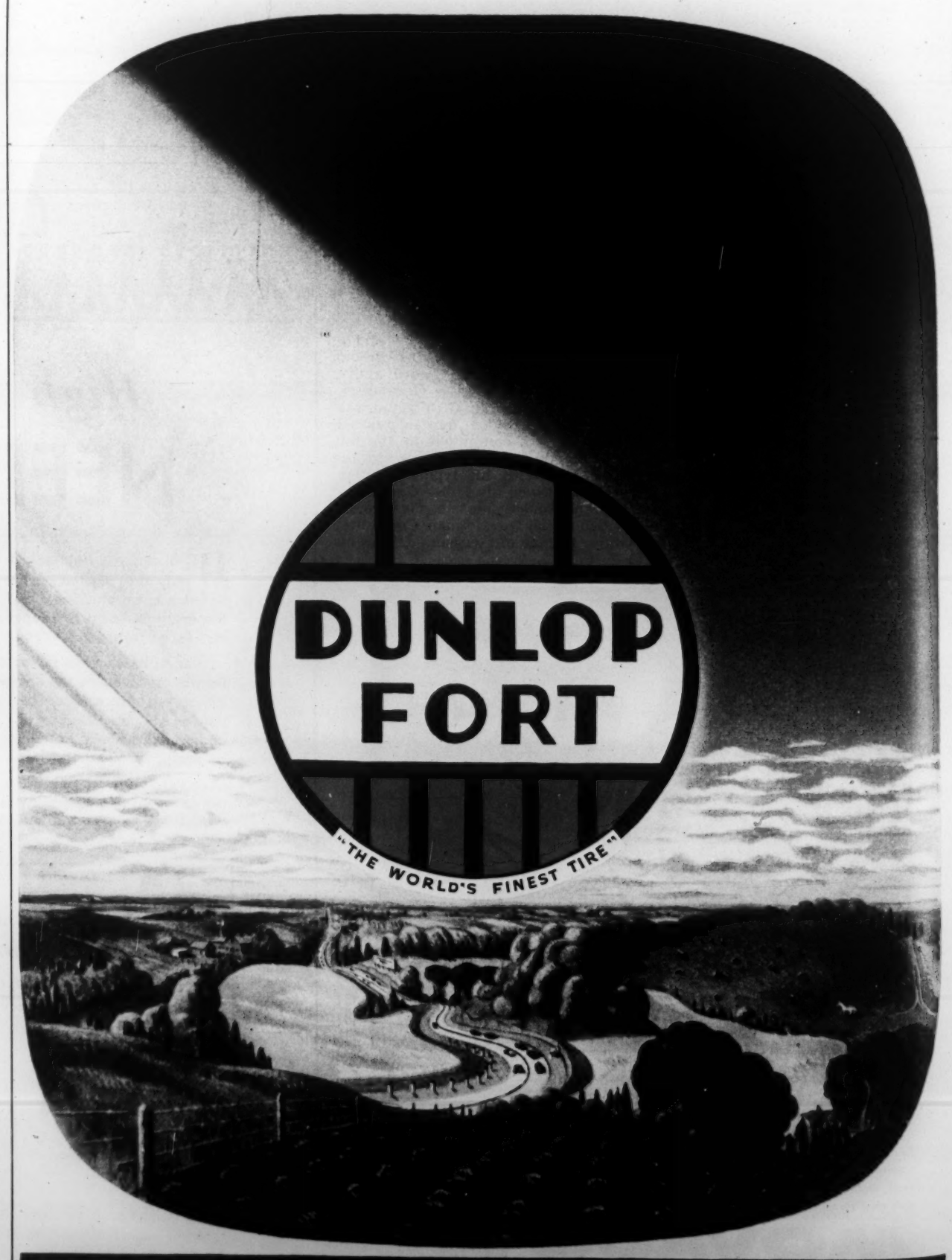
What kind of stores are there along the streets? Well, there are the commercial shops selling things outside rationing for outside ration prices. These glitter and are always crowded. Then there are the shops attached to single organizations. For example the artists of the Bolshoi Theatre have their own grocery store and their own clothing store. The same applies to workers of a Government department, a hotel, a chain of restaurants. These stores, calculated as they are for a given number of customers are never crowded. Ambling along you pass dressmaking establishments — "Ateliers", book stores, second hand bookshops in which very rare books can often be bought at almost reasonable prices. Most colorful are the jewelry shops and most crowded, the commission shops.

The commission shop is a special Russian development akin to our trade-in stores. People bring their belongings which they no longer need or want, or wish to sell and they are priced. The seller receives 90 per cent of the price and the article goes on sale at the price set at the time of purchase.

The commission shop is heaven for the collector and the avid purchaser. Your correspondent has bought there cigarette cases, a set of ivory chop sticks, a necklace, a table knife of ivory, buckles (antique) for a belt, a huge topaz. My fellow scribes buy miniatures, cameos, paintings, brocades, antique jewels. But you can also buy rugs, pianos, tables, chairs, watches, and anything else you might ever wish. All at a price of course. A man earning the equivalent in Russian rubles of a Canadian editor's salary wouldn't get very far here.

All these things and more Moscow has. All glittering, kaleidoscopic, entrancing, sometimes strange, sometimes familiar—but always a mixture of the old and the new, of the west and the east, of yesterday and tomorrow. A worth while city.

Ilya Ehrenbourg is perhaps the best-known of Russia's wartime journalists. In his own country, he is credited with destroying all fear of the Germans through his satiric unmasking of the foe's base nature.



THE LIGHTER SIDE

Life Holds Few Surprises When You're in the Taxi Business

By JOHN LASKIER

I PICKED up two women fares at the rear door of a large Toronto hotel.

It was too dark to see much of them except that one was small and slight, and the other tall and heavily built. The small one, in a voice that was tense with anxiety said, "To the Maternity Hospital, driver . . . And hurry, it's urgent."

Cursing the ill-luck that had given me that particular fare, I raced towards the hospital taking innumerable chances and urged on by the small girl who sat on the edge of the seat and squealed as we swayed on the corners. Finally, with a sigh of relief, I swung into the hospital grounds.

The tall girl said, quite calmly, "Thanks, driver. You can drop us off at the nurse's residence. We'll be in in good time now."

I turned around in amaze. "But I thought . . . " I looked from one to the other.

The slender girl gave a shriek of laughter. "Oh, nothing like that," she said, "we only work here." To her friend she howled, "Nancy, I told you you should go on a diet."

I left them on the steps of the nurse's residence having a minor attack of hysterics at my very excusable mistake.

USUALLY, the funniest incidents in a taxi driver's life are provided by the ever-present drunk: though, like a well-administered hot-foot, the humor becomes apparent only after the pain has subsided. In this respect, it can be stated that the female of the species is infinitely more sober than the male . . . Which is perhaps just as well, for the fair Bacchanalian can be poison to the night-driving cabby. As was the young lady I picked up not so long ago.

She seemed all right when she got into the cab, but when I arrived at her address I found she was out like the proverbial light. Finding it impossible to wake her I started on the difficult task of dragging her out of the cab. I got her half way out and paused for a breather. A nicely dressed young man who had been passing by and had paused to watch the proceedings, offered to help. I thanked him gratefully, and together we managed to get her up to the front door. I rang the bell, and almost immediately the door was flung wide open. A huge, tousle-headed man, dressed only in pants and undershirt stood silhouetted in the light of the hall lamp. Seeing us, he let out a bellow of rage and picked up a heavy walking stick that was leaning against the wall. "I'll teach you," he roared, "to bring my daughter home drunk."

With one accord, the helpful young man and I dropped our burden and ran. I dodged behind the back of the cab while he sprinted up the street with the irate father in full cry after him. Sliding in behind the wheel of the cab I regained a little confidence, and not wishing to leave the Good Samaritan in the lurch, I took up the chase.

When I caught up to them, the young man was still in the lead but tiring fast. Making a wide sweep around his pursuer I pulled in close, and with a convulsive leap he clambered on the running board. Stepping on the gas I roared away from there. A block further on I slowed down and looked behind. The enraged parent was standing in the middle of the street waving his stick and shouting breathless curses.

THINGS are not always what they seem in taxi business. One evening I picked up a beefy, redfaced man who might have been a policeman except that his feet were not flat. For a while I drove in silence. Then I was shocked into alertness by a deep groan from the back seat. In the driving mirror I saw that my passenger was wearing an expression of excruciating agony. Thinking he had been taken suddenly ill, I slowed down. He growled like an angry bear, then showed his teeth in a vicious snarl. His eyes bulged out until they looked like pickled onions and his face took on an appearance of almost maniacal fury. Catching my horrified glance in the driving mirror, his features went back to normal and he said, rather sheepishly, "Don't mind me, Bud. I'm wrastlin' tonight at the Gardens and I'm just having a little workout."

HAVING a ringside seat as he does, at so many courtships, marriages and divorces (often with the same people as principals), the hacker either acquires a kindly tolerance for the minor transgressions or he becomes an ingrained cynic. But whatever his personal opinions may be about the actions of his passengers, he usually sticks pretty close to the cab driver's first commandment; which is:—*Keep your mouth shut about what you see or hear.* It would be a troubled world for a lot of people if he didn't! Occasionally, however, there are times when he can tell all and still be doing the right thing. As in the case of Lefty and the Jeans family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeans (which is not their right name) were an ideal couple. She was beautiful and he was rich and handsome. Lefty drove them on their wedding day and because he had flaming red hair they considered him lucky and sort of adopted him. Whenever they phoned for a car they would always ask for him, and in time he assumed the position of a trusted adviser in all marital problems.

After a year or so of comparative bliss, the Jeans family began to run into stormy weather. At the three-year mark, which is the shadow-line between a love affair and a real marriage, their quarrels began to get serious. Lefty took the whole thing very much to heart and would moon around the garage all day with a long face. One day the blow-off came. A call came in for him to meet them downtown at their lawyer's office. There was a gleam in his eye as he climbed into his cab. "I'm going to set off a little dynamite underneath those two young fools," he said. Afterwards, he told me all about it.

As he walked into the lawyer's office Mr. Jeans grabbed him by one arm, whereupon Mrs. Jean rushed over and took him by the other.

"I've been paying Lefty here to watch you for two months," shouted Mr. J.

His wife gave a little squeal of rage. "You lie," she said. "*I* have been paying him to watch *you!*"

Lefty shook them both off and walked into the centre of the room. To the husband he said: "Sure you paid me to spy on your wife. And I told you things about her that any decent husband would have shot me for. But you swallowed it all without blinking . . . You believed me because you *wanted* to believe me. Say! What kind of a woman did you think you had married anyway?"

Here Mrs. Jeans gave a little stifled sob and Lefty turned on her. "And you're no better. You paid me to chase your husband around. When I made him out to be a combination of Bluebeard and Doctor Crippen you were too busy wallowing in self-pity to even think of doubting me . . . A fine couple of heels you two turned out to be. Well, go ahead and sue each other for a divorce . . . I'll willingly testify against *both* of you."

Mrs. J. started to weep into her handkerchief that she had been a horrid little beast. Then her husband put his arms around her and said "No," it had been all his fault . . . After awhile they had Lefty drive them home where they paid him off with a ten-dollar tip, and everybody was happy about the whole thing except maybe the lawyer.

OUR GARDEN

MY DARLING just loves to garden,
She loves to dabble in dirt,
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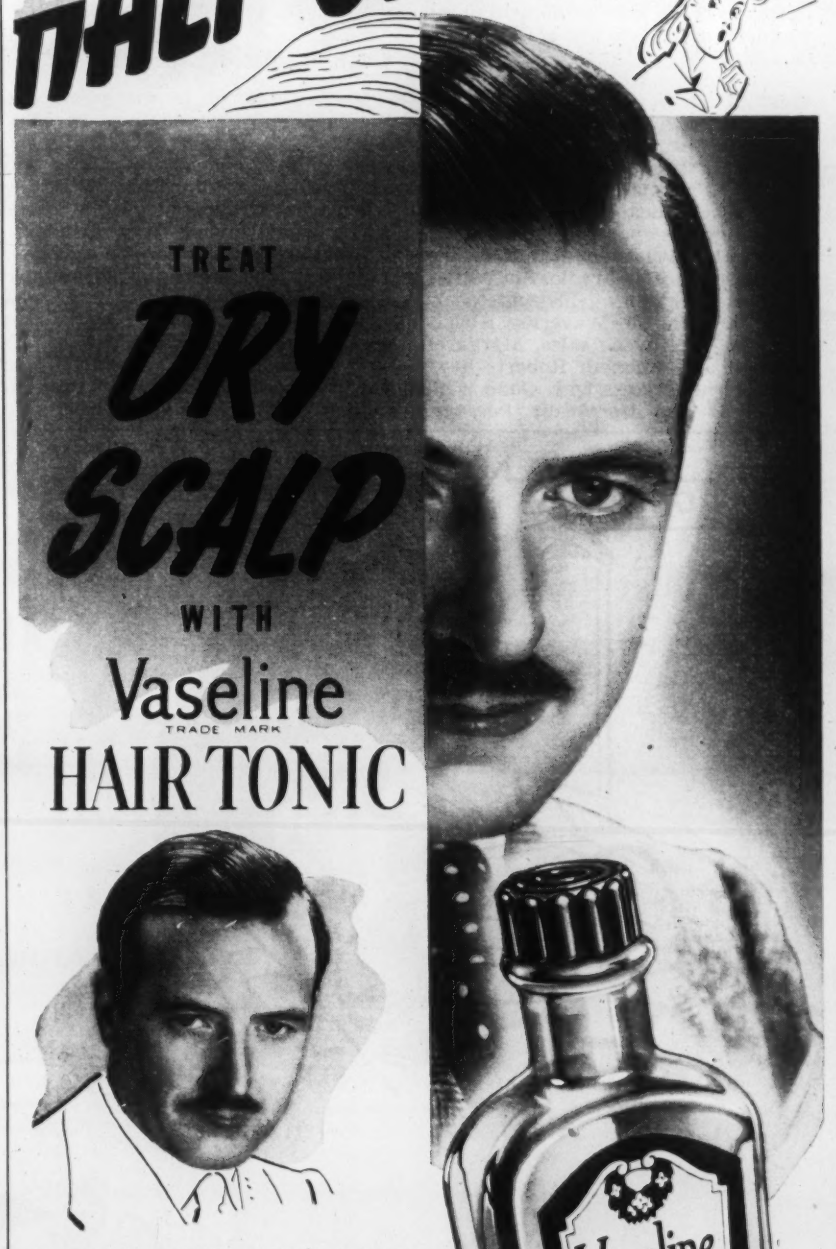

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How Much Can We Improve Our History Teaching?

By D. C. MUNROE

In our English-speaking schools little emphasis is given in the teaching of history to local and provincial events although this is naturally the best way of arousing student enthusiasm. In French-speaking schools the situation is reversed and little attention is paid to national and internation backgrounds.

In this thoughtful article the writer points out how these and other discrepancies in the approach to the teaching of history in our schools have a great indirect influence on national life. He makes proposals enlarging on those made in the Senate by Senator David.

Mr. Munroe is Principal of the high school in Ormstown, Quebec.

HISTORY has been in the headlines during recent months. Senator Athanese David's proposal, that the federal government appoint a representative committee to prepare a history textbook suitable for use in schools throughout the Dominion, has finally crystallized a number of proposals that have been made during the past five or ten years by many public bodies and individual citizens. Canadians are well aware that we lack national consciousness. For many years we were indifferent to the problem: today we are actively concerned.

The average citizen, with no very vivid memories of the history classes he attended a generation ago, may feel that Senator David's plan does not hold the possibility of much success. For one thing, many people learn a good deal of history by the more or less painless method of historical novels and drama or the moving-picture and radio. Sir Walter Scott taught history to his contemporaries through the Waverley Novels and, judging by the sales, Margaret Mitchell and Kenneth Roberts have repeated his success with *Gone With the Wind* and *Northwest Passage*. And we are being constantly reminded of the educational values of the movie, the radio and television.

Why not, then, entrust our history teaching to Cecil B. de Mille and Orson Welles? That prospect is not reassuring. All these devices and the people who operate them are valuable as supplements to history teaching but they are quite unsatisfactory in themselves, because each of them puts us at the mercy of an instructor who is more concerned with telling a romantic story than the truth.

Cash Register Control

History subject to the control of the cash register and the box office would mean, of course, that only the most exciting episodes would be told and the characterizations would be carried to extremes of vice or virtue which would give a very unreliable impression. History may be occasionally dull and uninspiring, but we have good evidence that it is most interesting and most useful when seen as a whole; and neither the story-teller nor the technician has yet produced a substitute for the patient, systematic lessons of the history class-room.

One author has described history as a way of life. Certainly if it is to be of any value it must begin as a program of study in childhood and be carried through adolescence. With proper guidance it may be expected to accomplish three things—to equip the student with a knowledge of the past, to create an understanding of the social, economic and political institutions under which he lives, and to develop in him the ability to act wisely in meeting the problems of citizenship. If we accept these purposes, Senator David's proposal can do much to promote national unity.

The first objective is a knowledge of the past. No child should leave our elementary schools without a reasonably good background of Canadian history and this will probably be built upon a study of the local community and the province. With some notable exceptions, our English-speaking schools do not give sufficient emphasis to local and provincial history and, as a result, students find the subject rather dull. If we were to give a little more attention to the story of local development our students would probably show more enthusiasm for the history of Canada as a nation.

In French-speaking sections, particularly in the Province of Quebec, the emphasis is reversed. Local history is taught very well, but the story of Canada as a nation is rather neglected. French scholarship has long been directed toward what might be called the "minutiae" of history, genealogies, the origin of place names, research into the isolated phases of local and provincial development.

The parish priest is a sort of local historian in many villages, well-versed himself in local history, he offers constant encouragement in the preservation of old customs, relics and landmarks. Annual celebrations commemorate the birth or death of a patron saint or the arrival of the first settler and this sort of pageantry stimulates local pride, with the result that history is a vital and interesting study to child and adult alike. Unfortunately in French Canada the study of history does not go far enough, because very little is done to erect a superstructure of national history on this very excellent foundation.

We Learn from Others

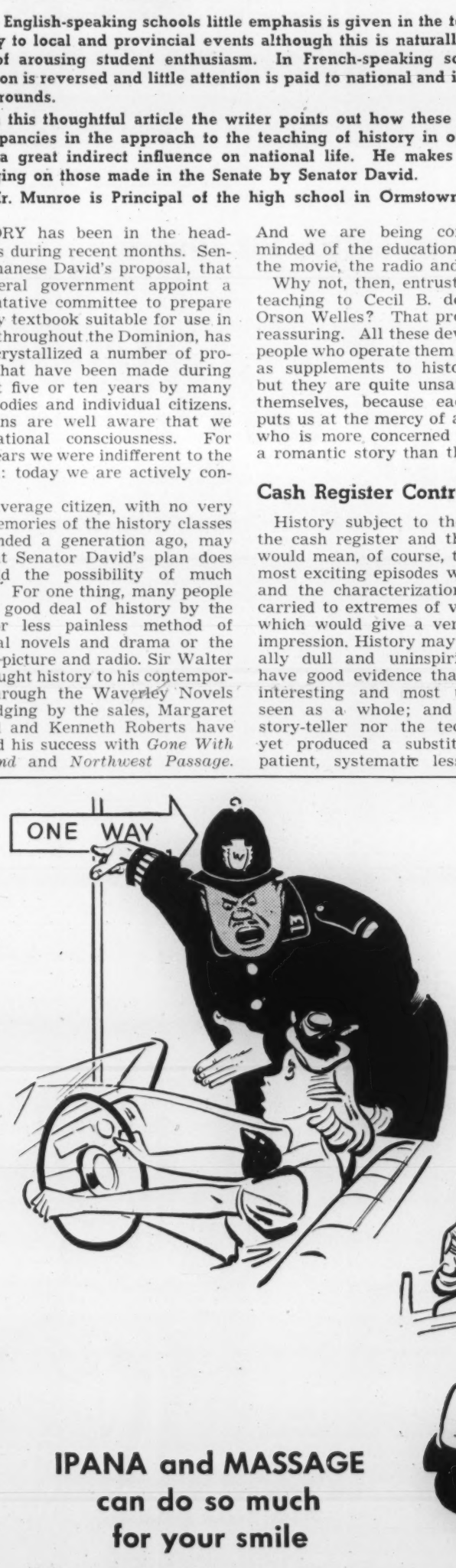
Every citizen should understand the social, economic and political institutions under which he lives. As these have developed gradually through the centuries, history can be used to prepare us for active and intelligent citizenship. Our institutions are predominantly of Anglo-Saxon origin and, with the people of the United States and the other nations of the British Commonwealth, it is essential that we have some knowledge of British history. The American writer of a recent textbook on this subject has said:

"Every American lawyer and jurist is richer because British law is vigorous and the British bar distinguished. Every American man of letters is the gainer when British literature is varied, energetic, and inspired. Every American social worker . . . knows that he takes constant profit from a sturdy British social movement. Every workingman on this side of the ocean owes something to that British Labor movement which so long outstripped our own. Every thoughtful government officer knows that the continuing British traditions of political freedom, tolerance, and incorruptibility lend strength to our own political institutions."

This close relationship is undeniable and when we accept it we do not for a moment abdicate our right to alter and adapt these institutions to meet our own needs, nor to develop new methods of government if we can do so. The important fact for us to remember is that we must understand the origin and development of these legacies if we are to operate them at all successfully.

In English-speaking schools, British history is generally studied, though the emphasis is often placed on kings and battles rather than on social and political development. However, in French-Canada, this phase of history is almost completely neglected.

The very privileges which French Canadians enjoy may be traced back to the series of compromises which are fundamental to the British Constitution: Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, religious toleration and



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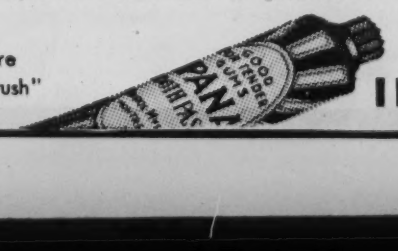

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parliamentary government. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that French Canada does not understand the significance of these measures nor does it appreciate the peculiar strength of the nations in whom they originated.

From the days of Papineau, parliamentary procedure and privilege in Quebec have differed slightly from the practice elsewhere in Canada. Some years ago a special throne chair was placed in the legislative chamber of Quebec for the Cardinal Archbishop. In the court rooms of the province the crucifix hangs above the judge's bench in place of the royal coat of arms. In the law schools of the French universities Magna Carta and the Bill or Rights are practically ignored and one of the present judges has consistently and openly placed the church's Canon above the Civil Law.

Helps Explain Local Attitudes

These vagaries help to explain how a former Government could sponsor the famous "Padlock Law" without seeing in it any challenge to civil liberty; they also explain the disorderly threats against freedom of speech which are occasionally perpetrated, we are told, to defend democracy. It is, perhaps, not desirable that our institutions in the various sections of Canada should conform to a standard pattern; it may even be possible that our interpretations of social, economic and political science will differ slightly; but certainly we should base our experiments and studies on a thorough knowledge of the origin and development of our institutions. A brief survey of British history is surely desirable in all our schools.

The third objective, the development of an ability to meet the problems of citizenship intelligently, is a fairly recent addition to the history teacher's responsibility. If history has any value at all, it should help us to avoid some of the mistakes of the past and we can only do this by training our students to think for themselves. This view of history has not been generally accepted in European countries, including France, where it is still regarded as a body of facts to be taught dogmatically.

Authoritarian teaching is seen, of course, at its worst in Germany. One American observer, a few years ago, visited four hundred classes in German folk schools and took complete stenographic notes. In all that time he heard only one question asked by a pupil, and that was something like, "What time is it?"

History taught in that manner is a bulwark of dictatorship and Canadian schools long ago began to encourage critical thinking through discussions and debates. In several provinces this third objective is incorporated into the outlines of courses and studies in citizenship are carefully planned; while throughout the Dominion great efforts have been made in the past three or four years to improve this phase of our history teaching.

As a minimum, therefore, our youth should have a thorough course in Canadian history, a brief survey of British social and political institutions and some experience in critical thinking about the problems of our time. This much should be begun in the elementary school, though the program will be most profitable to those who amplify these studies in high school with courses in European and World history.

Revised Books Preferred

How far would Senator David's proposal meet the present difficulties? He has suggested that the federal and provincial governments appoint a representative committee, presumably of historians and teachers, under whose supervision an official history textbook would be prepared. The committee might do a great deal to harmonize divergent opinions and fix the general lines of Canada's story but it could not be expected to settle all the controversial issues merely by affixing the official seal of the Dominion.

Official histories are always suspect because they usually represent compromises which make them superficial; and the delicate balance between historical and literary excellence is difficult to establish. At least two or three of our present textbooks are substantially good and a revision of them might be preferable to the preparation of a new one.

A recent suggestion that the text be printed in two languages, English on one page and French on the other, has some merit; but the size of such a volume would present some difficulty. In spite of these considerations, the use of the same or similar textbooks in all the schools of the Dominion would certainly promote national unity.

Senator David's committee should be given broad powers, which should include the adoption of a consistent and unified view of Canadian history and the use of all possible means to secure the acceptance of this interpretation. The textbook would be one feature of this program: another might be the establishment of a summer school for teachers. If the committee is representative of the various sections of the country, it might itself serve as a faculty, and ten or fifteen teachers from each province might be sent on government scholarships for a three or four-week term.

A faculty which included Dr. Donalda Dickie of Alberta, Dr. George Brown of Ontario, the Abbe Arthur Maheu of Quebec and D. C. Harvey of Nova Scotia, to name only a few representative leaders, could do much to stimulate new interest both in the material of Canadian history and in the methods of teaching it. If a hundred teachers carried this new enthusiasm to their class-rooms every autumn, much could be accomplished in a very short time.

The present criticism of Canadian conditions comes at a time when the history courses are being examined and revised in many countries. Last summer the New York Times conducted a nation-wide investigation into the teaching of American history in the schools and colleges of the United States. The survey revealed conditions somewhat similar to our own and it has resulted in some radical changes in policy and method.

But the most significant trend in history teaching is the emphasis being placed on its value in promoting international understanding. The schools of Great Britain are now, for the first time, giving courses in the history of the United States; and British history is receiving greater attention in America. Following the lead of our neighbors, we are beginning to study the history of Central and South America. Russia and the Orient are also subjects for high school study and we will ignore them at our peril. We are even turning to the history of our enemies to find out the fundamental causes of our conflict and it may very well be that history holds the key to our problem.

At a time when our horizons are broadening rapidly, it is certainly important that we understand and appreciate our Canadian heritage. Our first duty is to accept the Socratic doctrine, "Know Thyself," for it is only by such preparation that we can attempt to understand our neighbours.

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Algoma's New Bishop Man of Many Parts

By O. R. ROWLEY

At forty years of age, William Lockridge Wright is Algoma's sixth bishop, and a conspicuously successful one. Perhaps some of the credit is due to his Irish ancestry as well as to his varied experience in country and city parishes.

THE Right Reverend William Lockridge Wright, D.D., sixth and present Bishop of Algoma, is of Irish descent. His ancestors combine the two great races which have helped in the building of this great Canada.

His great-grandfather, William Wright, a land surveyor, with his wife and son William, left Dublin, Ireland, arrived in Canada in November, 1842, and settled at Montreal.

His grandfather, William Wright, who was serious and thoughtful, took Holy Orders, served with distinction as a missionary in the Diocese of Ontario, became a Rural Dean and ever lived up to the family motto "Per Ardua". He married Sarah Josephine de Pencier, grand-daughter of Theodore de Pencier, one of the first land surveyors in Canada, a descendant of an early French military family, who in 1792, surveyed St. Joseph's Island and the Strait and Falls of St. Mary's River. Little did he dream that his great great grandson would eventually become Bishop of the Anglican Church in that District.

His father, the late Canon John de Pencier Wright, also an indefatigable and successful priest of the Diocese of Ontario, was married in 1903, to Lucy Lockridge, youngest daughter of the late Robert Lockridge of Tamworth, Ont. Their eldest son, William Lockridge Wright, the subject of this sketch, was born on September 8, 1904, at Roslin, Ont.

He received his education from the public schools at Lyn and Kingston, (where his father was Rector of St. Luke's), the Kingston Collegiate, Queen's University, and the University of Trinity College, Toronto. From the latter he won in 1927, the diploma of L.TH. On his appointment in 1941 to the Deanery of Algoma, Trinity conferred upon him, *jure dignitatis*, the degree of D.D.

He was ordained deacon on Saturday, September 4, 1926, and preached on Sunday, September 11, 1927. Both ordinations were by the then Bishop of Ontario (Seager), and both took place at the Cathedral Church of St. George in Kingston.

Curate in Toronto

Although ordained in the Diocese of Ontario, Mr. Wright began his ministry at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Toronto, where he spent two years as curate. From 1928 to 1932 he was incumbent at Tweed, in the Diocese of Ontario, and served the out-stations at Madoc, Queensboro and Hungerford. The next four years, when curate at Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, he received great encouragement from the rectors, which enabled him to fulfill his parochial duties in the face of various disappointments. In 1936 he returned to Toronto as Rector of the Church of St. George the Martyr, where ten years previously he had begun his ministry. There were 350 families on the parish roll, scattered over the city. It was there that he found that success at pastoral work depended on the personal link between the rector and his flock.

It was in 1936 that he married Margaret Clare, a graduate of the University of Toronto, and eldest daughter of the Rev. David Clare of Orillia. They have a daughter and two sons.

In 1940 Mr. Wright became Rector of St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. A year later he was appointed Dean of Algoma. In these dual offices he found of greatest value the experience which came from the encouragement, personal guidance and supervision which he received when curate under those able administrators, Canon P. J. Dykes in Toronto, and Dean Broughall, now Bishop of Niagara, and Dean Riley, now Dean of Toronto, at Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton.

Youth Leadership

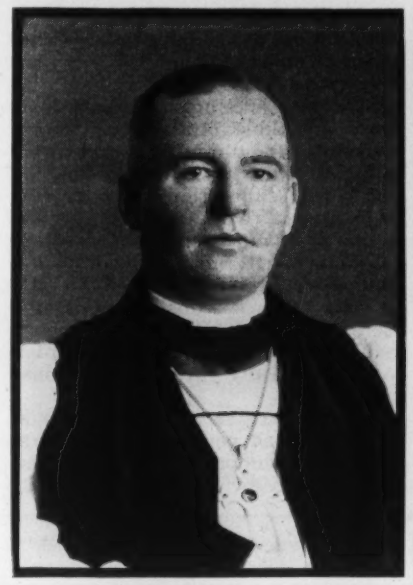
Dean Wright's ministry at Sault Ste. Marie was highly acceptable and successful. He gave splendid leadership to young people in their work for the Church and in their preparation for life. He presented to his Bishop for confirmation large classes of adults as well as young people. Keen on the missionary work of the Church, his parish for the past three years not only enjoyed over-paying its missionary apportionments but increased its contributions for parochial needs. When the call came for higher service, he left his parish in a very healthy financial condition.

Most active outside his own Church, he was president of the Ministerial Association; Chaplain of the Kiwanis Air Cadets Squadron; a member of the Board of Education; on the executive of the Boy Scouts and the Canadian Legion. He is senior warden Hatherly Masonic Lodge, a member of Rose Croix and Merton Lodge of Perfection, and holds the 32nd Degree Scottish Rite.

On April 12, 1944 Dean Wright was elected to the See of Algoma by the Synod of the Diocese in session at Sault Ste. Marie. He was consecrated by the Most Rev. C. A. Seager, Archbishop of Huron, and Metropolitan of Ontario, assisted by the Most Rev. A. U. de Pencier, formerly Archbishop of New Westminster and Metropolitan of British Columbia, and the Bishops of Moosonee (Renison), Ontario (Lyons), Niagara (Broughall), Suffragan of Toronto (Beverly), Ottawa (Jefferson), and Northern Michigan, U.S.A. (Page), on Whitsun Tuesday, May 30, at St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie.

The Wrights have lived up to the family tradition that at least one son should enter the ministry. There are well over a hundred of the family so serving in the Anglican communion today. The Rev. J. de P. Wright, L.Th., the Bishop's younger brother, is curate of St. Clement's, North Toronto; his uncle, the Rev. S. B. G. Wright, M.A., is Rector of the Church of the Comforter, Toronto; whilst his great great uncle, the Most Rev. A. U. de Pencier, O.B.E., D.D., formerly Archbishop of New Westminster and Metropolitan of British Columbia, is living in retirement at Vancouver, after having served as Bishop of New Westminster for thirty years.

The Bishop of Algoma is one of the ten prelates, out of one hundred and nine, consecrated for the Church of England in Canada, who have reached the episcopal office before their 40th birthday. He has an impressive presence, is healthy in body and mind, and wholesome in life. He is not a party man; is sound in doctrine and outlook; is logical and methodical; possesses diplomacy, tact and magnetism; and is devoted to the faith of his ancestors.



The Bishop of Algoma

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CANADA'S VETERANS

Their Post-War Opportunities

This is the first of a series of advertisements to inform the people of Canada of plans to re-establish men and women of the armed forces. To get the full details save and read every advertisement.

For complete information write for the booklet "Back to Civil Life."

The Future After Discharge —

A MESSAGE TO RELATIVES OF THOSE IN THE ARMED FORCES

When your boys and your girls come home, when they lay aside the uniform, when they go out into the world as normal peace-loving Canadians, what lies ahead? Can they pick up their lives as civilians, where they laid them down, months or long years ago? Are there plans to help them do the things they wanted to do before the war? Will they have security? Can they continue education, or receive needed training? Will they be assisted in home owning, or to establish their own business, and will they be enabled to pick up their family life once again?

These are questions which concern all those Canadians who have loved ones in the services. They are questions which this series of advertisements is designed to answer.

OPPORTUNITY IS THE OBJECTIVE

Canada has been making plans for your boy's and your girl's return to civilian life since early in 1940. These plans are in effect and operating now. The aim is that every person who has served shall have opportunity. Thousands, already back in civilian life, have benefitted by training, by maintenance grants, by advice of departmental officials, and by the social security provisions. *There is ample help for those men and women who want to help themselves.*

ASSISTANCE ON DISCHARGE

When your boys and girls are discharged from the services, they will be given:

1. A clothing allowance of $100.00 (if discharged after August 1, 1944).
2. Their pay to date of discharge.
3. One month's additional pay, if they have 183 days' continuous service, as a rehabilitation grant.
4. A railway warrant home or to the place of enlistment.

Dependents will receive:

1. Their normal dependents' allowance to date of discharge, with assigned pay.
2. An additional month's dependents' allowance, with assigned pay, if there has been 183 days' continuous service.

Your boy or girl will be allowed to retain certain items of uniform. They will be given a complete medical and dental examination and will be eligible for free needed treatment for a year after discharge. Those discharged not physically fit, in need of continuing treatment and unable to work, will have their pay and allowances of rank continued for at least a year if necessary and, if the disability is pensionable, for as long as curative treatment is beneficial. All are interviewed by Veterans' Welfare Officers and told of the re-establishment programme.

WAR SERVICE GRATUITY

On discharge, those enlisted to serve outside Canada, or those who served in the Aleutian Islands, are eligible for a war service gratuity. It provides $7.50 for each thirty days' service in Canada and the Western Hemisphere and $15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas or in the Aleutian Islands. For those with overseas service or with service in the Aleutian Islands, there is an additional seven days' pay and allowances for each six months of such service. Payments will be made at the end of each month in the months following discharge. Complete details of the war service gratuity will be given in a later advertisement.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT

In addition to the war service gratuity, there is a re-establishment credit of $7.50 for each thirty days' service in the Western Hemisphere and $15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas. This is for things such as the purchase or repair of a home, the buying of furniture, a business, or government life insurance, and for certain other purposes which will assist your boy or your girl in becoming re-established. This credit, which is reduced by grants given for training or education, or under the Veterans' Land Act, is primarily for those who do not wish assistance under these three plans.

RETURN TO FORMER JOBS

If your boy or girl held a civilian position before enlisting, and was not engaged to replace somebody already in the forces, and if the position still exists, and your boy or girl is capable of filling it, it is the employer's duty, under the law of Canada, to reinstate him or her in that position with seniority. Application for reinstatement must be made to the former employer within three months of discharge from the forces or from hospital.

Veterans' Welfare Officers are stationed in key centres throughout Canada. They are the friends of Ex-Service men and women. It is their duty to advise and assist all Ex-Service personnel with their re-establishment problems. If there is anything about the Rehabilitation programme which you do not understand, consult your nearest Veterans' Welfare Officer.

TRAINING AND EDUCATION

The surest way to permanent employment—the thing your boy or girl will want—is a skill to get and to hold a job. Canada's plans give opportunity to acquire needed skill either at university or in preparation for a business or industrial career. Fees are paid by the state, along with living allowances, while training or continuing education.

WHILE ILL OR UNEMPLOYED

There is protection against illness or unemployment by maintenance allowances which can be drawn against in the first eighteen months after discharge. There is also protection under the Unemployment Insurance Act for those who enter insured employment and remain in it fifteen weeks.

HOME OWNING AND FARMING

There is provision to assist city and other workers to have homes of their own, either on small acreages of land outside the high taxation area, or in town, under the National Housing Act. Full-time farmers can be given financial assistance in full-time farming, while commercial fishermen may secure financial help in getting their own homes, on small acreages of land, and in buying needed fishing equipment.

FREE TREATMENT

In the year following discharge, service men and women are eligible for free treatment, hospitalization and allowances for any condition, even if not the result of service. Pensioners are entitled to this for life for their pensioned disability.

THE POLICY ON PENSIONS

Canada's Pension Act is administered by *an independent commission, all former members of the services.* Any permanent disability suffered overseas, not a result of misconduct, is pensionable. Where service is in Canada only, the disability must be a result of service.

Published under the authority of Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of

PENSIONS AND NATIONAL HEALTH

★ SEND THIS ADVERTISEMENT TO SOME MAN OR WOMAN OVERSEAS.

1

THE LONDON LETTER

Home Guard, Its Job Done, Awaits A Somewhat Sad Dissolution

By P. O'D.

AFTER more than four years of active and at times even strenuous existence, the Home Guard has reached the stage at which earnest battalion and company commanders are having a sharp eye on equipment with a view to the expected order to turn it all in. Heaven only knows what the authorities will do with it! Possibly send it over to the devastated regions of Europe, where the clothes of some 2,000,000 men would be a welcome addition to the existing stocks—or rather the stocks that don't exist.

The Government's recent order that the Home Guard should once more be put on a voluntary basis, and that no man should have to attend a parade he doesn't care to attend, is a reminder that the Home Guard has served its purpose, and that its real usefulness is over. It was in its way, I suppose, one of the biggest and most successful bluffs of the war—all that multitude of men rushing to join up in May, 1940, the largest civilian army in history, and probably the worst armed.

They didn't bear close inspection as to weapons and training, but they must have looked pretty good from a distance—say, the German side of the Channel. The fury of the Nazis at their establishment, and their threat to treat them as franc-tireurs, is the best evidence of that. When historians come to assess Hitler's reasons for not undertaking the invasion of these islands, it seems likely that the Home Guard will bulk large among them.

The Home Guard helped to make the task look very tough—probably a good deal tougher than it really was. Hitler turned to the east, and so made one of the most disastrous decisions in all history. The big bluff had worked. It was not the decisive factor. That was furnished by the R.A.F. —the lads who flew and fought in the Battle of Britain—but the Home Guard played its part, a humbler and much smaller part, but not an unimportant one.

The middle-aged men who spent so many evenings doing their arms-drill, or crawling about on their stomachs along the hedges stalking imaginary foes, may have looked comic enough, even to one another. But I doubt whether they would have looked so comic to anyone they were really shooting at through those same hedges. There were a lot of good shots among them, and they meant business..

Now it is all over, and happily over. The chance of an invasion of this country is about as likely as an invasion of the planet Mars. Already questions are being asked and discussions started as to the future of the Home Guard. But I feel that the only sensible thing to do is to disband it—after the usual messages of thanks and appreciation from those in high places.

Elderly men may have gladly responded to what they regarded as their country's call. But it is not likely that they will wish to go on playing at soldiers, though there are, of course, a good many who for one reason and another will miss the friendly routine. As one of them confided to me, "It'll be a bit 'ard at first 'aving to spend every night in the week at 'ome with the missus." I mumbled sympathetically—wondering which of them I ought to be sorry for.

Archaeological Field Day

One small class of Londoners who manage to find some compensation for the bombing, whether piloted or otherwise, are the archaeologists. They are having a great time just now poking about in the ruins and rubble-heaps of the City, studying the interesting relics of London's remote past, which have been so violently but effectively laid bare—considerable sections of the Roman wall, for instance, that once protected the ancient capital from marauding British tribes.

You might have thought the Roman legionaries themselves would have been quite enough to do that; but troops grow careless at times, and there was more than one disaster to Roman arms in Britain to warn them that they couldn't afford to take many chances. So they built London Wall. There is still a street of that name as a reminder.

It is said that more of London's Roman wall is now revealed than has been visible at any time since the eighteenth century. Archaeologists are appealing for steps to be taken to preserve it, so far as possible, and also to facilitate the excavation and survey of other pieces that can now be got at much more easily.

The ordinary man, to whom such Roman remains are merely bits of masonry very little different from the mediaeval and other structures that have been built on and around them, may feel that all this is a learned waste of time. But nothing that helps to make clearer the history of London in the days of the Roman occupation—roughly from the first to the fifth century of our era —should be considered unimportant.

By all means let us find out all we can about the dim London of that historic past, about which Tacitus could write that it was "widely renowned for the number of its business men and the density of its traffic". Density! I wonder what he would say, if he could stand for a few minutes in Cheapside or on the Embankment near Blackfriars' Bridge.

Too Many Kinds of Wheat

For at least another year the British farmer will have to go on growing as much wheat as he can. Shipping will still have to be very largely diverted to military purposes; and there will be the needs of the starving populations of Europe to be considered. So he is already planning next year's crop on the same scale as before—or larger, if possible. It will all be wanted.

At Cambridge they have a research department which has some interesting suggestions to make on this subject. It seems that no less than 100 different kinds of wheat are grown in this small country. The Cambridge scientists recommend that this list should be cut down to about 16 varieties.

To a Canadian, accustomed to think of wheat in terms of Manitoba Hard and one or two variants of that wonderful cereal, even 16 may still seem far too many kinds. But it must be remembered that conditions vary enormously over here—conditions of soil and also conditions of climate. There is nothing like the comparative uniformity of the Canadian West, for instance.

The British farmer, who may have to grow his wheat on light soil or heavy, on the dry East Coast or in the lush, wet fields of Devon, has naturally to have a much wider choice of grain. And he apparently doesn't do too badly. The yield of wheat in this country per acre is said to be the heaviest in the world—not the finest wheat, admittedly, but the most.

Even so, a list of 100 varieties seems absurdly long, like one of those immense menu-cards they used to hand you in London restaurants of the more pretentious sort, where you nearly starved while trying to make up your mind. Farmers, like the rest of us, shouldn't be asked to think too much.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Apple Picking in Okanagan Has Become a Community Business

By P. W. LUCE

MACINTOSH Reds—by many considered the finest and most luscious apples ever developed—have been the chief concern of all Okanagan Valley residents for some weeks. The harvesting of the crop is everybody's business. Communal activities revolve around the ripeness or tardiness of the fruit, and the question of price and marketing conditions worries or pleases everybody from the biggest grower to the humblest worker in the land.

Kelowna, Vernon, Penticton, and most of the other Okanagan towns have been shutting up shop for two days a week so that everybody might go out to pick fruit. Dignified lawyers, with more than a suspicion of a paunch, who haven't climbed a tree since they were boys, may be seen perched precariously on high ladders reaching gingerly for apples almost out of reach. Few fall, but the chance is always there.

Bookkeepers and desk men, with muscles flabby from long disuse, convoy the heavy baskets and cases from field to packing sheds, shedding sweat at every step but sticking grimly to the job. For the harvest must be saved if prosperity is to be the lot of the Okanagan this fall and winter. Unless the growers make money, everybody suffers. The trek of the city men to the orchards is not pure altruism. They are looking after their own interests as much as those of the other fellow.

The boys and girls of the district are all impressed into service, and several hundred additional women and girls are brought in from Vancouver and from the prairies. Many of these arrive expecting a pleasant holiday and are a bit astonished at the labor involved. Most of them stick it out, and they don't eat many apples after the first few days.

CCF in City Politics

The CCF has officially announced that it will contest every seat in the Vancouver civic election in December. The chief interest will be in the mayoralty contest. Dr. Lyle Telford, some years ago the most vocal CCF'er in British Columbia, was chief magistrate for two years, but has not been prominent in public affairs since his defeat in 1940. The present mayor, J. W. Cornett, has been in office four years and is a certain candidate for re-election. His chances are believed to be good.

The decision of the CCF to nominate candidates on a party basis will force the Non-Partisan Association to pledge its support to men and women whose policies are non-Socialistic. The identity of the various candidates will not be known for certain until the end of November. The mayor and four of the eight aldermen are elected for two-year terms. There are no wards in Vancouver now.

It is likely that the Labor-Progressive Party will try for some of the aldermanic seats, and may also have candidates for school board and the parks commission. The former Communists will have no difficulty in financing a campaign, even though they are now engaged in raising $50,000 as B.C.'s quota for the $250,000 federal election funds.

Indicative of individual affluence among Communists under the capitalist system is the fact that at an anniversary banquet in the Hotel Vancouver recently 300 stalwarts paid $2 apiece for their tickets. The attendance included East Indians, Chinese, and a large number of aliens.

Magistrate Who Doesn't Fool

Magistrate A. J. Taylor, of Courtenay, Vancouver Island, knows how to temper justice with Solomonic wisdom. Before him appeared one Henry Wedel, convicted of violating forest fire prevention regulations during the dry season, an offense which drew a $25 fine and costs, the usual penalty.

In addition, Magistrate Taylor stipulated that Wedel must personally warn twenty-five persons of the dangers of carelessness in the woods in summer and fall, and must explain at some length the law governing this matter, and detail the penalties imposed for non-compliance. A sworn list of persons so advised must be submitted to the magistrate, who will check as to its accuracy.

Wedel says he doesn't mind the $25 fine and cost, but the diffusion of information is tough on one of his retiring disposition.

Kleptomaniacs Rob Library

Kleptomaniacs have been helping themselves rather too freely to books in the Vancouver Public Library. An average of five books a day have been stolen during the past year, including 250 from the Science and Industry section which are difficult to replace.

As over 40,000 persons a month pick and choose books at the Library, wandering freely all over the place without staff supervision, detectives are to be employed to keep a wary eye on the unscrupulous borrowers. About thirty persons are under suspicion, most of these being men.

The books bear the imprint of the library and so are difficult to sell. Most of the stolen works are believed to be added to private technical libraries.

Back to Stage Coach Days

A quaint conveyance reminiscent of the stage coach days of the Cariboo Road has been lumbering its way from Quesnel to Chilliwack since the middle of August. The distance is 450 miles. It is the first time a horse-drawn vehicle has been used in such a long journey in British Columbia for more than a quarter of a century.

The driver is J. Kuro, of Quesnel, and he is accompanied by his wife. Both are in their seventies. They are moving to the coast because of the difficulty of getting help to operate their small farm, and to get medical attention for Mrs. Kuro.

Money being scarce, Mr. Kuro built a small house on his farm wagon and transferred to it his cookstove, bedding; and other equipment. His farm harness not being equal to the strain of the long journey, he made a set out of rubber belting and discarded tires. His team, a good match for the outfit, makes from five to ten miles a day, or about half the distance covered by the big freight wagons that were such a picturesque feature of the Cariboo Road for fifty years.

Huge Tourist Campaign

A campaign to bring tourists to British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest states is ready to be launched as soon as war conditions make the moment propitious. A fund of $1,600,000 is being raised for advertising purposes. The province is to subscribe $400,000 of this total. Oregon and Washington each have somewhat similar quotas, and the balance is to be put up by railways, airlines, hotels, travel resorts, and businesses which benefit more or less directly from the influx of strangers.

Western Hotels, Inc., an American concern, has pledged $200,000, and a Seattle hotel man, William Edris, has put up $50,000 as his personal contribution.

The $1,600,000 will be in addition to what may be raised by various tourist associations in the large cities to advertise their own localities.

NEW PRESIDENT

L. EARLE WICKLUM

who has been appointed President and Managing Director of Frederick Stearns & Co. of Canada Limited, and its subsidiary, Nyal Company Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

Mutual Security

THE New York Life is a *mutual company*, organized as a co-operative enterprise for the protection of all its policyholders. The Company has never had a stockholder and pays dividends to policyholders only. Now in its 100th year, it is one of the world's great life insurance companies.

In Canada, the Company is now in its 77th year. During 1943 in the Dominion the Company paid $1,822,187 to living policyholders and $2,033,998 to beneficiaries—a total of $3,856,185. On January 1, 1944, Canadians owned 56,991 policies for more than $124,900,000 of life insurance in this long-established mutual company.

Consider the advantages of a policy offered by the New York Life, one of the strongest mutual life insurance companies in the world.

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It's only human

to overwork these days. Like overindulgence in eating, drinking, smoking — overwork leads to excess stomach acidity causing stomach distress, heartburn, gas and restless nights.

Acknowledged by doctors as an ideal laxative-antacid, genuine Phillips' works a double wonder overnight.

1. Alkalizes stomach acids — sweetens your stomach almost instantly.
2. Acts as a pleasant, mild laxative.

CAUTION: take only as directed. Get *genuine* Phillips' when you overindulge and wake up feeling alive.

Andrew Allan Founds New Radio Technique

By ERIC KOCH

The CBC Supervisor of Drama, who recently won the first award for radio production in the competition of the Institute for Education by Radio at Columbus, Ohio, regards the radio play as something entirely different from the stage play and the movie. Sound effects are his pet study, and he thinks that an actor ought to be able to make the listener SEE an ivory tower four hundred miles high, if he will only pronounce those words the right, magical way.

IN THE highly competitive world of radio-play production Canada has secured herself a top-ranking position. Credit for this achievement must go almost entirely to Mr. Andrew Allan, CBC Supervisor of Drama. Unquestionable proof of his mastery of this specific art-form is given by his recent triumph in the annual competition arranged by the Institute for Education by Radio at Columbus, Ohio. His production of "They're Not Afraid" by Len Peterson was adjudged the best in the contest, better than a show produced by Earle McGill, (the author of a text-book on Radio Directing), starring Canada Lee.

Experience, technical skill, enthusiasm are not the only reasons for Mr. Allan's success. Many people have these gifts without being able to go as far. But he has very specific ideas on the possibilities of this new art-form, which other producers don't seem to have elaborated to the same extent. He has been able to go so far because his views are both original and plausible, both ambitious and capable of being put into effect.

Radio Drama New Art

Radio drama works exclusively through sound, through distinctly recognizable mechanical noises. The visual element being so conspicuously absent, it is very different from both movies and the theatre. It follows that a producer of stage-plays, or of movies, has to learn an entirely new technique before he can start directing radio-shows. Mr. Allan has some stage experience, and has to deal with many actors who have done much more stage work than he has. But he doesn't think at all in terms of the stage. It is most significant that he thinks of himself as a writer. He feels that in many respects a short-story is much more like a radio-play than a one-act stage play or a movie. You can in radio, as in literature, take certain liberties inconceivable on the screen and on the stage; you can dispense with plot to a greater extent, and put more stress on atmosphere, you can move more easily from different points of time, and you can stimulate much more effectively the imagination of the listener which is not hampered by anything it sees.

So if anybody objects to one of Allan's productions on the ground that it is very nice, but not a play, he will reply: "Who said it was?" He will go on explaining the peculiar qualities of his medium. If a writer tells of an ivory tower four hundred miles high, (he will say), the reader's visual mind will imagine one, and it depends on the specific qualities of his mind whether, in the particular context, he is really aware of the fantastic heights of the tower. The radio-producer has an easier time; while the writer hopes to create the picture of the tower merely by a written description, the radio producer counts on the sound of the words, on their associations, on their overtones.

If the announcer or actor does not pronounce the words the way he wants, Mr. Allan will say: "Now look here: AN IVORY TOWER FOUR HUNDRED MILES HIGH. I want you to express the thing, you know, . . .THE THING." A "thing" to him is the manner of expression peculiar to radio, it's the specific vibrations of the radio-sound; it corresponds in some ways to the scenery on the stage, only that the "thing" has much greater possibilities. Imagine the poor producer who has to represent the tower on the screen or even on the stage; compare it with the ease with which a radio actor can, if properly directed, and helped by the right sound effects, create the picture in the listener's mind in a split second.

More Freedom Than Stage

Mr. Allan is building his art on the lack of physical limitations inherent in radio-drama. Being much more dependent on the sound of words, he does things on the radio which no producer of stage-plays or movies would dare to do. He has no scruples, for instance, about creating specific effects by the pronunciation of a long string of names, a trick which would bore any theatre audience stiff. If he wants to represent some unknown river in Quebec, he can do amazing things merely by having some of the place-names nearby pronounced, one after another.

He likes to talk about the influence radio has had on movies. For instance, the narrator, the unseen voice telling a story "behind the screen" has been imported to the movies from radio. Orson Welles learnt it on the radio, and introduced it most successfully in "Citizen Kane", a movie Allan has seen more than any other one, i.e. three times. Sacha Guitry has also quite consciously used that technique in "Le Roman d'un Tricheur", having discovered its effectiveness in radio. Moreover, a movie-star speaking directly to the audience is a dramatic trick impossible in naturalistic drama, and some producers have translated it recently from radio

Andrew Allan

"... giving all, daring all, enduring all- to the utmost- to the end."

CHURCHILL
(After the fall of France)

CHURCHILL'S famous words after the fall of France apply every bit as much today as they did when the war's end was years away and its outcome desperately uncertain.

Victory is now assured . . . but the end is not yet. Our fighting forces are still braving cruel hardships, wounds and death. Their fighting needs grow day by day. The wastage of war mounts up and up. And with the war's intensity at its peak Canada's over-all borrowing needs for war purposes are greater than ever before.

That is why we are all being asked to buy Victory Bonds in the coming Seventh Victory Loan *to the very limit that our means will allow.* What true Canadian can ignore this voluntary means of serving "to the utmost—to the end"? And what could be sounder than to salt away in Victory Bonds money that it is now neither patriotic nor profitable to spend?

So get ready now to buy Victory Bonds. But because the need is so much greater, resolve to *buy one more Victory Bond than you have bought in any previous Victory Loan.*

Use for the purpose the dollars that you no longer have to include as compulsory savings with your income tax—add every extra dollar that you can spare from your essential needs. Whatever the cost in self-denial may be, Canada must still count on you.

Get ready to buy
VICTORY BONDS

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

to movie technique.

Conversely, Mr. Allan constantly uses movie tricks in his radio productions. He likes to "pan" scenes, e.g. when he wants to represent a scene in a nightclub he often picks up a bit of conversation at one end of the dance-floor, and then "pans" to another, i.e. fades out and returns to another section of the floor, with the result that he creates, with very simple means, the picture of the whole dance-floor. The entire conception of perspective has been translated from camera usage to that of radio. Allan talks about a scene being "in focus", i.e. near the microphone, and "out of focus", i.e. in the background.

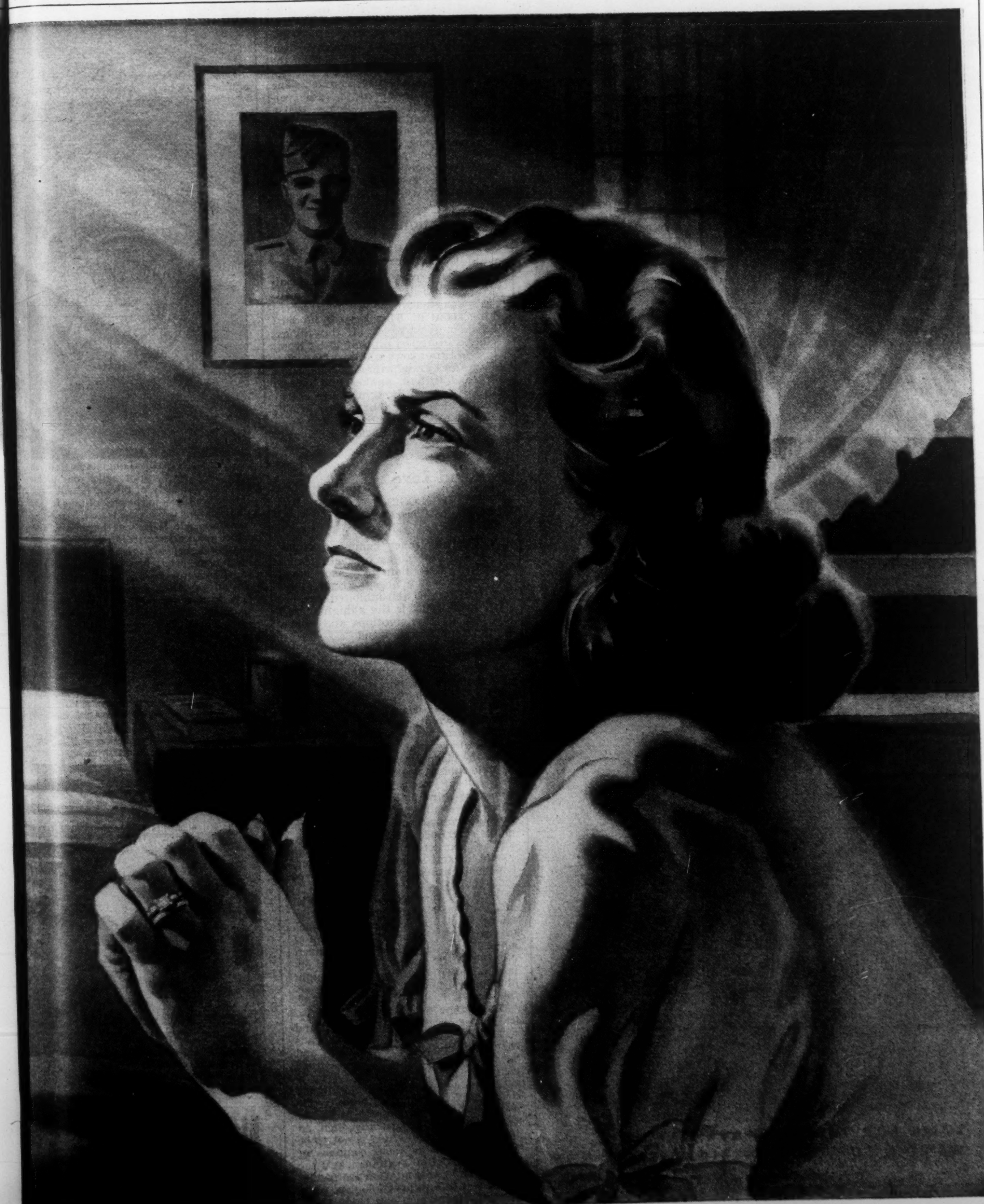
Undoubtedly his emphasis on details of sound is one of the reasons for his success. But there are many other reasons, peculiarities he developed during years of experimentation. He always requires a lot of physical activity at the microphone, and exploits every possible sound-effect. When he directs a bit of dialogue between two people in a restaurant drinking coffee, he does not miss the chance to reproduce the clatter of the spoons being laid on the saucers, after having stirred the coffee. He likes fast action, and has a tendency to hurry shows, which is the result of his endeavor to avoid at all costs what is known as "milking", i.e. overacting, slow speech and movements, a habit which easily degenerates into sentimentalizing.

Allan is one of those people who are either liked a lot or detested. It seems, however, that all the actors and actresses with whom he has to deal like and admire him greatly, although he certainly keeps them on their toes. One of the reasons for this affection is that he never forces his opinions on them. He never asks them merely to imitate the inflection of his voice. Before starting to rehearse he outlines to them each character, and describes the moods he wants. For instance he says: "Now Grady is not just the eavesdropping Irish taxidriver, not just a type; he is a real person, alive, understanding and sympathetic."

Calm Temperament

Allan never loses his temper, or rather when he does, he doesn't show it much. When he becomes annoyed, he grows very white in the face, and grinds his teeth so that the experienced observer can tell from the play of his jaw-muscles that he is furious. Although scrupulously fair, he is appalled by incompetence, but he never yells at people. He looks like an enlightened Swedish business executive, and his blue eyes and blond hair reveal Scandinavian ancestry, which is quite possible, as he is Scottish. Maybe he likes to think of himself as a Viking, but he lacks ruggedness. He loves to talk, and characterizes people admirably. He likes to imagine stories about people, sometimes with himself as a sort of *deus ex machina*. At bottom he is quite a modest person, and not a bit pretentious about his work; he considers himself a writer and a craftsman.

Soon after his birth, his people took him to America, and settled in New York when he was six. The next twelve years he spent in various places in the States, but chiefly in New York and Boston, frequently changing schools, never staying in one school long enough to say whether he did well or not. He was one of those children who are excellent at history, literature and languages, but very weak at mathematics and science. In 1925, at the age of eighteen, after several trips back to Britain, he came to Canada, and took his matriculation to the University of Toronto in Peterborough, Ont. He then went to the University, but in 1931, during the depression, he had to discontinue his general Arts course for financial reasons. He was editor of the *Varsity*, and, during his last year at college, he got into trouble for being too outspoken on the subject of atheism: it is not true, however, that he was expelled from the University. He did some acting during these years, but never seriously considered taking it up professionally. He began his radio career at CFRB in Toronto in 1931, but it did not last very long, and he decided to be a newspaperman. He did various reporting jobs, and soon went to New York, where he had a miserable time. He lived on a glass of milk a day, (so he says), did various sordid selling jobs, and spent his nights on park benches. Sometimes he stood for hours outside the Lewisohn Stadium, trying to listen to some music. In 1934 he went to Scotland, to visit his father's family, but soon returned to Toronto, where he lived until 1937, doing radio work: acting, producing, writing scripts.



Worked in England

But he did not feel he was getting anywhere. One day, while sitting in a restaurant on Yonge Street, worrying about his stagnation, he saw a poster announcing that the *Queen Mary* was about to sail to England. Within twenty minutes he decided to suppress adventure no further, to abandon radio, and to go to Europe with an intention to stay there. In London he worked for a time in advertising agencies, but it was not very long until he found himself doing radio work again. He produced shows and composed advertisements for Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandy: he also did free-lance work for the BBC, as actor and writer. In 1939 he went to France which he loves, and spent the time immediately prior to the outbreak of war "dancing on the edge of a volcano" in the South of France, not in the fashionable hotels, of course, but "beach-combing" economically. After the outbreak of war, he immediately decided to go back to Canada. He was on the *Athenia*, and during the shipwreck lost his father.

Back in Canada, Mr. Ernest Bushnell, now Director-General of Programs of the CBC, called him into his office and offered him the post of producer of drama in Vancouver. Allan counts the four years spent on the Pacific Coast as the happiest of his life, and when he now thinks of Vancouver he smiles nostalgically, and shakes his head sadly at his lost youth. The clear, mild air of the West, he says, is just right for people who want to try things out, it lends itself to experimentation, and does not agree with overcautious critics. With the help of a group of keen and able young actors and actresses he succeeded in evolving his own personal radio technique, greatly assisted by the intelligent understanding of Ira Dilworth, the CBC's Regional Representative in B.C.

Being CBC supervisor of drama, he cannot go further in Canada. He would enjoy his job more if his administrative duties did not bore him so much. His is the final say in matters of policy regarding radio-drama. Alice Frick, his script editor, reads all the radio scripts submitted to him, but only hands those on to Allan which have some chance of being accepted. He prefers scripts with contents of social interest. He would like to have more time to spend writing plays, and is the author of "My Bonnie Boy", the last production of the 1944 season. The new series of plays, entitled "Stage 45", produced every Sunday night at 9 o'clock, will begin again on October 1st with a play by Bernard Braden called "Memo to a Listener".

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Game and Play of Cricket as Revealed by an Essayist

CRICKET COUNTRY, by Edmund Blunden. (Collins, $2.75.)

AN ENGLISHMAN of the right sort can do light essays on anything; better than that, he can do them on nothing. Setting aside for a moment the two Dicks, Steele and Addison, we can say that Charles Lamb started this kind of amiable frivolity which often conceals deep wisdom, and more often still is the lurking place of poetry. Dream-feelings of a proper poet may be half-exposed, if he smile at his own exhibition; a poor thing, but mine own, as Touchstone put it. Touchstone was a clown; but only in seeming.

Edward Blunden is a poet, schooled at Christ's Hospital, even as Lamb was. There must be something in that school to set men covertly smiling at themselves and at all the world. Here Mr. Blunden writes of cricket, which, to Englishmen, has a special, unspoken glory, a deep emotion not to be explained, and he tangles with it much of literary recollection and poetical observation.

The result is a gentle book for English idlers. Canadian idlers—if any—can skip the cricket and indulge themselves with the side-issues that this or that match calls forth. For be it understood that cricket, either as a game or as a psychological mystery, leaves at least one Canadian cold.

•

A Readable Yarn

By W. S. MILNE

"RIDE WITH ME" by Thomas B. Costain. (McClelland and Stewart; $3.00.)

HERE is a capital yarn about the days when England was on tiptoe waiting for an invasion that never came; not in 1940, but in 1805. It is well-told, full of color and incident, rich in clear-cut characterizations. There are three main threads of plot, set against a background of the Napoleonic wars, a background that includes the home front, the Peninsular campaign in its first phase, the retreat from Moscow, and the final hundred days.

The first thread concerns the rise of a London newspaper, the *Tablet*, many incidents of which follow closely the story of the *Times*. The *Tablet* maintains its right to criticize the Government's policy, even in wartime, and its proprietor and editor are pilloried—the pillory then was not a figure of speech—and imprisoned. It is the first newspaper to send a correspondent to the actual theatre of war, and it actually establishes a tradition, which continued until the radio made the practice unnecessary, of publishing an extra when a big news story breaks.

The second thread is the personal story of the paper's manager and part owner, Francis Ellery. It deals with his struggle for control of the paper, in order that he may launch a crusade that will shake the complacency of the Government, his personal adventures as the first war correspondent, (an honour that really belongs to Crabbe Robinson of the *Times*), and his long-drawn-out romance with a beautiful French *emigrée*, who transfers her allegiance from Louis to Napoleon, and finally has to be rescued from the Russians by Francis during the retreat from Moscow.

Entwined with Ellery's career and adventures is the story of General Sir Robert Wilson, "Riding Bobby," a brilliant and erratic military genius, whose career was checked by his inability to obey orders from those who, in his opinion, were not competent to give them. It was Wilson who, by disobeying orders, successfully bluffed Lapisse into inaction before Ciudad Rodrigo, and gave Wellington time to get his forces landed and into position. Later, as unofficial military adviser to the Russian general staff, he had a plan, which, but for the inertia of a Russian general, would have defeated Napoleon decisively before he had a chance to retreat from Moscow. Later, after a long period of retirement in disgrace, he became reconciled to Wellington, and was appointed governor of Gibraltar.

Of the three stories, perhaps that of Ellery and Gabrielle is the least interesting. It is conventional fictive material, but serves excellently to hold the rest of the story together. I found Gabrielle a bit tedious, and could not quite believe her own version of her loyalty to Napoleon. This is unimportant, however, and should not lessen one's debt to Mr. Costain for a stirring tale. Incidentally, his account of prison conditions in London of that day is a vivid and rather disturbing piece of writing. I take exception to two minor details of the book. In his desire to achieve realism within the limits of the period, the author has obviously done a great deal of research, but he uses so much slang and cant language of the day, particularly in the prison scenes, that a glossary would have been of service. Then, in the opening chapter, he introduces a bus, which seems to be an anachronism, for the encyclopaedia says it was not introduced into London until 1829. These, however, are trivial. "Ride with Me" is a fine yarn.

•

'Magination

MAGIC MICHAEL, by Louis Slobodkin. (Macmillans, $1.75.)

A SCULPTOR of international fame, bedazzled by his small son's imaginative powers, did something about it. This is what he did: He drew pictures of all the things Michael imagined himself to be from time to time; cows and giraffes, elephants and grandfather's clocks, puppies and kittens, snakes and crocodiles. Then he brought home a tricycle which none but a boy could ride. So Michael decided to be a boy. The drawings are hilarious for young and old alike.

•

Sex and Love

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT LOVE, by Theodor Reik. (Oxford, $3.75.)

POETS and other common people who know things by feeling and intuition rather than by reason have always refused to accept Freud's theory that love is aim-inhibited sex, or that the "libido" is the almighty creator of all fine emotions and noble achievements of mankind.

But they denied it all alone. The clever lads and lasses accepted it with the energy of a pike, taking, not only the baited hook, but the sinker and perhaps even the float. And the body of fiction based on the theory grew like mushrooms.

The enormous importance of Freud's explorations into the subconscious, with the discovery that many phases of neuroticism could be traced to repressions of unconscious desire by the conscious mind acting as a censor so filled the eye that the master's lightest word was accepted with unreasoning reverence. If Freud said thus-and-so, it must be true, even though Freud himself advanced certain opinions as hypotheses rather than proved judgments.

But now comes a psychologist and a practicing psychoanalyst, the friend, pupil and associate of Freud, to say that the general conception of what Freud wrote and said is incorrect, since the master varied and enlarged his concepts as time brought him wider knowledge and deeper reflection.

The author holds that sex is physical, based on the chemistry of gland secretions, while love transcends chemical reaction. It is spiritual and hence cannot be known by test-tube technique. He contends that love is not possible without a complicated emotional preceding process. He seeks (in over 300 pages) to follow this process, and naturally such an erudite and careful study is not to be summarized in the brief compass of a review. But the argument and the manner of its presentation are fascinating, and not to psychologists only. Any intelligent man can enjoy them.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Gay But Devastating Attack On American Race Prejudice

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SOLDIERS, a Kind of Novel, by Margaret Halsey. (Musson, $3.00.)

GRETCHEN (and it's a fine time to call a heroine *that*) is an amateur housekeeper in New York, since the maid has gone into munitions. She is doing for her father, a most explosive progenitor, now that her husband, an animated tank perpetually full, has been shut out of her life by an intelligent judge. Her brother has been drafted away from his research laboratory and is so deep in the dumps that she has to write letters to cheer him up.

A plot spills itself gradually out of the letters. Not a formal plot, but a series of connected happenings over which Gretchen laughs and rages with quite uncommon intensity, and with a wit that sparkles like a welding torch. Her spare time is given to a Service Canteen where she is a captain of volunteer hostesses and is under a curse called Mrs. Alicia Sadler. This Sadler person has put up the money which makes the Canteen tick and imagines that she owns all who are associated with it. So when she insults one of the girls because she's a Jewess, Gretchen boils over.

This race-prejudice situation she exploits to the full, remembering the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. Her conclusion is that the American Way of Life has more ugly side-alleys and smelly areas than are really necessary.

The book is aflame with a hatred of injustice and at the same time with a whooping, often ribald, gaiety that has a reader chuckling over almost every page. It's even better than Miss Halsey's former book "With Malice Towards Some"; and that's saying something.

•

The Blue and the Gray

YANKEE STRANGER by Elswyth Thane. (Collins, $3.00.)

A HERO, disillusioned, externally hard and bitter, is necessarily "romantic" in the pattern of historical fiction, even though he is a newspaper correspondent. Such a hero finds a lovely girl in Williamsburg, Virginia, just before the Civil War and consumes himself with a reciprocated but hopeless love for four years of strife.

Northern passion and southern pride have been struggling in a hundred tales since 1865 and sentimental readers have hotly pursued each pair of lovers to the sweet and happy ending. The author of this story has been extremely careful to get the military background correct, and has enlivened it by the creation of some striking characters. The best of all is Grandmother Day, alert, wise and humorous at 95 years of age, "going on a hundred." An excellent yarn.

•

Passion vs. Brains

THE DEVASTATOR, a novel, by Arthur Stringer (McClelland & Stewart, $2.35.)

AN English woman-novelist, celebrated for her cynical outlook on life and love, comes to New York on business. She is met by the legal agent of her London publisher who extends the usual courtesy of dining and dancing, but is irritated by the hard crust which encloses her personality. At one decorous night-spot she sees a famous movie-actor, slightly alcoholic and falls in love with him. She has all the fervency of a 'teen-age girl before the idol, follows him to Hollywood and marries him, even when knowing that he is an egocentric fool with no sense of fidelity to anyone but himself.

In her infatuation she thinks she has discovered some pearls in the mud of his spirit and proposes to wash them out and give them a proper polish. She sticks at it even when he leaves her for a dull and cheap diving-girl, and even takes him back. Then the idol pictures himself in a war-role and joins the Marines. In the South Pacific he does exploits, is desperately wounded and at last gets home.

The story is told by the lawyer, always in a state of indignation at both the man and the woman; an indignation shared by the reader. It is altogether probable that the conquest of taste and intelligence by animal instincts sometimes occurs in real life, but a cock-eyed exception from the normal is doubtful material for fiction. It is too hard on one's "believer."

Naturally, considering Stringer's extreme competence in the writing of English, the book is easy in its flow and often sparkles in the sunlight.

A Corsican Romance

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

IN WHAT TORN SHIP, by Evelyn Eaton. (Musson; $3.00).

FITFUL struggles of Corsican patriots to eject the Genoese from their principal port cities is the basis of this tale. From the arrival of Paoli, potential liberator of his homeland, the story moves swiftly. He wins his war against the Genoese, but France owes Genoa a large sum. As a sinking fund for the debt she agrees to send six battalions to Corsica. The patriots are overwhelmed and Pascal escapes to England.

Corsican customs in 1760 were apparently more cruel and bloody than in most places in Europe. Apart from vendetta killings, the wives of the slain men were maltreated by other women. At the zenith of his career Paoli falls in love with the girl-wife of Carlos Bonaparte, his protege and intended successor. This lady, according to the story, is the mother of Napoleon. The future military scourge of the world is carried to safety in his mother's arms and she escapes with her husband from the victorious French soldiers.

This is Evelyn Eaton's fourth novel, and as a resident of Nova Scotia for the greater part of each year, she has a claim to Canadian interest.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

There's Something of the Magician in Every Truly Inspired Cook

By CARL BRINITZER

TIMES and taste have both changed. But what has remained unchanged is the love of food. That has survived famines, misery, and war. The history of cooking is the history of victories.

The first of these great victories was the invention of fireproof pots made out of brass and clay. Up till then the flesh of animals had been roasted on coals and some ash and fragments of coal had always adhered to the meat. This difficulty was later overcome by sticking the meat on a spit which was then laid on stones high over the coals. Homer tells us how Achilles received three great Greek chieftains in his tent. There a King, a Crown Prince and three Greek generals feasted right well on bread, wine and grilled meat.

Vegetarian Diet

But the food of the people in Ancient Greece was principally vegetarian. Vegetarian cooking is by no means a modern invention. In the days of Ancient Greece, the philosophers of Pythagoras' school were already vegetarians, since they believed in the transmigration of souls, that is to say, they believed that the soul of a dying person passes into the body of another human being or into that of an animal.

In the fourth century B.C. discussions took place in Plato's Academy in Athens as to the admissibility of eating meat. But all too soon it was recognized that feeding depends upon climate and that people who live in the South can exist more frugally and simply than the Northern races. So the simple man in Ancient Greece—like the Greek peasant of to-day—lived principally on bread—made of wheat or barley together with fruit, salted fish and cheese. Meat was eaten only on holidays when sacrifices were made to the gods.

Of course, there were gluttons, too, in Ancient Greece, who made more frequent sacrifices. But their bill of fare had not much variety either. There were no knives, forks or spoons. One ate with one's hands. The cut-up portions were small and were carefully fished out of the dish with one's finger tips and passed round. The fingers were then dried with bread which was thrown to the dogs. Very grand people wore gloves while eating.

Poets Between Courses

Eating was a difficult business, calling for the greatest care. Hardly a word was spoken at meals: but the guests demanded entertainment, so singers and dancers were engaged in order to liven up the proceedings. Jugglers and poets appeared between the courses, the poets substituting for the newspapers and the radio of our day. They gave all the latest news and by way of a postscript, told of battles and duels, of journeys by sea and of a thousand adventures.

In Ancient Rome the people's food was frugal and mostly vegetarian. The Roman peasant ate polenta and pumpkins, cabbage and beetroots: sometimes artichoke. For centuries it was not even known in Rome that such a thing as the art of cookery existed. Cooks were looked down on as the meanest of slaves. Bakers did not exist. The killing of chickens was considered a wicked luxury and forbidden by special laws. But the Romans knew how to help themselves and slaughtered cocks instead.

Not until the year 188 B.C., when the victorious Roman Legions returned from Asia Minor, richly laden with booty and accustomed to oriental luxury and dissipation, did a new luxury of the table begin in Rome. Before long phenomenal prices were being paid for cooks and Roman writers complained that cooks cost more than the glittering procession of a victorious general.

But all the reports of these ancient writers should be taken with a very large pinch of salt; many of them were sufferers from dyspepsia. They bemoaned the decadence of a city in which a fish could fetch higher prices than an ox.

Oldest Cookery Book

The famous cookery book of ancient time, written in Rome, about the time of the birth of Christ, Apicius' cookery book, has up to now been considered, quite wrongly, as a reference book for the unheard-of luxury of Ancient Rome. Today, all the recipes of Apicius have been investigated and imitated, and it is impossible to discover any kind of subtlety in them.

The overwhelming number of dishes prepared in the form of purées, ragouts and croquettes was undoubtedly due to the convenience of conveying this type of food to one's mouth when in the semi-recumbent position prevalent in those days. Homer's heroes still sat down to their meals. But from the Orient, the Greeks and later the Romans, had learned the custom of lying down at meals. The tables, topped with precious wood or marble, were mostly uncovered. One ate off any kind of plate, nearly always with spoons, but seldom with forks. As it was almost impossible to cut food while in a recumbent position, the meat was customarily cut and served in smaller portions.

At great feasts in ancient times, there was the pleasant custom of distributing or raffling presents amongst the guests. During these raffles prizes of very different worth were drawn; for instance: ten camels or ten flies.

It was a happy time for happy people. Then however, came the irruption of the barbarians into the old world. They came mostly from regions which comprise what today we call Germany. Most of the cooks were murdered in the palaces in which they served. Others escaped so as not to have to cook for the oppressors. A long and terrible period of darkness followed. But finally, the victors tired of their own brutality and began to mingle with the vanquished. Gradually and cautiously, they also mixed their own crude meals with the finer dishes of the oppressed countries.

In the Christian Europe of the Middle Ages, the monasteries were the chief headquarters of a more refined art of cooking. We know from eleventh-century recipes that the monks of a monastery on Lake Constance had a particular liking for pheasants and peacocks and that in the monastery kitchen one could find rare fruits such as lemons, figs, chestnuts and strange roots like pepper and ginger. About the year 1130 Peter de Clugny complained that so many monks refused to be satisfied with their own homely dishes, preferring foreign delights.

All complaints were useless, however. The good monks knew that they had a mission to fulfil and that they stood on the threshold of the new golden era of the art of cookery.

This golden age began with the fourteenth century, with the French chefs who imposed the rules of French cooking on the whole of Europe. They were masters of inven-

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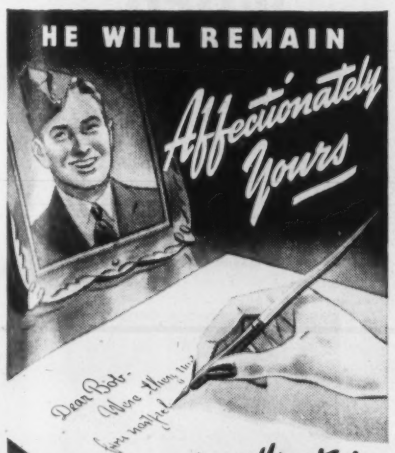

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In this season of "elegance" hats of precious furs provide a luxurious note. Unlike the occasional furred models of other seasons the new collections featuring the more expensive furs as typified above are following the conventional style themes of regular materials.

tion and organization. They were, in fact, heroes.

Let us pause for an instant to do homage to the memory of the valiant Vatel. At a feast given by the great Conde to Louis the Fourteenth at Chantilly in 1676, several minor mishaps had already occurred. Vatel stood excitedly in his kitchen. He had ordered sea fish from all the ports. But the fish did not appear. "The great Vatel," it is recorded, "this talented man, whose brain was sufficient to grapple with all the problems of the ordering of a State, could not face the shame which awaited him and killed himself."

Inspiration to French Cook

His example inspired many generations of French cooks and spurred them on to tremendous deeds, to the most wonderful omelettes, long, thin and soft, to juicy roasts and to artistically mixed salads.

The French gourmet Brillat Savarin, the philosopher of the kitchen, tells the strange story of a Frenchman whose ability in salad dressing made his fortune. This Frenchman, a certain Monsieur d'Albignac, lived in London after the French Revolution in very reduced circumstances. Nevertheless, one day he was dining in one of London's most famous restaurants. He was absorbed in a juicy portion of roast beef (five or six dandies were dining at a neighboring table), when one of these arose, stepped up to his table and asked very civilly: "Pardon, Monsieur. It is said that your nation makes the best salad in the world. Would you do us the pleasure of dressing our salad?"

After some hesitation, d'Albignac agreed, let them bring him everything he needed for the required masterpiece — and produced something perfect. Before long he was swamped with invitations; salad mixing became his profession and he was known as the "fashionable salad maker."

In England already in the reign of Richard the Second, good, plentiful food was popular. The richer banquets consisted of nine, eleven, nay, even of twelve dishes. All foreigners who came to England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were amazed at the enormous quantities of meat consumed in that country. Queen Elizabeth introduced fish days, with heavy penalties for noncompliance. But these met with little success. The herring was vanquished in the battle against the ox.

The true golden age of English cooking began a century after Elizabeth's death, when Queen Anne came to the throne. Even to-day the phrase "after Queen Anne's fashion" can be found in English cookery books.

From the diaries, letters and biographies of the eighteenth century, we see what a blessing the reign of this great Queen was for English cooking.

But even the great services rendered to English cooking by Queen Anne were overshadowed by those of John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, whose activities as first Lord of the Admiralty and Foreign Secretary in the reign of George III have long passed into oblivion, yet who will always be remembered because of one of the most "ingenious" inventions ever devised by mankind—namely, the sandwich. But, as so often happens in history, the true significance of the sandwich was not appreciated by his contemporaries. Dr. Johnson makes no mention of it and even if he had, he would probably have found only words of contempt for these two modest and yet so useful slices of bread.

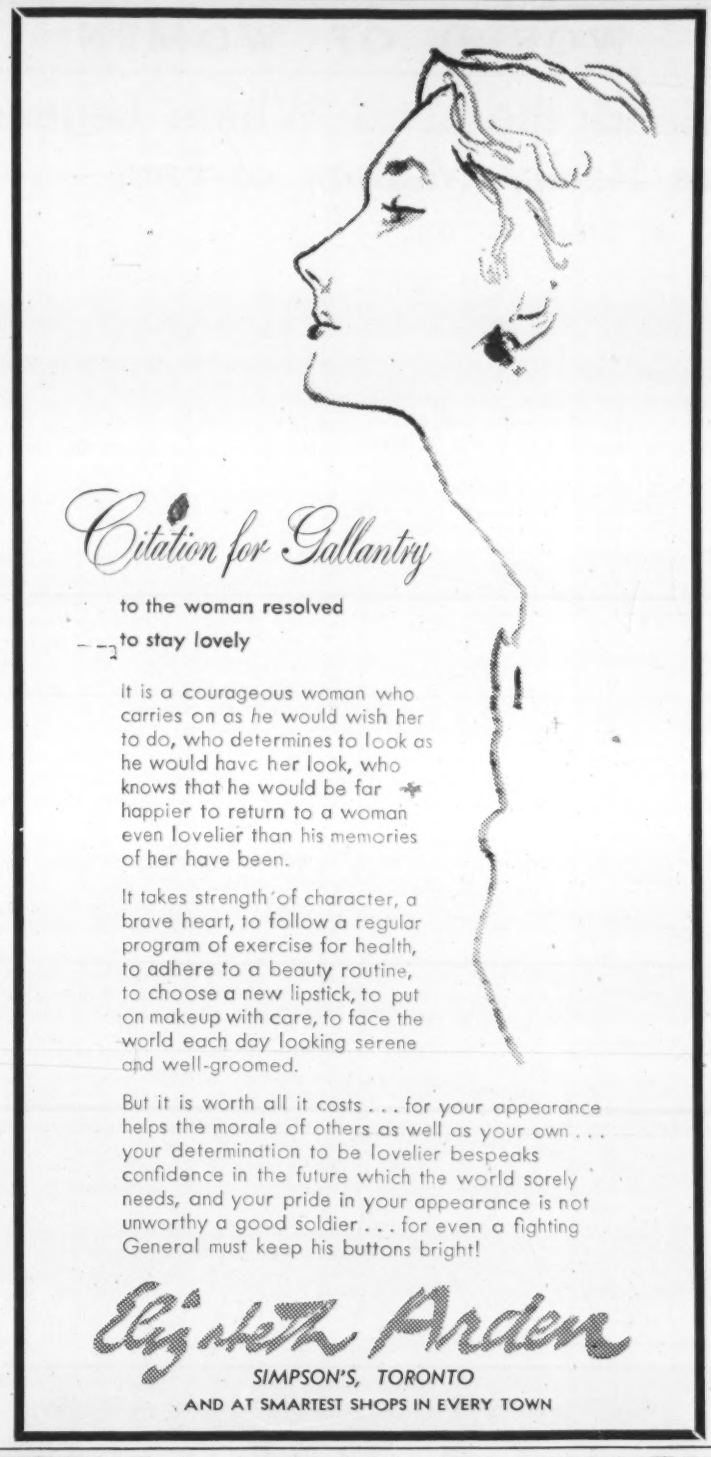
But otherwise Dr. Johnson did not despise good food. "Some people," he said, "have a foolish way of not minding or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my own part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

No sooner had Dr. Johnson passed away than the French, whom he looked down on with such contempt, introduced the previously preserved tradition of the French art of cooking and eating into England. The fashionable salad maker d'Albignac was not the first nor the last French emigrant to make propaganda for the fame of French cooking.

Nowhere else in the world did these masters of the French kitchen find a wider field for their art than in England. True, English cooking has over and over again been most severely maligned by foreigners. Voltaire scoffed: "In this country there are fifty different religions, but only one sauce!" An American Ambassador to London wrote in desperation: "The English have only three vegetables, and two of them are cabbage!"; but the real connoisseurs always knew that a first-rate dinner in England is better than a first-rate dinner anywhere else in the world. A hundred years ago no less an authority than the famous French chef, Louis Eustache Ude, explained that "cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world."

Aim of a True Cook

The time of Ragouts, of Flamingo's tongues is long past. The age of scientific cooking has dawned. Chemists have become cooks and cooks chemists. We are just as hungry now as were Homer's heroes. Rationing has imposed some limitations. But the true cook has always risen above the materials at his disposal. The true cook has always been a magician.



Citation for Gallantry

to the woman resolved
to stay lovely

It is a courageous woman who carries on as he would wish her to do, who determines to look as he would have her look, who knows that he would be far happier to return to a woman even lovelier than his memories of her have been.

It takes strength of character, a brave heart, to follow a regular program of exercise for health, to adhere to a beauty routine, to choose a new lipstick, to put on makeup with care, to face the world each day looking serene and well-groomed.

But it is worth all it costs . . . for your appearance helps the morale of others as well as your own . . . your determination to be lovelier bespeaks confidence in the future which the world sorely needs, and your pride in your appearance is not unworthy a good soldier . . . for even a fighting General must keep his buttons bright!

Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO
AND AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

HOW DOES YOUR BABY GROW?

On silver bells and cockle shells? Or on the sort of food little babies *should* have—Heinz Strained Foods? Foods of the same high quality you yourself enjoy—appetizing in flavour, full-bodied in texture . . . and *of course*, unseasoned for tiny digestions. Choose from many delicious varieties.

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

WORLD OF WOMEN

Ireland: the Land Where Legends Are Really Matters of Fact

By ARMY DOCTOR

The following is a letter written to his young nieces in Canada by an Army doctor now located in Northern Ireland.

MY dear Girls,
I am sorry that I do not have the time to write you separately and thank you for all the lovely letters that I have been getting from you.

I am so glad you are both being such model children. I would not have thought it of either of you by the glint in your eyes. Now if you will put up with poor handling of a typewriter and also phonetic spelling that I learned from my own daughters' letters you will get the drift of what is to come, and when you get through reading about the war I am waging in North Ireland you can see how foolish it is for Hitler to continue to think that he will win.

Here in Ulster most of the farmers own their own land and as a rule are quite prosperous, but you would not like to live in their thatched roof houses with fireplaces and dampness. I went to visit the local doctor one afternoon and when he found out what I wanted to see he got his car and took me himself.

First we visited the moors. These are swampy rather desolate stretches of mud covered with heather. This moor went from the top of one mountain to the top of the next, a distance of about ten miles. A good deal of it is peat bog which is black looking earth, quite waterlogged.

Here and there on the moor are old Druid graves. They are really stone houses, the stone being two and three feet thick, and have an entrance and then an outer and inner chamber. The bones from most of them have been removed to Belfast Museum. How they got those terrifically heavy stones out on that moor, and where they hauled them from I don't pretend to know and neither do the learned professors. Aerial reconnaissance maps in England showed clearly that the stones of Stonehenge were dragged all the way from the coast and I would not be surprised if this is the case here. I think these graves will be good for another two thousand years.

The Doctor wanted me to visit a tribe, so we left the moors and drove off again. Rounding a hill, we came upon a lot of lovely cottages following the contour of the hill, all at the same level and end to end. "This," said the Doctor, "is where the McGlones live." So in we went to talk with them. I swallowed three times hard, for you know your Aunty is a McGlone, and her mother's maiden name is McGlone.

They told me that they knew every McGlone in Ireland, and what was the name of the McGlone that was her grandmother or grandfather? I didn't know. They told the Doctor on the side, that they thought I was a very careless and foolish young man to marry a girl and know so little about her family! They were polite but distant with me, and one of the old ones asked me if they were still fighting the war.

These people keep to themselves, and don't even like to have the boys and girls marry outside the clan. They use only a few Christian names. So there are four Pat McGlones living within a stone's throw of each other. The way they distinguish them is to tack a nickname on the end of the name—Pat McGlone the Hammy, Pat McGlone Tish, and so on. They are prosperous, have lovely communal farms with lots of stock and beautifully clean houses.

The McGlones took me to a level space on the moor and showed me where the fairies danced. At first I thought they meant where the fairies used to dance, but I was wrong for they meant where the fairies dance, period; in other words here and now.

The largest lake here is Lough Neagh. It is interesting to know how it became a lake, and I think you really ought to know. It appears that in the good old days a certain nobleman gave his son a magical horse and warned him never to let it stand still or evil would befall. He followed these simple instructions until one day he met a beautiful hunk of woman. Unfortunately he momentarily stopped the horse to banter with the beautiful damsel. I think in those days "they tarried with the beautiful maiden" not "stopped to kid the dame", but it all means the same thing. However, to get on with my story—immediately a great spring gushed forth from the spot where the horse had stood. Our hero, never at a loss, built himself a mighty door to keep the flood in the earth, and hired the beauteous damsel to sit on the door to keep it shut.

The Abbot and the Fish

He probably did this so he would know where she was when he wanted to find her. The legend does not say whether she worked in shifts and went home nights or anything like that. Anyway she kept the door shut, and that kept the flood in the bowels of the earth. Still wanting to hang around and see the gal occasionally and having no horse our hero became a farmer in the immediate neighborhood. He prospered and had large flocks and herds and farms and everything that represented lushness in those far off days.

One day a terrible thing happened! The girl got off the door! Probably only wanted to step down to the hairdresser's or something, but she got off, and the great flood emerged from the "bowels" of the earth, covered all the land, and our hero lost everything—even his life by drowning. All he had was just a lake and he was dead in it so it would not do him any good anyway. The beauteous damsel was turned into a fish and swam around for a hundred and fifty years.

One day a holy abbot was out in his little boat on the lake and he was accosted by the poor fish, for such we shall call her now and I bet those hundred and fifty years swimming around the lake made her pretty darn angry with herself for getting off that door. She told the abbot her story and made a date to meet him on the shore the next day. The abbot, by the way, was out there meditating but, if I can put in a small remark here, if he was an Irish abbot I'll bet that boat had a few bottles of Guinness' Stout in the bottom.

I really don't know how the fish talked to the abbot, or how she knew he was a holy man, or anything else. I did not make this story up, the Irish did. Well, to end the story, she jumped out on the bank the next day and the abbot gave her the alternative of being baptized and going directly to heaven, or going back and swimming around for another 150 years. As she found the Irish climate pretty damp she probably decided to get baptized and went to heaven and lived happily ever after. When you hear this story told in a rich brogue by a guide who really believes it, you just don't ask questions. The story must be so, for I have stood on the spot where the fish was baptized, and I have been on Lough Neagh and it covers 153 square miles and is the largest lake in the British Isles. It just goes to show what stopping to talk with a girl can do!

Mickey Finn

The next letter I write I will tell you about my trip to the north, and how I got off the beaten track and found a jewel of a hotel that is central steam heated, and has beauty rest mattresses, and a *fresh* egg and sausage breakfast in bed, and about the half million dollars worth of antiques that the owner has in the hotel; and how I visited Dunluce Castle with its tall tales and also the Giant's Causeway that you ought to know, if you know your history, was one of the seven wonders of the world before Roosevelt. It was built by a Giant by the name of Finn McCoull to walk to Scotland on. His descendants emigrated to the United States and perhaps you might know one of them—Mickey Finn!

My best love to all, and please keep writing to me. You know I live from one mail to the next, and my time calculations are set around mail call, not refreshments or clocks!

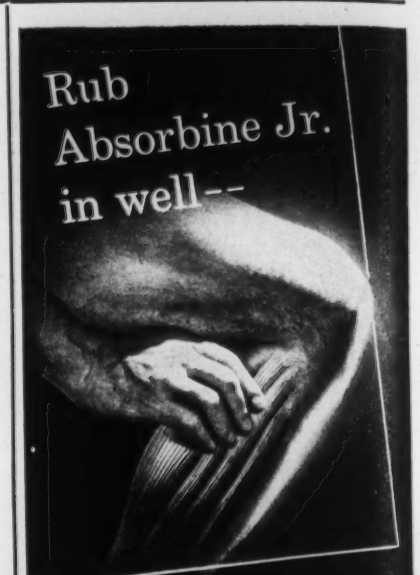
I must to bed. Love to you all.
Peter.

My nail polish—the same as I use in my New York and London Salons—is now only 50¢ in Canadian drug and departmental stores.

Polish remover is reduced to 35¢.

Hand Creams and lotions are now 75¢

Peggy Sage



Leg muscles lame? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., *rubbing* it in. This helps to increase your circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief—soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at drugstores.

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GOOD LIGHT
Makes Study Easy

Guard Young Eyes with Ample Light

YOUNG eyes were never more precious than they are today. Guard them well with plentiful light! The right sized Edison Mazda Lamp, designed to "stay brighter longer" will assure your children of comfortable, healthy seeing conditions in which to read or study. Keep a carton of lamps always on hand.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

"I was worn to a frazzle!"

"SO nervous and touchy the least little thing upset me! A manicurist can't afford to be jumpy, but I just couldn't take nasty doses and I didn't know what to do.

"Then I found out about Kellogg's — made the 30-day test that proved how one simple change of diet could help me keep fit. Now I'm right on the bit again — take real pride in turning out manicures that look like a million."

Make this 30-DAY TEST!

1. ***If you're really ill, see your doctor!*** But if you just feel dragged out, old before your time, it's probably incomplete elimination. Here's how one simple change of diet can help you keep fit:

2. ***Start now to eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes every morning.*** To keep fit the *natural* way, get more of the "bulk" your system needs by eating delicious, gently-laxative Kellogg's Bran Flakes with Other Parts of Wheat.

3. ***Just 30 days should prove*** to you how grand it is to feel alert, to have the energy for all the *extra* things we'd all like to do. You'll want to go *on* keeping fit the Kellogg way!

LOOK FOR the name "Kellogg's" on the golden-yellow package. Two sizes. Made in London, Can.

KEEP FIT with Kellogg's every day in the year!

P.P.C. Letter to New York from Enthusiastic Canadian Guest

By BABS WARNER BROWN

DEAR New York:

So many people must have expressed their appreciation of you in so many ways that it seems superfluous to add anything more. However, as an enthusiastic Canadian at the end of her first flying visit, I could not leave you without making at least an attempt at saying thank you.

Thank you, New York, for your pageantry—for what else is the cavalcade of teaming thousands that pass, ceaselessly, it seems, along your thoroughfares? I have only seen so little of you, New York, I only dipped so lightly into your bowl of treasures — but even so, in no other city, have I been so conscious of the human pageant.

There are times, of course, when the pageant damn near knocks one down, as on Broadway when the theatres empty, or on arrival when one stands porterless and breathless in the centre of that magnificent *cafe au lait* pile that looks like a thwarted cathedral. It certainly is Grand and most definitely Central, but the problem is to leave it. Like an over-anxious Christian in a Cecil B. de Mille catacomb one follows markings on the sides of labyrinthine ways whose endings always seem to be that damn information booth.

City of Biggest

Thank you, New York, for your egoism. We Canadians often tease you. You like to boast, we say, of having the biggest, the grandest, the highest, the costliest, the what have you. . . But my God, you've *got* it! And the joke's on us! Up on top of some impossible number of floors, where the wind makes bandshee noises round the cornices and the day is a little more sparkling, one suddenly realizes that no city on earth has so much right to be self-interested. Something of your spirit seems to be in Rockefeller Centre's golden statue. He's having a tough time but he's doing all right—and just look at his muscles! Lord love us, look at his *toenails!* They certainly must be the biggest in the world!

Thank you, New York, for your sense of humor. The humor that put that top on the Chrysler Building, that puts lipstick and diamond collars and fuchsia feathers on stuffed minks (Trenchon's), that puts kittens in kittengartens, complete with cribs, swings, rattles and bows —while in a neighboring window, in a nest of baby blue crepe paper, sits an embarrassed French poodle puppy, pink and almost nude save for the traditional puffs round his face and tail and his oh-so-smart, sixteen-button-length fur gloves.

Thank you, New York, for the intimacy of your little restaurants where twice in one evening the waiter came from France and we wept grateful if alcoholic tears over the liberation thereof. Thank you for your rather amazing naivete—the *freshness* of the Rockettes and the startlingly simple shrine, tucked away behind the high altar of St. Pat's, of the little uncrowned Child of Earth and Heaven, who, unlike Mr. Rockefeller's statue across the road, holds the world so nonchalantly in his baby hand.

Thank you for the greenness of your parks by day and the diadem you wear at night; for the camaraderie of the crowds in Times Square, the sheer sumptuousness of your famous hotels and the sanctuary of the smaller ones where the accent is on a peaceful meal and good conversation. And for the satin lushness of your salons and places where one can have the largest and loveliest of ducky pink teas. And for the gaiety of your nightclubs, the lilt of your orchestras, the skill on your stages, the display in your shops, the grooming of your women, the courtesy of your cops, the philosophy of your cab drivers, the pathos in your meeting places.

And oh, dear heaven, thank you for your coffee.

Some things I don't understand; why you attempt to exercise your dogs on Broadway, or gossip in the subway — the 'My-dear-you-should-see-her-without-her-girdle' type of thing in competition with the racket of the express—or why the Waldorf presents one with those mushy little plops instead of butter at lunch time or why the descent from a hundred odd stories should give me violent, ear-splitting, spine-dislocating hiccups. At least once this was very unfortunate. We crossed right over from the R.C.A. building to St. Pat's again and a dear old lady in the back pew was convinced I was drunk. . . But the hiccups succumbed—in admiration perhaps of Major Bowes' Andrea del Sarto (such a nice Family group or in consternation at the huge marble pieta where one side of the Madonna's face expresses infinite horror and the other a mere mild surprise.

As you see, I know so little of you, New York, but what I know I adore. And tonight, at the theatre, when they played your National Anthem, I stood very straight and still — though your own people around me were fidgeting and a gentleman trod on my hat—and I was glad of the chance to make at least one gesture of courtesy, one small and silent salute to a nation that could produce such a city—to say, 'Thank you, New York!'

Emerald green sequins cover the surface of a drawstring bag, are molded in a matching hat and border satin gloves of the same hue. An autumn after-dark trio by John-Frederics.

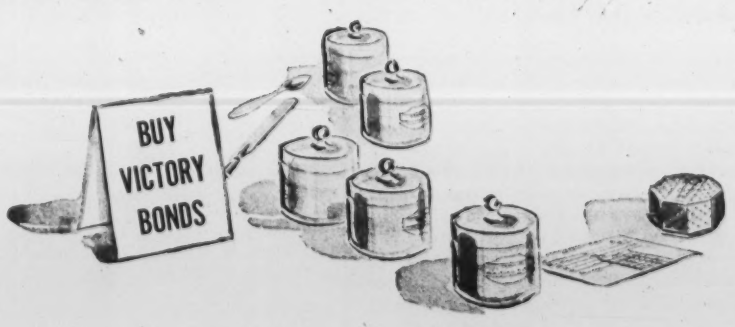
I BUY MY HATS
MY DRESSES
MY FURS
READY-TO-WEAR

but never my face powder!

because that's so very personal . . . so important to my skintone . . . it must be made-to-order . . . right before my eyes by

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS



WORLD OF WOMEN

There Is More than Meets the Eye in the Purchase of a House

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

WHEN the war is over, when the men come home, when jobs and materials are defrosted and industry turns to normal production, many thousands of Canadian families will have to decide where they are going to settle down. It is evident that many are planning to have homes of their own. According to a recent Gallup poll, 42% of the families who now live in rented quarters intend either to build or buy a house. A fair share of the new families—young couples who, because of the war, have never started housekeeping—will want to own their home. Moreover many house owners will be looking for another place because conditions have changed since they bought and their present houses no longer fit their needs.

For most people the purchase of a home is one of the biggest investments of a lifetime. No prospective buyer can afford not to consider every angle of such a major purchase. For example, the selection of the right location is very important. It is not enough to buy a house just because it fulfils one's dreams, or to choose one because it is near to friends or relatives. There are all sorts of practical considerations to be taken into account before an agreement to purchase is signed.

Character of District

First, of course, the choice should be guided by one's income. Generally it is considered that total upkeep costs of the home, including principal payments on the mortgage, should not exceed one-quarter of the family income. If you buy in a locality where other residents represent a higher income group than that in which you belong inevitably there arises the temptation to try to keep pace with neighbors of greater means. It is sound policy to choose a place within one's means and in a district where others are in approximately the same income group.

Transportation costs also should be taken into account when weighing the merits of various localities. If you live in a large city it is likely that a bus or trolley must be used to get to work, but if it is possible to find a suitable place near your husband's work so that he could—and he would!—walk to and from work, a saving could be made of some twelve bus or trolley fares every week or its equivalent if he uses his car for this purpose. In a year this would amount to a sum about equivalent to one month's upkeep costs of an average home. On the other hand if you are considering a suburban or country home, you might find that the higher transportation costs would outweigh the favorable factors the outlying district offers.

Consider Tax Rates

One of the major upkeep costs of the home will be taxes. So consider tax rates in various communities. Compare taxes on similar properties within and outside the boundaries of the city or town. A house half a block outside the limits may have a much lower tax bill. Then compare tax rates of the different suburbs. Taxes may differ considerably on similar properties. Find out also what local improvements the present tax bill covers and how long they still must be paid. If sewers, sidewalks, roads, schools and other improvements still are to be supplied and paid for the tax bill is going to go up. Today's taxes on two houses might be the same, but the taxes on one may increase while those on the other may go down as local improvements become paid.

What kind of future has the house? Is the neighborhood likely to change within the next ten or fifteen years? Is it deteriorating, improving or standing still? If it is an old district and has seen its best days, in a few years you might be surrounded with uncongenial neighbors and the value of your property may go down with the general tone of the district. If it is a new district with many vacant lots, find out if there are building restrictions which will keep out inferior or undesirable houses which might affect the value of your home. Some years ago one family bought a site with a magnificent view just outside the city and on it built an attractive house. Today they are surrounded by shacks and in a district not at all what they expected or desired. And they are finding it difficult to sell the place except at a big loss.

Urban or Truly Rural?

If you have children, of course you will look for a place near a school. If they are young children you will not want them to have to cross a busy street or intersection to get to school. In a few years your children may be ready to go to high school. Or you may be planning to send them to university. This could be a deciding factor in choosing between a community which provides all these educational advantages and a district which would necessitate your child commuting or leaving home to live near the high school or university. Then, as both habits and friendships are formed firmly in childhood, you will want to surround your children with suitable companions, and you will look for a district in which other children are given similar training and come from homes of somewhat the same type and with the same ideals as your own.

Or you may be planning to buy or build a country home. You are an out-of-doors person and you yearn for the open spaces. You want a garden, some chickens and a dog, a saddle-horse, perhaps. Such a place may not only fulfil your dreams but also become a productive investment. Vegetables fresh from your own garden taste better than any you can buy and they help to reduce food bills. To be able to pick fruit fresh and ripe from one's own trees and bushes is a joy and also a money saver. And the chickens may keep the family supplied with fresh eggs and also fried chicken.

But before you reach a decision consider well the cons as well as the pros. A garden requires a lot of attention. Fruit trees and bushes must be pruned and sprayed and the fruit has to be picked. Chickens must be fed and cared for. Who is going to do all these chores? Does your husband like this kind of work well enough to devote his week ends and evenings to it? Has he the experience needed to make it a success? Or if he must be away on a business trip is there anyone who can take on these jobs? They can't be left until he returns. Weeds are not co-operative. The less help you have the faster they seem to grow. Chickens insist on being fed every day of the week. If you are counting on getting outside help for this work, are you certain that it is available? And have you taken the wages into consideration in estimating upkeep costs of the place?

Consider the Staff

Then have you planned how you can handle your end of the work? Anyone who grew up on a farm will know the handicaps of doing housework without all the conveniences of the city. Many of these disadvantages now can be eliminated but be sure that you understand just what is involved and that you have the physical strength and inclination to handle any extra work. If you are accustomed to having a maid, will you be able to find one who loves the country as much as you do? Or can you get a cleaning woman in the district?

Does the community offer the kind of social life you want? If it is essential to your happiness to have your friends around you most of the time, or to see a show once or twice a week, or to be able to arrange a game of bridge at a moment's notice, it would be well to choose a district in which these pleasures are possible.

Of course you won't find a perfect spot, one which will fill every need and desire. Utopia has yet to be subdivided. But you can and should consider every angle, line up the advantages and disadvantages both present and future, then buy the place which is going to give you the most pleasure, pride and satisfaction throughout the years.

It's Safer to Write Your Own if You Dislike Tombstone Wit

By MARGARET MASON SHAW

WITH the disappearance of the churchyard went the simple, frank and often brutally truthful epitaphs. The modern cemetery with its cold, orderly formality seems to deter the survivor from expressing his true feelings, or perhaps our present day conventions discourage it. One author states that "an epitaph is a eulogy in prose or verse, composed with an intent to be engraven on a monument." Eulogy seems hardly a fitting word for some of them.

Accustomed as we are to the stereotyped obituary notices almost invariably reading "beloved" husband or wife, even though all the friends of the couple know that they lived a cat and dog life, there is a refreshing but startling honesty in the lack of pretense in old epitaphs. Here is

Filmpact... THE FIRST CAKE MAKE-UP CREATED FOR INDIVIDUAL SKIN TYPES

Yet another FIRST by Helena Rubinstein! This time Town and Country Film-Pact—the first cake make-up created in a choice of blends . . . one for dry and one for oily or normal skin. Glamourizing AND beneficial, Film-Pact creates day-long flattery, provides special protection for your individual complexion needs.

And quick! Two minutes is all you need to apply Film-Pact—to conceal shine, blemishes and imperfections—to give YOUR complexion a flawless, smooth, superbly natural finish.

Four perfect shades to choose from—Rachel, Peachbloom, Mauresque and Rico Tan—1.00. And, to complete your make-up, there are Helena Rubinstein Face Powders in every matching shade—1.25; 2.00; 3.75.

Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO

one from Sevenoaks Churchyard, Kent:

"Sacred to the memory of Andrew Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake;
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffing,
So he sought repose in a twelve-dollar coffin."

Another in light and cynical vein comes from Painswick Churchyard:
"My wife is dead and here she lies,
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries;
Where she is gone, and how she fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

A churchyard in a small place in Australia called Père-la-Chaise gives us this example:

"Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew;
If I said I was sorry, I should lie too."

Presenting the other side of the picture is the story from the village of Lymington in Hampshire. The wife of a man named Baldwin vowed she would 'dance over his grave' to show her scorn and revenge. Evidently hubby shared her feelings for he left orders that his body was to be buried at sea in Scratchell's Bay, off the Isle of Wight. According to parish records, he was thus buried in May, 1736.

Ambiguous

An amusingly ambiguous epitaph found in a country graveyard ran this way: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the 45th year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

A simple and robust humor, sometimes but not always unconscious, peeps from many of these old epitaphs, such as these two:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—
Here lies John Emery, I trust;
And when the trump blows loud and louder,
He'll rise—a Box of Emery Powder."

and from Wimborne Minster, Dorset:

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage coach, and thereby killed;
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sassengers
Slain with three other outside passengers."

We suspect that "sassengers" is a coined word for the sake of the rhyme.

Sometimes a homely philosophy is the theme of the verse, as in this one said to come from Kingston Churchyard, Hants:

"Live well—die never:
Die well—live for ever."

Apparently a complimentary epitaph was written occasionally, as this couplet from St. Paul's, Covent Garden indicates:

"Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,
A friend to all mankind—except himself."

Considering all the jokes about the Irish, we should be able to recognize the origin of this one, even without being told that it is from a tombstone in Ireland:
"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

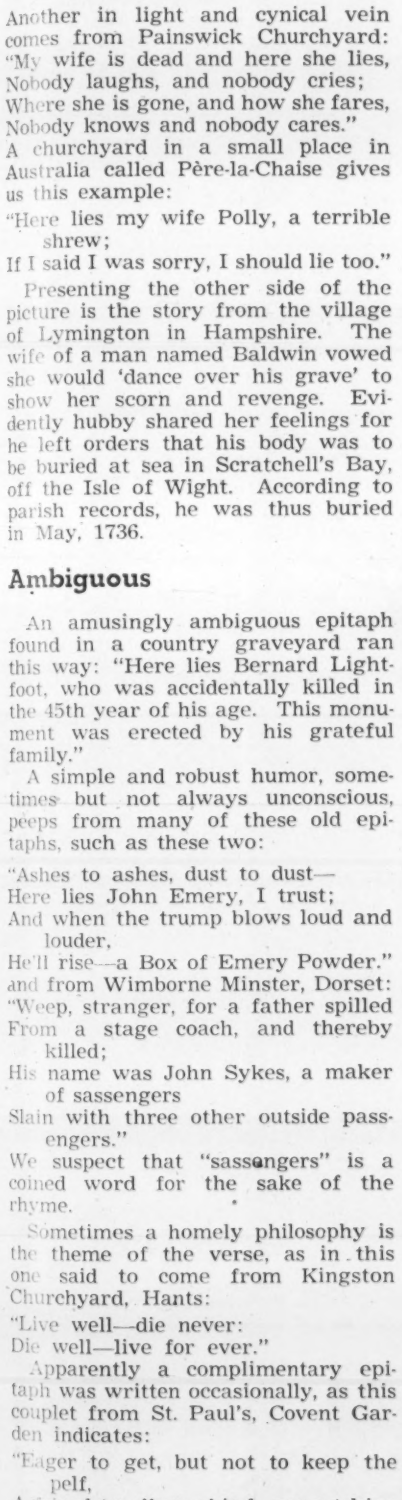
Someone was definitely trying to be funny when he placed on the grave of Wm. Button, this epitaph:
"Oh sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into Button holes?"

A contemplation of such epitaphs makes us feel that perhaps even today, epitaphs and wills have one thing in common—we should write our own.

• •

ALPHA and omega on taking a trip these days is *don't*. If you absolutely must, give it some forethought. Travel light . . . porters are hard to find and in some places apparently extinct. Even the charter member of the charm school fails to get the romeo across the aisle to carry her luggage . . . he's busy with his own. Check what isn't absolutely essential . . . we've seen a nightie and a toothbrush go right into a handbag. See that locks and straps are secure on baggage you check and *do* have it tagged with your name and address.

Pack a lunch . . . diners are crowded and a long lurching wait is as tiring as it is unnecessary. If you travel with children take something along to amuse them and remember . . . the 'beaver' game isn't confined to beards . . . you can play it with purple barns or three-legged zebras. Be considerate . . . nobody is having any more fun than you.



Eileen Farrell, dramatic soprano, to be heard at Eaton Auditorium in two recitals, December 7 and 9, in the Artists Series of concerts.

MUSICAL EVENTS

New Baritone Heard at Proms: T. L. Thomas in Welsh Songs

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

WITH the advent of October, the Toronto concert season got well under way last week; and announcements show that it will be the busiest in the city's history. The Promenade Symphony concerts are keeping up their international record for continuous indoor attendance with audiences that steadily run beyond 6,000. When the series ends on Oct. 19, Andre Kostelanetz will have conducted five consecutive concerts. These, taken with his appearances in former seasons make him a definite factor in local musical enterprise.

Last week the Proms orchestra, which this season was compelled to bring in much new personnel, played exceptionally well. Its tone was large and radiant and the conductor obtained admirable effects in expression. The program began with a novelty, Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement for modern orchestra of Handel's Concerto for Organ in D major. Nobody thinks of Handel as an organ composer, though as a young man in Italy he won fame on that instrument. He had begun his career in Germany as an orchestral violinist, and his aptitudes seem to have covered everything. He did not take the organ very seriously in the work heard last week, and it probably owes much to Harty who also rescued the best bits in Handel's unduly lengthy "Water Music" from oblivion. His unmistakable melodic individuality permeates the four short movements of the Concerto. He had an idiom all his own, just as had Bach; but to explain just what it consists of would be a task indeed. The rendering was refreshingly buoyant and sparkling.

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ERNEST JOHNSON, Manager

Czech-English Music

It was good to hear again Jaromir Weinberger's orchestral piece "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," which is as English as a Czech composer could make it; though, despite English folk themes, it does not get far away from the glittering style of "Schwanda der Dudelsackpfeifer." The latter portentous word, (enough to frighten even a Maclean) merely means "Bagpiper".

The story is worth re-telling of how in a motion picture theatre on the Riviera Weinberger saw a news reel showing the present King of England in open neck shirt and shorts, leading a boys' camp in the old song "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree." That was in 1938, when the diabolic threat of Nazism had paralysed Central Europe, and the sight of a democratic monarch enjoying himself among his own people struck him as so unique that he resolved to compose his gay and fascinating work as a tribute to England. The result was at once brilliant, unique and charming, and Mr. Kostelanetz conducted it with inspiring glamor.

The 1812 Overture

It is natural that with Russia in everybody's mind Tchaikovsky's "Overture Solennelle, 1812" should be frequently rendered nowadays, considering that it was composed to commemorate Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. It was intended for open air performance and I prefer it on a brass band. Admirers of Tchaikovsky take a furtive attitude toward it. When they mention it at all they treat it as a misdemeanor which should be hushed up, though it is sound, blithesome, patriotic stuff. Of course in the past a good many aesthetic souls regarded patriotism as vulgar. It was introduced to England and thus to America by the eminent bandmaster Mackenzie Rogan of the Coldstream Guards. An officer who had heard "1812" played in Moscow told Rogan about it. He sent to Russia for the music, and it became a permanent feature of his band repertory. It was first played in Toronto many years ago under Rogan at the Canadian National Exhibition, on the initial visit of the Coldstream Guards Band to Canada.

Robert Weede

During the past season or two we have been hearing a good deal about the Maryland baritone, Robert Weede, who though he has long been associated with the Metropolitan Opera House has only lately come to recognition as one of its foremost male singers. Originally he was one of Roxy's discoveries and before that had received operatic training at Milan. His voice is glowing, flexible and of immense volume. Elsewhere one has mentioned Weede's resemblance to Viscount Bennett, affectionately remembered as "R.B." The resemblance is more than physical; it extends to bearing and method of utterance. The baritone when he sings a great aria attacks in the same way as did "R.B." in launching a forensic flight. It is a style that unquestionably stimulated a vast audience. He was emotionally moving, and his declamation was noble in Verdi's "Di Provenza" and other noted arias. Most of all I liked his rendering of a very old aria, "Invocation of Orfeo" from the "Eurydice" of Jacopo Peri, born in Florence in 1561 and eminent in the later days of the Medici; when much research on the subject of vocal art was in progress.

"Eurydice" was first sung on Oct. 6, 1600, at the marriage of Maria de Medici, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to King Henry IV of France. Peri himself was Orfeo. Mr. Weede sang the aria with the close attention to vocal inflection and dramatic accents that early operatic music demands.

Welsh Baritone

Not for quite a while has one heard a more interesting song recital than that of the famous baritone, Thomas L. Thomas at Eaton Auditorium last week. Since it was for Welsh war victims it was largely attended by people of that race, who revealed their delight when Mr. Thomas sang their traditional songs. At one time Welsh singers of high rank were numerous on our concert platforms. There was Edward Lloyd, the finest oratorio tenor I ever heard, and who, in the opinion of Hans Richter, sang Walther's Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" better than any one else in the world. There was Ben Davies, a lyric tenor of rare quality and musical intelligence. There was Frangcon Davies, a baritone whose beauty of tone and dramatic style made him the greatest Elijah of his time. But the Davies (who were not related) were among the great coterie of singers, assembled for the first performance of Sullivan's only grand opera "Ivanhoe" and Ben Davies sang the title role. There was Evan Williams, whose tones were as lark-like as those of John McCormack; and Gwyllym Miles, a baritone,—the first to sing the Prologue from "Pagliacci" in Massey Hall. Richard Crooks once said that he ought to sing well, because the two leading soloists of the wealthy church where he served his apprenticeship as a boy soprano were Williams and Miles.

To-day Thomas L. Thomas seems to be alone in upholding the great lyric tradition of Wales,—in America at any rate. There are certain Welsh songs like "Men of Harlech" and "All Through the Night" (which is Breton as well as Welsh), that any trained singer can render effectively; but there are folk melodies

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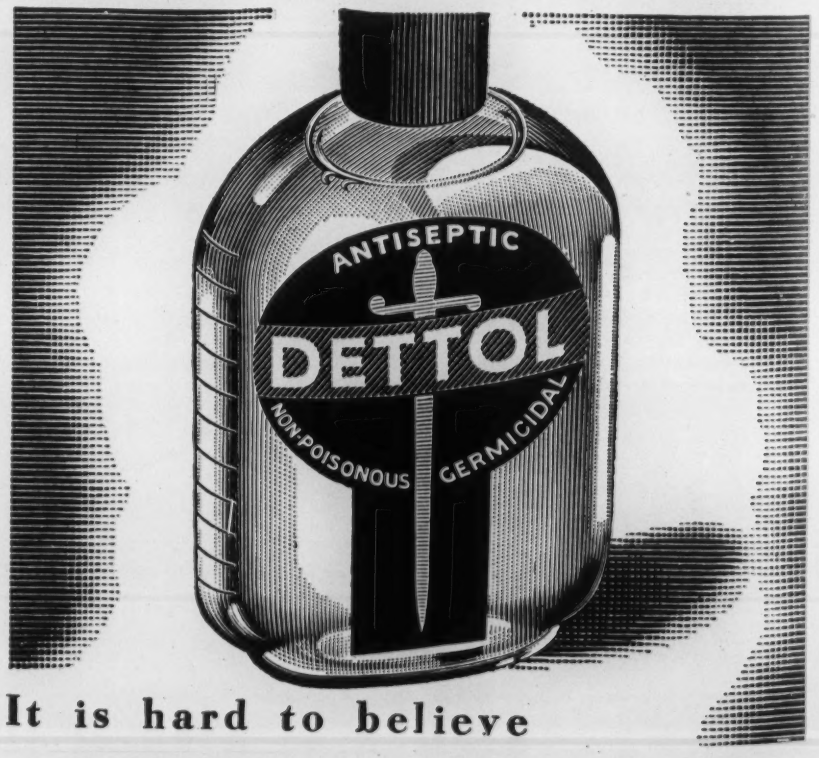

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which only a Welshman can sing, and which defy the "arranger"; haunting lyrics, grave and gay, which Mr. Thomas sings with inimitable vivacity and beauty. He had a superb accompanist in Jacob Hannemann.

This is a field in which Mr. Thomas stands alone, but he showed his brilliance in every type of song. The amazing bravura of his rendering of Rossini's "Danza," the exquisite sentiment of Italian lyrics and French songs by Chausson, Dupont, Han and others, all stamped him as a recital artist of the first order.

Alberto and Fe Torres, as they appear in Olsen and Johnson's "Sons o' Fun" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, week of October 16.

THE FILM PARADE

Lines Composed After Witnessing "The Climax" in Technicolor

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

TAKE technicolor, love and thrills,
Add Boris Karloff (without makeup)
Arrange with coloratura trills
And give the thing a thorough shakeup;

Mix well and pour. You can't go wrong,
With Opera and Madness mated.
The hokum content's pure and strong.
And strictly unadulterated.

Susanna Foster's cast to play
A beautiful unknown soprano.
Her boy-friend here is Turhan Bey,
Turhan is studying piano.

Exultant now Susanna sings
Supported by a double chorus.
While all the while lurks in the wings
The wicked House Physician Boris.

For Boris loved fair Marcelline.
Now jealous rage his spirit seizes.
He vows no fledgling opera queen
Shall sing the late lamented's pieces.

None vie with her who met her doom,
Untimely reaped by Death's grim sickle.
(He keeps her in a secret room,
Preserved from time, like winter pickle.)

He plans to do Susanna wrong,
And murmurs that a helpful syringe!!
Repair the ravages of song.
His only interest is laryngeal.

His voice is low his accent bland.
He plays the medical adviser,
And leads Susanna by the hand,
Up to his rooms to hypnotize her.

"You cannot sing, you cannot sing,
The spell can never more be broken,"
See how she holds, poor helpless thing,
An atomizer as a token.

In vain the contract signed and sealed,
The pleas of those who idolize her,
Susanna stands with voice congealed,
Clutching the fatal atomizer.

But love has ways both deep and various,
To challenge this mysterious force.
Love will release Susanna's arias,
And break the awful spell of Boris.

Good Turhan knows the very thing,
To free her soul and ease her torments.
He rushes off to see the King,
Who orders a Command Performance.

Susanna now must choose her course,
See her 'twixt Fate and Duty hoverin'
Oh will she yield to wicked Boris,
Or break the spell to please her Sovereign?

The house is filled, and in his box,
Now sits the royal sympathizer,
The floral tributes come in flocks,
(But Boris sent an atomizer.)

The wicked Boris isn't there.
He's two doors off, but no one's missed him.
He's seated in his private lair,
And listening through the forced-air system.

Susanna sings. The audience thrills,
In vain he tries, this ruthless hater,
To silence her triumphant trills,
By shouting down the ventilator.

Now justice makes the balance even.
The song goes through without a hitch.
The final note is high as heaven,
Though noticeably off the pitch.

The gendarmes hurry to the scene.
Quick to the vault pale Boris dashes.
Ignites what's left of Marcelline,
And burns the both of them to ashes.

So triumphs Love, while Hate's defeated,
So Vileness wanes, while Virtue waxes.
The fearful cycle's now completed
In Climax that should end climaxes.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Binky: a Gentleman of No Pedigree but Distinguished Character

By MARY EWART JUKES

BINKY joined the family circle eight years ago. He came with worms and no pedigree. The family got him from the Humane Society which had rescued him from a "detrimental influence." A raw spot on his neck and a starved body were mute testimony. He was a small black bundle of cringes, whimpers and no good habits. There was nothing to recommend him but the irresistible yearning in his agate-brown eyes and the fact that he had been mistreated.

His breed was represented as Spitz-Pom but the family were willing to settle for just plain dog on the principle that if you love them enough when they are pups you can stand all kinds of shocks when they begin to grow.

From the moment the bargain was sealed all the sinister planets moved out of Binky's horoscope and the good brave planets, including Venus, moved in. Life began at six months for Binky.

Not that this new life was a bed of roses. Periods of reform are never easy and the family Binky joined had three young girls who were themselves in the process of being disciplined, chastened and refined. He had to put up with a few minor hardships—playing house for example—but the indignities, such as having his tail pulled, were verboten. Binky was treated as one of them and heaven help him if he didn't behave like one of them.

They banished the worms; gave distemper the run around; kept a nimble eye on the behavior of his alimentary canal; taught him engaging tricks; washed, brushed and nourished him until in a matter of months he looked like something risen from his own ashes, newborn.

While his body prospered, manifesting all the best points of a Spitz-Pom, his spirit also took amazing spurts in the right direction. Today, at eight years of age, Binky is a Spitz-Pom with a distinct personality and no compromises. Once in a blue moon and only out of the fullness of his heart will he allow himself to be picked up. On these occasions he will listen to lavish terms of endearment for thirty seconds flat and will then squirm to be put down.

But devotion, that's another thing. When the various members of the family take to their beds in winter with les maladies Binky leaves them only for short intervals and out of sheer necessity.

His manners are exemplary. If he has been out for a walk and returns to find the house buzzing with guests, he salutes each one separately with a swift, light flick of his tongue on trouser-leg or stocking. He then takes up an inconspicuous position, paws crossed, dainty, meditative, aloof; resembling a miniature and benign lion; a desert sphinx.

Binky's circle of admirers are legion. When they come to the house and he isn't around it isn't long before they are making concerned enquiries, just as they might about a good-looking absent sister. One cold winter night when two young RAF lads were leaving, one of them stumbled over a stick on the front steps. He was about to kick it into limbo when the other exclaimed, "No, don't!" Putting it to one side he explained seriously, "Binky must have had a hard time finding that stick in all this snow, I'll save it for him."

Generations of Wisdom

Like so many dogs who are more human than animal and more divine than human, Binky shakes one periodically with the suspicion that he has generations of ancient wisdom packed into his little aura. When the girls' voices rage and rant; when the reproaches mount in velocity, Binky acts as a kind of stop-valve. There he sits, bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things; without fear, hate, malice, envy, prophesying or preaching. One look at him and the power of example comes into its own. The girls pointedly ask one another "how come such wise gentle spirits get imprisoned in dogs' bodies and such hell-cats in humans?"

Binky doesn't seem to have any of the silly failings human flesh is heir to. He is neither shy nor bold. He always assumes he is welcome and is. He enters a room with confidence and lively interest. He never seeks the spotlight. If you are boring him with frivolous chatter he goes into the kitchen and lies down under the frigidaire. As for nasty dog habits such as gobbling, drooling, slobbering, snuffling, mawkishness — he would view them all with the same suspicion he does the poor tradesmen.

Binky dissembled only once in his life. He was two at the time. He had been tossed into the air by a passing motorcar and lay on the boulevard in front of the house like a piece of old fur fished out of a fur bag. He was dead to the girls' tearful entreaties. Finally in desperation one of them shrieked, "Binky get up this minute." With that he staggered to his feet and trotted up the front walk as whole as he was ever intended to be.

Amour, Amour

Once a year, in the spring, Binky descends to the level of a human. The girls know Binky is under a strain in the spring, nevertheless they expect him to be discreet about his affairs. When he staggers home, self-conscious and embarrassed, after a long day of chasing through mud-puddles and underbrush, they pay him the courtesy of complete oblivion.

But things really got too close to home when the little bitch joined the family next door. The girls were very snobby about that bitch. They said she wasn't even attractive. If Binky had been their favorite brother they couldn't have been meaner about it all. During the reign of this particular femme fatale the girls' mother was the most militant. She returned home one lovely spring evening shocked to find all the dogs in the neighborhood gathered outside the house next door, hopefully waiting. Peering through her glasses she detected Binky's little shape among them. She called. He turned a deaf ear. Her indignation rose as she stalked into her own home. The girls tried to hush her. They thought the matter too indelicate.

She would not be hushed, her excuse being that the other dogs, all enormous, would render him piecemeal. To her daughters' rejoinders that the neighbors would think her ridiculous she flung on a light burberry as though it were the whole armor of God and went back into the gathering dusk brandishing a large, black, furled umbrella. The girls gathered in a darkened bay window muttering to one another, "Why *does* mother do these things?" feeling sure that this time she had gone to meet her Waterloo. They were wrong. She got Binky home. She is perhaps the only living human who has been able to bring her will to bear on a dog who is consumed with hope of a rendezvous with his best girl.

In contemplating the hereafter we must confess the thought of being met by dear departed ones doesn't fill us with a great deal of elation. Much as we love our nearest and dearest they can be too much like the Duchesses and Queens in Alice in Wonderland. Who could look forward to emerging on the other side to, "Well, hurry up! I've been waiting over an hour for you! Late as usual!" Our dream of a happy coming-to in another life is to the sound of Binky's sharp little bark. To see his cocked ears, his shining agate-brown eyes, his compact graceful little body bounding joyfully over some long grass to meet us—that now would give some promise of a state called heaven.

INDEED IT IS, GENERAL SHERMAN

NOW we must cover up with paint
The home improvements that there ain't.
So out with the Killarney green
And stipple it with yellow
And you'll see what you've never seen—
Or any other fellow.
Stand firm as Grandma's ottoman
For there is nothing sadder
For poise and purse and posture than
A let-down from a ladder.

Priorities can never crush
The man who bristles with a brush.
Take Chinese lacquer for the chair
With Dutch blue for the table,
Just dash them on with tête en l'air
And never mind the label;
With French gray, Nile and Turkey red
Deck out the battle stations—
Then burn your clothes and turn your head
And page the League of Nations.

GILEAN DOUGLAS

Mr. Churchill's Residence: Story of No. 10 Is Story of the Empire

By ARTHUR NETTLETON

WITH the exception of Buckingham Palace, no home in the United Kingdom has a greater claim to distinction than No. 10 Downing Street, London, the house that is popularly (though not quite accurately) looked upon as the official residence of British Prime Ministers. Older than the King's present home in the Metropolis, "Number Ten" has a wealth of romantic associations attached to it, and though efforts have been made from time to time to provide a bigger and more attractive house for Britain's leading statesman, historic tradition has always torpedoed that suggestion.

Even the opportunities afforded by the post-war reconstruction of London, indeed, seem unlikely to cause the replacement of this historic home.

To visitors, particularly those from overseas, the unpretentious appearance of Downing Street often creates surprise. Comparisons with the United States White House and Canada's Rideau Hall, for example, tend to show up No. 10 in an unfavorable light. Yet Mr. Churchill's residence, despite its humble facade and seeming crampiness, has an interior more spacious and prepossessing than outside appearances suggest.

Contrary to a common belief, too, each successive Prime Minister need not necessarily reside there. Some have declined to do so.

Both Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne preferred to live elsewhere during their term of office, and even the famous Mr. Gladstone had no particular liking for Downing Street. He went to the length of lending it to his private secretary.

It was, in fact, just such a refusal that gave the house its present status. Built in Cromwellian times by Sir George Downing, political adventurer, No. 10 became Crown property when it was forfeited by its Jacobite owner for his participation in the Rebellion of 1715. George II then offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, Britain's first Prime Minister.

Walpole, however, politely declined the offer, but agreed that the residence be used as the official home

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Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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of the First Lord of the Treasury. It is by reason of that office, an office for many years combined with the Premiership, that British Prime Ministers in turn have since been offered the opportunity to reside there.

If circumstances arose to necessitate that the posts of Premier and First Lord of the Treasury be occupied by different statesmen, then No. 10 Downing Street could be legally claimed by the latter as his residence during his term of office. It is the same combination of the two offices that enables successive Premiers to draw a salary of £10,000 a year, this sum accompanying the Treasury post and the Premiership being actually an unpaid office.

Of Cromwell's Time

The house occupied today by Mr. Winston Churchill is, together with the adjoining Number Eleven, the sole surviving building of the Downing Street residences built in Cromwellian times. All the others were demolished when the other nearby offices for Government business were built or extended.

Nos. 10 and 11 (the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer) are in several ways closely connected —metaphorically and in actuality. They share the same garden, and it is not generally known that anyone entitled to do so can walk right through both residences, emerging finally into the Treasury Chambers which face on to Whitehall.

The interior of No. 10 is as surprising as the exterior—not by reason of drabness, but because it presents a striking contrast. Here in the Premier's residence there is a dual atmosphere, a combination of a home and a business establishment, though the two sections are kept largely separate.

In the basement are kitchens and a laundry, both with monster fireplaces from the days when barons of beef were roasted over the fires and the State Dining-room was the scene of great feasts. In the present more abstemious days, the dinner-parties held there are spartan by comparison, and the dining-room itself, though termed a State apartment, is by no means resplendently furnished.

Many visitors have been astonished by the simplicity of this room, almost the only decorative features being the oak panelling and coved ceiling. The Reception-room nearby is even more severely plain.

Little Luxury

Historically, the most important room in the house is the apartment where Cabinet Meetings are held. This is probably the most important room in the whole of the British Empire, for round the long, beize-covered table have been made the most momentous decisions in the Empire's recent history.

Here again there is little luxury. As befits a room where such vital decisions are made, the keynote is efficiency, coupled nevertheless with as much comfort as seems befitting. Well-stocked bookshelves line the walls, and among the few details of relief are a small number of pictures. A portrait of Francis Bacon hangs over the fireplace, and the table bears a leather-backed pad of notepaper for each member of the Cabinet, as well as writing-racks with other supplies, and a number of glass ink-stands.

The light-colored walls increase the sense of spaciousness, though the room is not as big as first appearances suggest. It measures 40 by 20 feet. The business conducted here is so vital that every precaution has to be taken to ensure secrecy, and to this end there are double windows and double doors. During Cabinet Meetings, the Ministers are locked in, and a guard is posted outside. The only direct contact which the Ministers have with the outside world at these times is by means of a telephone on the table near the Prime Minister.

Today, the domestic section of the house is well-appointed with labor-saving devices, but until 30 years ago no bathrooms existed in the residence. Minor improvements are continually being made, for each succeeding Prime Minister discovers some way of adding to the amenities. It was the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, who suggested that a collection of reference books be placed in the Cabinet Room.

A big and very welcome improvement would be some means of enabling more natural light to reach the interior of the apartments. Many of them are so dark that the electric lights have always to be used, but no method of overcoming this difficulty, other than by completely rebuilding the house, has yet been found.

In addition to his salary as First Lord of the Treasury, the official occupant of No. 10 receives £200 a year for the maintenance of the house—or rather, to cover *part* of the expenses, for that sum does not cover them fully, even though no rent or rates are paid.

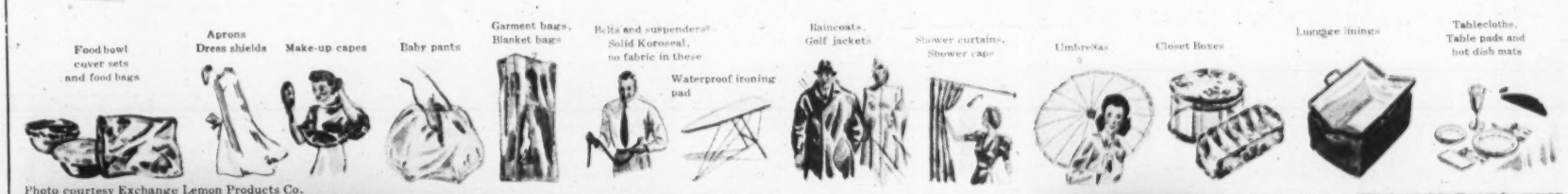
Only a few Prime Ministers have sincerely regretted having to leave No. 10, but among them was Lord North, who instinctively used to wander to Downing Street long after he had relinquished the Premiership. The younger Pitt, too, considered this house an ideal home, and was genuinely ill-at-ease for that reason even when he went on holiday.

If a new house were built for the Prime Ministers of Britain, it would probably be erected on the same site, or in the same vicinity—not only for convenience, but because Downing Street as a whole has long been associated with figures who have left their imprint on history.

Distinguished Resident

The street stands on what were once the precincts of Whitehall Palace, the old royal residence. After their erection by Sir George Downing, some of the houses were occupied by distinguished people, including Boswell, biographer of Dr. Johnson, and Tobias Smollett, who eventually gained fame as a novelist, but who tried to turn Downing Street into something of a Harley Street — London's present-day centre of medical specialists. Smollett set up as a surgeon in Downing Street, but his practice failed.

It may well be said that the story of No. 10 is the story of the British Empire, and it is assuredly true that the decisions made in the Cabinet Room during the last few years have been as decisive as any resolutions ever made in world history. During Mr. Churchill's Premiership, the house has attained a status it never reached in the past.



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Koroseal film or Koroseal-coated paper is waterproof and greaseproof, light and flexible — so commercial houses plan to use it after the war for wrapping foods, even making heat-sealed bags to carry soups, "canned" vegetables, oil. Koroseal-coated wallpaper that even little Junior can't spot is another development that seems certain.

The articles in the small drawings at the top of the page are typical of the pre-war uses of Koroseal. They will all be back when war needs are met, plus dozens of new things that war applications have discovered. *The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company of Canada Limited (Koroseal Division), Kitchener, Ontario.*

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

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S20

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CONCERNING FOOD

The Soup Kettle and the Field of International Cookery

By JANET MARCH

A GOOD many people have been speculating about whether French fashions, after a blank of four years, will again rule the world. With prices where they are it is quite certain that most of us will not be stepping into original models with miles of hand rolled hems, but are more likely to be easing ourselves into a Montreal rayon crepe copy stitched by machine. For a good many people discussions of new clothes are purely academic exercises, for the only members of the family who don't shine at the elbow and seat are the junior ones who had to have something new or go naked altogether.

Where France stands gastronomically today no one has disclosed. We get intimate dispatches about General Montgomery's old brown sweater which the nuns hung onto for four years for him; but the food the French are most often reported to be eating seems to consist of gum and K rations. No one has interviewed the Poulard family of omelette fame who were said to make the finest omelettes in the world and to have a battery of pans of all sizes for the purpose. I think they lived near Mont St. Michel, that story-book place with its rock, cathedral and treacherous quicksands.

Rebecca West writing of France in Harper's Bazaar this summer mentioned their cooking skill. "The only difference was that the French cook employed her time in the kitchen making something good to eat, whereas the English cook would pass hours in mopping and mowing before she started on another of her losing battles with the brussels sprouts and the American cook would hurry over rubbing the fat into the flour for her apple pie and then dash somewhere in an automobile."

One of the classic French dishes was *pot au feu*—I mean one of the classic simple country dishes not so often found in the great hotels and restaurants where *cordon bleus* reigned in the kitchens. Such soup as the French made is for the most part the product of long and careful simmering and flavoring with fresh herbs. Nowadays we cooks like to boil things up fast and go on our way.

SAD TRUTH

I'VE found that the bustler
Is seldom a hustler.

Gilean Douglas.

The canned soup manufacturers have helped us out of our soup difficulties magnificently, nor do we stop at using their soups for soup alone for they make a fine base for many a sauce which would otherwise take too much time to bother with. Nowadays though, the army or someone is eating some of the nicest varieties and sometimes the choice on the grocery shelves is a bit limited, so that women who have never made soup before, and who now find the weather getting a little cold to substitute tomato juice, are turning into soup makers.

Here are a few recipes for vegetable soups which do not take too long to make. Though they may not be up to the long simmered French product, they stack up pretty well in the field of international cookery which mercifully seems to be reopening again.

Vegetable Soup

1 onion
2 carrots
1 parsnip
1 green pepper
1 potato
¼ pound of salt pork
2 stalks of celery
2 cups of water
3 cups of milk
½ teaspoon of black pepper
1 teaspoon of salt
Chopped parsley
1 tablespoon of flour mixed to a paste in 2 tablespoons of cold water

Sauté the pork cut up in small squares and put the pieces to keep warm. Fry the onion, sliced in the fat left after cooking the pork, then add the potato, parsnip, carrots, pepper and celery stalks all cut up in dice. Pour on the two cups of water and boil gently till the vegetables are cooked. When they are done add the milk and seasonings and stir in the flour and water to thicken the soup slightly. Bring to the boil, sprinkle with the chopped parsley and serve.

Potato Soup

4 potatoes
2 celery stalks
1 onion
2 tablespoons of butter
1½ tablespoons of flour
2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
3 teaspoons of salt
Black pepper to taste
6 cupfuls of water

Peel the potatoes and cut them in small cubes. Chop the celery and put the potatoes and celery to cook in the six cups of water with the salt and pepper. Melt the butter and cook the onion sliced till it is brown, then stir in the flour and pour on a little of the water in which the potato and celery are cooking. Stir till the mixture thickens, then pour back along with the pieces of onion in it into the first mixture. Stir well, add the parsley and cook about ten minutes before serving.

Cauliflower Soup

1 cauliflower
1 medium onion
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
1½ cups of milk
1 teaspoon of salt
¼ teaspoon of pepper
Mace
Cayenne

Boil the cauliflower and add the onion sliced and the bay leaf and cook till the cauliflower is tender. Then drain and chop up the cauliflower, taking out any hard pieces of stalk. Melt the butter and sauté the onion sliced. Stir in the flour and add 2 cups of water in which the cauliflower cooked and 1½ cups of milk. Bring to the boil and add the small pieces of cauliflower and salt and pepper. Sprinkle each dishful with a little mace and cayenne.

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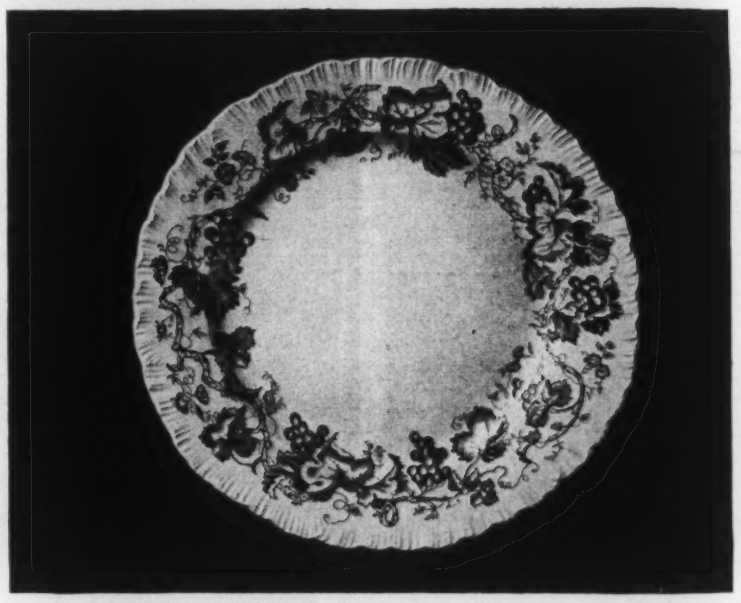

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Post-Summer Summaries of Those Soul Trying Cottage Days

By FREDERIC MANNING

BY NOW I expect most people have returned from their summer cottages and, after a few weeks, will be rested enough to talk as if they had enjoyed the experience.

Putting together remarks dropped here and there, and lending an ear to friends who came right out in the open and said what they thought about summer cottages, I have compiled a list of a few of the things guests suffer from.

I am sure hostesses have done some suffering too, but I have always been on the receiving end myself, never a proprietor.

The commonest complaint is the lack of conveniences to work with. It's great fun for a few days to just gypsy along but after a few weeks, or even a few days of steady rain—.

The oil lamps that have to be cleaned and re-fueled every day always have blackened chimneys that defy one's most assiduous efforts with newspaper and cloths. I am told that tissue paper is the thing to use and works like magic. It may be so, but what cottage has a sufficient supply these days? Also for those reading-in-bed-addicts what hazards lamps on shaky tables are! You no doubt know those summer cottage bed-side tables—something delicate in split bamboo—with four legs of different lengths.

There is water to be carried up from the lake, the pump in the kitchen not having worked for years. This always happens in cottages situated on a high rock with a wonderful view, and at least thirty insecure steps above water level.

Fanciful Plumbing

How many have encountered the sink in the kitchen in which water must not be emptied? The drain undermines the foundations, or some such thing, so every drop must be emptied out of doors, and not too near the house. When washing dishes, or even myself, I like lots of water and don't mind slopping about, but with a hovering hostess to remind me that another drop spilled will likely bring the walls down, well, I'm not at my best.

Nor is there enough water to slosh about, as a rule. Usually everyone forgets to put a kettle-full on the stove when the wood fire is blazing away at meal time and the stove is so crowded there isn't room for a tea-cup more, let alone a tea-kettle. By the time someone thinks of the dish water the fire is out and, the rain having set in, the kindling is wet. It's one way of putting in a rainy afternoon.

I can never understand why people who have meals at civilized hours in town, feel they must have dinner at noon at their cottage, leaving everyone inert for the afternoon. I want to be out in the sun (if any) and water (if warm) at that time of day. In the evening when the mosquitos make being out-of-doors a fancy hell, I would rather eat leisurely and spend the evening clearing up, even by an oil lamp with smoked chimney.

At that, the mid-day diners are to be preferred to the families who think it fun to all have dinner at five o'clock with the children. By nine-thirty everyone feels they have put in an extra day.

Those who want to moon-gaze will not agree with my evening dinner plea. I'm not in my first youth and have no desire to spend the evening in a cramped position in a canoe, paddling up the pathway to the moon. A damp mist usually rises from the water and affects my asthma so that the other occupants of the canoe think we have brought along a horse with the heaves.

No, I'd rather lie in bed and do my moon-gazing through a screened window.

And So to Bed

And speaking of beds—as who doesn't after doing a term in a summer cottage?—how many times I have risen in the night, investigating the bed springs by flash-light, sure that they had come apart, ripped the mattress to shreds and started on me. After tearing off all the bedclothes I have usually found the springs intact. What happens after I replace the paper-thin mattress and bedding, I can't fathom.

Then there are the cottagers who love to lie in bed and hear the rain beating on the roof. It's all right if it stays there or runs down on the outside. Too many times I have spent the night under a cosy rubber sheet or with kitchen pans balancing precariously on my middle. One false move and it makes standing up all night a pleasure.

It may be that some of you have stayed with those indefatigable people who are never content to stay put but want to go on picnics and cook out. They always know a divine little lake that only means three portages of a mile each, carrying canoes, food, blankets and cushions, with coffee pot and frying pans banging away at all one's unprotected parts.

Invariably the rain and mosquitos arrive while the meal is being cooked and by the time everyone is back in the cottage again, and not on speaking terms, the moon is out and so is the liquor. Even Quebec's allowance is insufficient under such circumstances.

Well, I suppose in a few months cottagers will have forgotten all this and be dreaming about next summer.

They can count me out of their plans for roughing it and I can think of several people who will be delighted to do just that.

My idea of a summer camp is one with a bathtub with running water, conveyed through a pipe, electric stove, electric ice-box, electric lights, maid service, a good cook—not plain, —and a man of all work.

Oh, I know what you are going to say, but I don't see why I shouldn't dream through the winter months too.

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ROASTED IN CANADA

NO BUTTER NEEDED INSIDE OR OUTSIDE

MAGIC CHEESE BISCUITS

1½ cups flour
⅔ cup milk
¼ tspn. salt
1 tbspn. shortening
6 tbspns. grated cheese
2 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
(When half-baked, place square of cheese on top of biscuits for extra flavor)

Sift dry ingredients together; cut in shortening. Mix in cheese lightly; add milk slowly. Roll out on floured board to ½-inch thick; cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12.

MAGIC INSURES BAKING SUCCESS

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Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice is a delicious, healthful drink for budding outfielders, because, in addition to valuable minerals, it contains vitamins A and C that help to keep eyesight keen and encourage normal growth.

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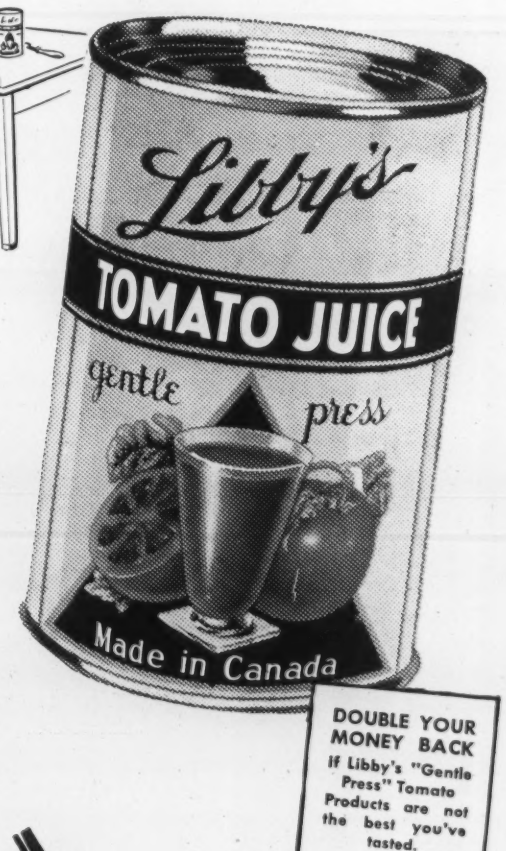

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Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Catchup, Chili Sauce and Soup are equally good—try them.

TOMATO 'BURGERS

¾ lb. ground steak
1 tablespoon minced onion
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 can Libby's Tomato Soup

Form meat, onion, pepper and salt into flat patties and broil. Place each patty on bun or round of toast. Heat soup and pour over all. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

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Libby's "GENTLE PRESS" TOMATO PRODUCTS

All for Fifty Cents: the Future as Viewed Darkly by Mr. Card

By MARTHA ALLEN

KAY and I had decided that we would do "something for the girls"; something to while away a lonely Saturday evening. After all, this decadent and manless era is full of lonely evenings. So, as our patriotic duty, we contacted Mr. Card, a fortune-teller from a neighboring town.

"He's marvellous, Martha," declared Kay. "Why he knew right away that Jane and I are sisters!"

Personally, I had always thought that Kay and Jane bore a strong sisterly resemblance, but I made no comment. Saturday night arrived.

At a quarter to eight Mr. Card arrived. He was a tall man with shining black hair and queer blue eyes which didn't focus too well. That and a suggestion of the hop-vine, convinced me that he had had a couple of beers.

"You be first, Martha," suggested Kay, after I had met the gentleman. "By the time you're finished the others will be here."

Mr. Card and I obediently retired to the kitchen.

Mr. Card shuffled the deck, using the "water-fall" technique which I have always envied, not being able to shuffle cards myself without spilling them all over the floor. He then instructed me to cut the deck three times toward him, and he began to turn up those in the first pile. There was a short silence, then "Do you know Ethel?" he said, loudly and suddenly, so that I jumped.

"No-o-o," I returned uncertainly. There was another silence during which I wondered if Mr. Card really had a glass eye. Then, "Do you know Grace?"

"No." Positively. He wasn't going to catch me that time!

"Do you know Margaret?"

"Yes." I did, too.

"She is a nurse."

"No."

"There is a nurse here, with glasses. She is unhappy in love and is going to leave her husband."

Now, Margaret isn't a nurse and she hasn't a husband, so I thought he might possibly mean my Aunt Florence. However, I couldn't see her leaving my kindly uncle, though he undoubtedly has his faults.

"Don't Travel North"

"Come, come, Martha," I said to myself. "You aren't going to be impressed, remember."

Mr. Card was into the second pile by this time.

"You have had an operation," he announced, as one having authority.

"Right," I replied.

"An appendix operation—on your right side!" triumphantly. After having made this astounding statement of fact he gained in confidence. "Beware of your right side," he muttered in an Inner Sanctum tone of voice.

That piece of advice seemed to me just a little tricky to follow. I couldn't very well cut off my right side and cast it from me. In the teaching profession you need a complete physique. But before I could ask for suggestions, Mr. Card was off on another tack.

"Do you know Bill?" spoke The Voice through my musings.

"Yes!" Of course I knew Bill. Had known him all my life. A darn good egg, Bill. Honest as the day is long!

"Beware of Bill. He's deceiving you!"

There went my last illusion, and Mr. Card proceeded to unveil the mysteries hidden in the third pile of pasteboard.

"You are a very lucky person," he said. He was really warming up at last. "You have an interesting career before you. You are going to cross water and marry a man named Jim who has a scar on his right hand. You will not be very happy. You have a sister who will marry shortly, but I won't tell you anything more about that. The circumstances of her marriage will be very unhappy."

Lucky — interesting career — man with scar — unhappy marriage — unhappy marriage of sister. I was sorting over this unorthodox recipe for good luck and happiness when he spoke again.

"You are going to move to a place beginning with S, and surrounded by flowers. But don't travel north. It will be very unsafe for you."

That was a shock. As I live in the southern extremity of this fair dominion most of the year, it will mean spending my holidays in Syracuse or Sandusky. The idea of being surrounded by flowers had a lovely tropical suggestion, though. There wasn't much time to consider these new possibilities, since Mr. Card was drawing the session to a close.

"Have you a question which you would like to ask me?" he said.

I thought that I had better not inquire about his eye, whether true or false, so I murmured, blushing, "Can you tell me about Bruce? Has he lost all interest? Shall I ever see him again?"

"Forget him!" quoth Mr. Card inexorably. "You mean nothing to him now. There was a missing letter —a piece of correspondence—in your life. But it's too late to do anything about it. There is another man in your life at present but he is also losing interest. Your career is very lucky," he added consolingly.

Assorted Pasts

By this time I felt like a supplicant in the reception room of John B. Anthony's office. I must have looked disillusioned, for when Mr. Card spoke again he sounded rather anxious, I thought.

"Have I been right in my reading of your past?" he asked.

"Ye-e-s," I returned uncertainly, not being wishful to hurt his feelings.

"I foretold the downfall of the Kaiser in 1914," he stated defensively.

We seemed to be getting away from the subject under discussion, namely me, so I rose from the table, leaving fifty cents beside him. I must say that my Forbes ancestry rebelled a bit, too. By this time our guests had arrived and were waiting impatiently in the living-room.

During the next two hours Mr. Card revealed the assorted pasts and futures of my friends, while I drowned my sorrows in conversation. As each one returned from the kitchen, we compared notes. Vera was astounded when he told her that she had been born in Quebec as, oddly enough, she had! Nellie was to meet the One and Only next fall, and wasn't to let him slip through her fingers. Bernice was delighted when Mr. Card told her that the baby had musical talent as she had been saving pennies all year to buy a piano.

And I am to have a lucky life and an interesting career as long as I don't move north, irritate my right side, or marry a man named Jim! It doesn't look promising. I don't think I have much faith in Mr. Card's prophecies. They tell me, though, that there is a colored woman in Windsor who is absolutely marvellous! Not that I believe in fortune-telling, mind you.

THE DRESSING TABLE

The Perfect Guest Knows Deft Art of Exchanging Courtesies

By ANN SHALER

A HOSTESS is a nice person—or else she wouldn't spend so much time and trouble in entertaining. So, of course she won't demand an I.O.U. for her hospitality in the same breath in which she says goodbye. We know, however, that tradition demands that her guests pay her back in some way.

Shall it be tit-for-tat payment, as stereotyped as meeting a due bill on a due date—an even-Steven swap? Or shall we make it a genuine corollary to hospitality?

The least exacting hostess has a right to watch for the postman. And the most casual of guests really should put appreciation in writing. There is no doubt that the old-fashioned bread-and-butter letter is worth as many points per line as butter is a pound. But from most of us the note signed and sealed is but a prelude.

Some very nice people have a way of by-passing the real spirit of reciprocation by shopping, having their present gift-wrapped, and that-is-that! Oddly, but adequately, this bald barter seems to salve their social conscience. To others, reciprocation is an emotion rather than a transaction. To these—the elect among guests—it does not commence after the week end is over but begins in the very act of accepting another's hospitality. There is no more subtle or more telling way to repay a hostess than by being from start to finish a perfect guest.

Those of us who have a scanty endowment of social charm should remember that seeming to "belong," being "no trouble at all," adding a driftwood sparkle to the home fires is often much more acceptable than a store-bought tribute. But most of us cannot let it rest there. We must, we feel, do something in return. But what?

The size, shape, time and place of reciprocation depends upon you—what kind of a person you are, what kind of a set-up you have and the extent of your bank balance. Some of the things which seem the biggest returns for hospitality to others are the very things which cost you only thoughtfulness.

Helping with the housework, sharing your ration points—or even walking the dog—these are as good as store-bought gifts to a busy homemaker.

When we are invited into a circle non-concentric with our own, we begin to ponder on doing our part. Sometimes it takes real ingenuity to return hospitality. What could be more of a natural than the way one city couple we know has adopted? They make a long visit every year to a bachelor friend in the country. In return he stays with them whenever he is in town over-night during the winter. This does not involve him into sharing the evening with them or even coming in at a reasonable hour. He has a key; he keeps his kit in the guest room between trips.

For the career girl who counts so much on the hospitality of her married friends, there are many ways of reciprocation over and above the obvious hostess gift. Taking a toddler on lend-lease for the week end in town may not be the best relaxation after a business week; but it's an obvious, though often neglected, way to say thanks.

It is not our intention to de-value the hostess gift *per se*. That is a delightful and useful institution and gracious, too, when in scale with the household for which it is intended and within the sender's exchequer. A visit in the lap of luxury is better acknowledged by a thoughtful and really personal trifle than by a much-more-than-you-can-afford gadget. Anything that you really believe your host or hostess will like and use. For there are a thousand ways of saying thank you with a gift that is neither as large as a bribe nor as small as a tip.

Reciprocation, like a good drive down the fairway, involves timing.

LETTER FROM A LADY ON A VISIT TO NEW YORK

"Lipstick for that fresh, moist, dewy look"

Give your lips a smooth, flattering gleam with Dorothy Gray Lipstick. Creamy-moist in texture, it helps soften dry lips . . . lends a look of rounded fullness to a thin, pinched mouth. And Dorothy Gray Lipstick *stays* on . . . it's indelible as can be! Try the brilliant new fall shade. *Fashion Red* . . . so fashion-right for *any* costume color! Six other new and exciting shades to choose from, each $1.15.

Here's a mouth make-up trick that, strangely enough, few women know

Is your lower lip too full? Try Dorothy Gray *Red Letter Red* Lipstick to accent the curve of your upper lip, and *Headline Red* Lipstick (a lighter shade) on your lower lip. Works wonders!

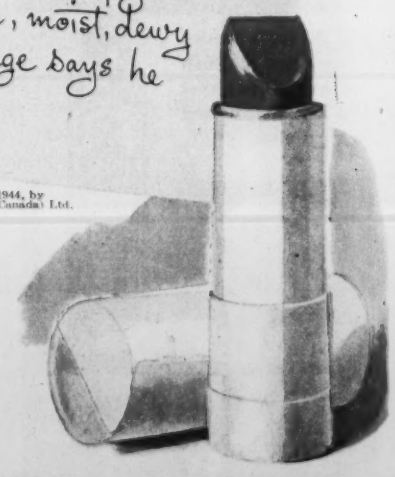
Monday

Dear Martha—

Still doing the town. Last night George and I dined in the cutest place—El Borracho—with a ceiling full of lip-prints of New York's glamour girls.

And speaking of lips—pucker up yours, darling—Because I sent you a new lipstick—like the one I'm using now—Dorothy Gray Fashion Red.

I'm mad about Dorothy Gray lipsticks. You'll be too. They're creamier—glossier—none of that drying, caking, withering effect about them. They give your lips that young, fresh, moist, dewy sort of sexy look that George says he



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FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SALON OF

Dorothy Gray

AND AT THE BEST TOILET-GOODS COUNTERS

THE OTHER PAGE

In Peacetime, of Course, Italy Is a Very Charming Country

By A. J. ELLIOTT

IT'S easy to understand why people like to spend the winter in Italy. In peacetime it must be a charming country. The nights are very cold, especially for sleeping out, but the sun comes up bravely and by midmorning it is almost uncomfortably hot. That of course is on days when it isn't raining. When it rains it rains for days on end, and the depth and consistency of the mud that results is shocking.

Calendulas grow wild here like weeds. They seem to seed themselves for they are puny little button-sized blooms, like they are at home when they come up of themselves the second or third year. Narcissus also grow wild. I've seen the odd one in bloom in the last olive orchard we lived in.

Most of the houses are unheated. When the weather is very cold they put charcoal in a brass pan and get it glowing. Then everybody sits around it and warms their toes. Sometimes they have a thing like a coffee table with little holes bored in the top, that fits over the brazier and they can put their sewing and teacups and stuff on top of it, and keep their fingers warm as well. You very very rarely see a radiator, even in the most opulent houses, and then only one or two.

The plumbing is very flimsy, when there is any, and is always breaking down. The electric wiring is ridiculously poor and power for whole towns is off as often as it is on. All the houses are built of stone, with arched ceilings, also of stone, so there is no fire hazard at all—and also no rats. It is very rarely that you see wood used in construction, even for ceiling beams, as stone arches make it unnecessary. And only once in a long while do you see a fireplace.

The kitchen stoves are surprising. They are oblong, and built of tile with round holes for the big copper pots, and very small fireboxes. They are heated with twigs and are used almost entirely for boiling. Roasting and baking are done in the community oven, not at home.

The houses are all big, particularly in the country, but inasmuch as the ground floor is the stable and cellar, even a big house will only have four rooms in it. In the town, the very poor live on the ground floor along with their animals, and go out in high narrow two-wheeled carts every morning to work in the surrounding fields. The better classes live on the second floor and their apartments all have tall French doors opening onto beautiful wrought iron balconies.

I can't make up my mind whether the people are clean or dirty. They seem very casual about personal hygiene and the sheets are filthy. But wherever you look, there is washing hung out to dry and what few glimpses one gets of the insides of houses, even those of the very poor, show them to be scrupulously clean.

Where we use wood in interiors, for floors, baseboards, etc., they use marble or tiles and some of the designs are beautiful. The novelty of such things probably makes them seem attractive to us, but they make the houses colder than tombs.

APPARENTLY the whole southern part of Italy is considered a somewhat backward, hillbilly kind of country, and all culture is concentrated in the north, except for that of the great land-owners. Although the people have a flair for pretentious architecture and charming gardens, it seems to be a traditional thing. That is, all houses new or old are beautifully proportioned and handsome in a somewhat flamboyant way. But no attempt is made to incorporate such modern amenities as electricity and plumbing into them. They are extras. All wiring and all piping is exposed. As far as I can see, very little of any consequence has been produced under the Fascists. A very *art moderne* youth centre in every town, and a sports field with a monumental gateway. That's about all.

Italians don't like to live in the country, preferring to hive up in tight stinking overcrowded little cities. These are always built on the top of steep hillsides so that my heart is in my mouth all the way up and all the way down. The hairpin turns, with a drop of what seems at least a mile, are terrific and looking over the balconies into the valley below makes you dizzy. Seen from a distance, these little white hill cities, with the domes and towers of their churches and castles rising above the other buildings, are so beautiful they take your breath away. When you get into them they are invariably squalid, filthy and stinking. They all smell the same, a smell rugged enough to make your eyes water, because generations of people have used the streets instead of waterclosets. The streets are all paved with big uneven blocks of stone, and when it rains they get cleaned up—a bit, and for a while.

The hillsides are terraced right up to the cliff edge and beans and green vegetables are grown under the olive and fig trees. Olive trees do not shed their leaves in the winter but fig trees do, and look shamefully naked as a result. I wonder if that has anything to do with the fig leaf motif in art. It's as good a guess as any.

Grape vines are trained in different ways in different localities. At one place where we were stationed they were trained from trunk to trunk of poplar trees about twelve to fourteen feet up in the air. But here they are trained along bamboo poles about three or four feet high. The bamboo grows along the river.

The counry is very mountainous, with razorback ridges and deep narrow valleys. In the middle of the country some of the mountain peaks are very high and covered with snow, but they slope down on the east and west to something of a plain along the seacoast, although the plain is often only relative in comparison to the height above the sea, with little harbors at the mouths of the valleys.

In furniture, marble-topped rococo like that table of mamma's is the kind of thing affected by the well-to-do. That or the gas pipe type of modern furniture. The furniture of the poor consists of bentwood chairs like those in cheap restaurants, and ordinary tables, with probably a flimsy bric-a-brac cabinet or wardrobe and a bed. The beds are iron and may be imitation mahogany in phoney empire style or just ordinary ornate old-fashioned iron beds.

Well, that's the country. The women are very handsome though somewhat bedraggled looking. They are very erect, possibly because they carry everything on their heads. They wear a little cloth covered crown arrangement about six inches across and an inch high that I suppose is cushioned, and the basket or jug or what have you rests on that. They never put up their hands to steady their load and if two women are walking along talking, the movements of their heads sometimes make the baskets revolve like pin wheels. They have beautifully shaped legs and ankles and although most of them are very dark, blondes are not uncommon. All of them wear earrings. In fact, all the women wear a certain amount of jewellery but it is all junk jewellery as there are no precious metals allowed for sale without a permit from the government in each case. This is rigidly enforced and even includes glassware with silver ornamentation.

THE men wear great black cloaks with black fur collars. These are worn with one end tossed over the shoulder and look as if they are very warm. The men are not as handsome as the women and when they do slick themselves up they look like small time gigolos. Every evening in every town the men polish their hair and put on their best clothes and walk arm in arm up and down the middle of the main street. If men and women are walking together in a group, they walk single file and you often see ten and twelve of them in a row walking down the highway.

The stone of which churches and other big buildings are made is very soft, so they soon take on a look of antiquity. As they get very little attention they always look moth-eaten and ready to tumble down. There are no forests, and very few trees any place except the olives and figs. Occasionally there are avenues of beeches lining the roads and sometimes very handsome pines and cedars near houses. The cemeteries, which look like little walled cities outside each town, all have cypresses in them. In the parks and squares of the towns, they often have palm trees.

Now you know what the country is like. The guns go all the time and there is no contact between the soldiers and the civilian population. Living here is very dull but fortunately the days pass quickly, probably because the novelty hasn't yet worn off it.

Feeling dull? Ideas not popping?
Hanging on till time for stopping?
Lots of work — no pep to do it?
Brain feel like a pound of suet?
Don't glare at the lagging clock so,
Get yourself some good hot OXO.
With that inside you — "Where's my pen?"
You'll tear at work like five-to-ten.

Autumn Aspect

Take a golden Autumn day . . . music soft and solemn . . . candles and chrysanthemums . . . and a Bride looking like a rare and lovely portrait in a gown such as this . . . and you have a ceremony very near perfection. Our sketch, in ivory satin, the low decolletage, the back panel framed in a frill of fine pleating . . . typical of the wedding dresses available at EATON'S.

EATON'S

Britain's Trade Future Is in Labor's Hands

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The war has seen a great change in the position of labor in Britain. Instead of being supplicants the workers have become the judges, and the future of wage levels is mainly in their hands.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Layton says, it is essential that labor appreciate its new position and its responsibility towards economic order. Britain can't hope for future trade with wages at wartime levels. If labor doesn't recognize this it can wreck postwar recovery.

London.

IN SEPTEMBER 1944 automobile workers in the great Austin plant in Birmingham went on strike. This strike was of much greater importance than anyone cared to attribute to it at the time, for its reference was to the postwar. The workers said that they struck because they were asked to make a motor engine model for peacetime uses, and because a downward adjustment of wage rates was involved.

In a matter of such importance we can allow ourselves the privilege of talking realistically. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the question whether the production was for war or peace influenced the workers in any particular, except that it provided a convenience for their justification of their action. If we are to consider postwar problems with any success we must in the first place eliminate the motive of patriotism from the economic equation.

The miners struck for higher wages at a time of great need for coal, and the engineers and shipyard apprentices did the same. The Government's policy has been to allow wage claims to a point where their justice has been altogether denied by the official cost-of-living index (and, it should be said, by the more liberal independent statistics) simply because the need was to get the tools of war and it was understood that if wages were not allowed to rise with great freedom there would be difficulty in getting the production. The Austin workers struck because of the adjustment in wage rates.

Was this, then, a sign of things to come? Wage rates now in British industry are, in the main, substantially higher than could be economically supported by industry after the war. The country has needed all possible production to ensure its survival, and the Government—the great buyer—has been willing to pay any price, even up to the price of inflation.

Revert to Competition

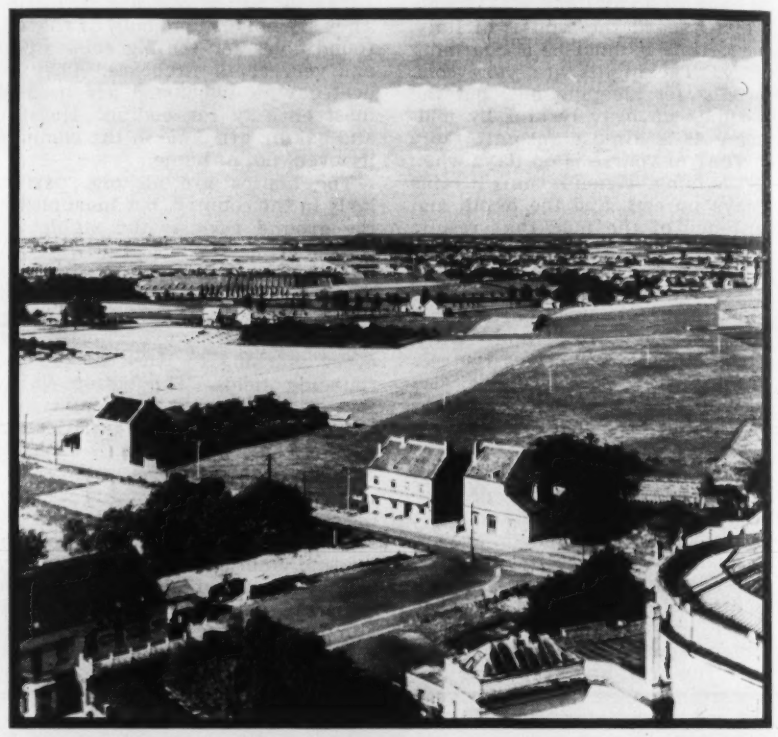
But after the war, things will revert to the old order. Goods will be sold in competition, and they will only sell if they are of the right kind and quality and the right price. As matters stand, it is plain beyond any doubt that the continuation of wartime wage rates would impede trade recovery greatly. But if the Austin affair was any indication the workers, with or without their unions, will not accept the adjustment, and Britain's trade prospects will be clouded with the fog of stupidities with which we are already becoming accustomed.

"If high wages could be paid in war, why can they not in peace?" That is the slogan, and it is of inestimable danger.

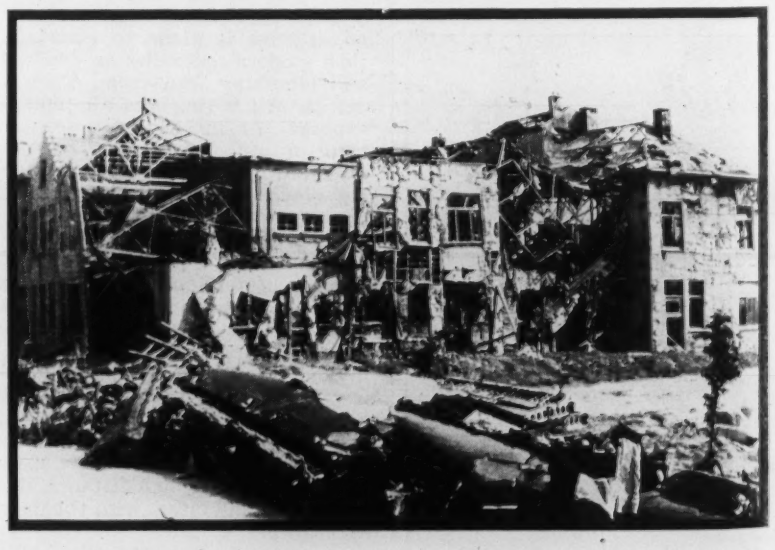
This is self-evidently true, if unpalatable. What follows from it is that the workers should become more consciously a part of the total of the economic set-up, and accept the responsibilities that go with their vastly increased power. That they have a power altogether in excess of any-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Sharp Eyes Are Needed to Detect Nazi Camouflage



To the casual glance the flat Belgian countryside appears untouched by the war which is raging through it; and especially is this the impression one gets from a bird's eye view like the above. It was taken from the top of the Lion of Waterloo conical monument, which commemorates Wellington's victory over Napoleon in 1815. War's ravages are more apparent in the close-up shot below. But this building deserved the pasting it got from Allied guns, for it was a freight shed on a railway siding in Belgium, along which supplies for the Luftwaffe came in and salvaged aircraft parts were shipped out. The Germans cleverly altered its contours so that the building resembled a railway hotel. Remodelling was carried out by stringing chicken-wire over a rough frame, coating with plaster and painting the shell. Artillery fire quickly penetrated the disguise for the new skin moulted and showed the real thing underneath. Camouflage of this type is fairly common . . .



. . . as these thirsty Canadian airmen soon discovered. For the bistro below was not only dry—it wasn't a beerhall at all. The phony cafe front formed one wall of a cleverly camouflaged hangar on a once-German air base in Belgium. Walls and windows of the hangar can be seen inside.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Menace of Collectivism

By P. M. RICHARDS

IN THIS big matter of socialism for Canada, it seems to me that our political party divisions don't apply—that the real issue is between the moderates and extremists, and not between CCFers, Liberals and Progressive Conservatives as such. In the extremist camp belong those capitalists and socialists who want either a completely free economy with virtually no taxes on business and no wage controls and no restrictions on profit-making, or else the abolition of the profit system and the operation or else control of the whole productive and distributive system by the state. While one group stands for reaction and the other for revolution, both oppose the present system of progress by evolution, the system which holds the best prospects for the peaceful, orderly and prosperous development of the nation's human and material resources.

Personally, I'm convinced that both extremist groups are wrong—that the big issue is not state socialism versus the private profit system, but how to preserve a satisfactory measure of individual freedom and incentive in a society that is necessarily becoming more collectivist. I believe that this is the problem for which we should all be seeking a solution—that our individual and collective interests really place us all on the same side.

There's no need for the socialists to work at advancing socialism—we've got a good deal of it already and we're going to have more; the real need is to keep it from going too far and making us its slaves. Is liberty only the concern of a few? The upholders of individualism, too, are doing harm to their cause by decrying all attempts to promote the common good by collective action; the needs and perils of life in today's world make some collectivism inevitable. The fact is that no group, no nation, can live unto itself today—we are all too close together now, too dependent on others for the maintenance and advancement of our own welfare, much too vulnerable. This is a new world, and its people must learn to live and work and advance together—if they would not suffer and perish separately. The 100-per-cent individualists are clinging to something that is already dead.

Russians Didn't Invent It

Collectivism is not something that was invented by Russian communists. The process of collectivization has been going on a long time. It's thousands of years since men first learned that they could benefit by banding together to perform some tasks collectively instead of individually and by owning some property in common. Governments, municipalities, social service organizations and business corporations are forms of collectivism. In the field of "private enterprise" itself, the process of collectivization has been advanced by the development of big corporations through the amalgamation and absorption of small units, and by mass production and assembly line methods. This gives rise to rather serious problems. These corporations are directed from the top down; the employees, instead of working and deciding for themselves, are tiny parts of big machines. They do not feel they are any the more "individuals" because the machine is owned and managed by private capital rather than by the state. And the advancement of technology makes the industrial system increasingly collectivist. We see "horizontal" and "vertical" combinations of industries in which the human units play parts that are ever smaller individually in relation to the whole, parts which are more and more specialized and which offer, or seem to offer, correspondingly less scope for the exercise of individual initiative. The enlargement of industrial collectivism naturally leads to the advance of social and political collectivism. Collectivism on this scale turns easily into totalitarianism. And totalitarianism, most of us believe, is not good. It necessarily means regimentation and loss of personal freedom; it can mean submission to dictatorship.

Different Kinds of Collectivism

It may be said that industrial collectivism of the "big business" kind is fundamentally different from 100-per-cent state collectivism in that our individual workers are free to give up or change their employment, and that the consumers of the industry's products, and not the management of the industry, are the determinators of what and how much shall be produced. But this is true only to a degree. The more of the field that is occupied by the big, integrated industry, and the smaller the number of competing concerns in that field, the less chance has the individual worker of placing himself satisfactorily elsewhere. And with the reduction of industrial competition, the more likelihood is there of restriction of the consumers' choice of products.

Undoubtedly the trend today is toward the growth of collectivism. This should mean larger productivity and a wider sharing of wealth. But it almost certainly means, too, more regimentation of the individual, as a citizen, as a worker and as a consumer. The citizen becomes less an individual and more a unit in a planned economy, in the planning of which he himself may have no share. The growth of collectivism seems to mean, inevitably, the decline of democracy. It certainly means the ending of the economic system under which the world, and particularly this continent, has made such progress. If we are not very careful, collectivism can lead us into a social-economic system very much like Germany's under Hitler.

I repeat that our urgent need is to find the means of preserving personal liberty in a world necessarily becoming more and more collectivist, and that this should be the concern of us all.

(*Continued from Page* 42)

thing they have known before is plain enough.

There has been in Britain, during the past five years, a profound shift of the balance of economic power. The workers are no longer supplicants; they are the judges. This power has enormous potentiality for evil if it is wielded ignorantly, without sense of responsibility, and the fact that the workers themselves are mostly unaware of the extent of the accretion to their strength posits a special danger. They continue to live in the old world of idealism, supposing themselves constantly defensive against an antagonistic and more powerful management, when in fact theirs is the power. It is almost as though a prisoner were suddenly freed, but knew it not, and, imagining still the bars before him, acted with all the bitter intention that was appropriate when the bars actually existed.

Politicians are normally slow to understand such evolutions, and it is doubtful whether Westminster even now appreciates its impotence to act against the assertion of the old aims with all their new strength by the workers.

Politics vs. Economics

The Government was not politically stupid when it refused to put a ceiling on wages, though it was economically stupid. It knew that the only pulling power that would drag the load sufficiently swiftly and smoothly and sufficiently long was the attraction of high wages. If it felt unable to resist the claim in wartime, how much less will it be able to resist in peace, when the emergency powers will have gone, and the self-determination of the people is again the very basis of the social organism? Therefore, we must look to the workers themselves, who are now the dominating—and by far the most dominating—section.

How shall they be made to understand the necessity for exercising their power to demand the maintenance of wartime wage rates with due reserve? There is only one answer, and the disappointing thing is that so far no one has proposed it. It is, simply, that the workers must be told of the power they have to make or wreck British postwar recovery. They must be acquainted with their responsibility. Only that way shall Britain prevent the renaissance of the old challenge of workers against management.

This is the broad principle. In effect, it must mean also a reassertion of the power of the trade unions to compel obedience. Power must have responsibility and discipline. It appears from this that Britain has entered a new era in worker-management relationships, and this is perhaps the deepest truth of the war in this context. From it proceed grave dangers, from ignorance or irresponsibility. But from it also proceeds a great prospect of a new Britain, wherein a new awareness on the part of workers and management directs the full employment of research and science so that the individual productivity of the worker is multiplied. That way lies the possibility of still higher wages, and in no other way.

FREDERICK JOHNSON, newly appointed president of The Bell Telephone Company of Canada. He succeeds Charles F. Sise, president since 1925, who has reached the retirement age of 70, and who continues as chairman of the board. Mr. Johnson has been vice-president in charge of accounts and finance since 1935. These changes are effective November 1.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Much Food for Thought in the Mining Commission's Report

By JOHN M. GRANT

ISSUANCE of the final report of the Royal Ontario Mining Commission, following lengthy study, after many hearings in Toronto and throughout the mining areas, promises to give the Ontario legislature, which alone has the power to put them into effect, considerable food for thought, containing as it does significant recommendations in connection with the financing of mining developments in the province. A cursory perusal of the suggested changes, some of which are quite sweeping, indicates that many of them will be well received on the part of the public interested in the development of the natural resources of the province.

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Outstanding in the suggested changes is the desire for drafting of a new Securities Act. A three-man commission is recommended to operate through a Registrar appointed by the commission, the personnel to consist of one member skilled in the law, another in matters pertaining to dealings in securities, and a third versed in the requirements and conditions of the mining industry, including the financing of its development in Ontario. However, the curbing of the powers of the Securities Commission will not be welcomed if it should tend to dampen the ardor of the public who provide much of the funds for initial mine financing, because if this support is lacking the development of the province's mineral resources would be largely dependent on the established mining companies.

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Important recommendations made by the commission headed by N. C. Urquhart, include the abolishment of long distance phone calls and telegraph messages, the release of escrowed stock and other corrective measures destined to control sale of mining securities. The present Act is found confusing and current legislation is stated to have failed to prevent fraud and the report adds that the Board of Review appears to be unnecessary, in fact, under the present Act financing of new mine development is believed to have been seriously retarded.

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Under the proposed Act much dependence will be placed on the registration of all companies, syndicates (except the $10,000 prospecting syndicate), partnerships, brokers, salesmen or others who make a business of selling or offering securities for sale to the public. The idea, as far as humanly possible, appears to be to make sure of the integrity of each applicant for registration.

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To prevent the use of "fronts" to cover identity and activities of persons engaged in the sale of securities the commission would refuse applications from those proposing to use a trading name other than their own. In connection with the $10,000 syndicate it is recommended that full disclosure be made to purchasers of such syndicate units before sale should be made. With certain exceptions selling of syndicate securities, the report claims, should be limited to members of the syndicate who qualify as bonafide prospectors and who do not make a business of selling securities to tne public. Privileges extended to the prospector in such a syndicate has in the past apparently been much abused.

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One point brought out in the report which emphasizes that mining ranks only second to agriculture among primary industries in its economic importance to the people of this province, is the need for a full-time Minister of Mines. This will be generally concurred in, as well as any action which would stimulate prospecting activity.

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Other significant changes include refusal of access to shareholders' registers by persons presumably for the purpose of copying names for the building of "sucker" lists, registration of so-called investment counsel, direct appeal to the courts and abolition of the present Board of Review, as well as full disclosure of facts and delivery of a prospectus to all purchasers of new or "primary issue" securities. In connection with the removal of power on the part of the Securities Commission to escrow shares in any newly organized companies the release of shares at present escrowed is recommended after six months' notice to permit private agreements by interested parties.

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Shares of Louvicourt Goldfield Corp. have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company, incorporated with a Quebec charter last April, is capitalized at

(*Continued on Page* 48)

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ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY THEY WANT WASTE PAPER, TOM!
WELL IT'S LIKE THIS...
AT THE FRONT
...AMMUNITION COMES IN CARTONS...
CANADA
...AND SO DOES FOOD...
...AND BLOOD PLASMA. AND ALL THESE CARTONS ARE MADE OF WASTE PAPER, SO...
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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

A Lengthening of the War?

BY HARUSPEX

THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR STOCK MARKET TREND: New York stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH OR SHORT TERM TREND is to be classed as downward from the late July 1944 high points of 150.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 42.53 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Throughout the past year and a half any development tending to indicate an early ending to the European war has served as a depressant on share prices, whereas events suggesting a lengthening of the war have proved a buoyant force. The logic behind this action lies in the fact that, economically speaking, we are in a war boom. So long as war lasts the government is maintaining production and, hence, earnings on a high scale. With termination of war, this huge outflow of cash will end and deflationary forces will be substituted. Over the past two or three weeks, in the above connection, there has been witnessed a swing in public sentiment toward a lengthening of the war period and stocks have acted in the usual manner. Concensus of military, as opposed to political and public, thinking continues to place the war's end in November, but operations of the next week or two should furnish positive clues one way or the other.

Following the decline of early September, when the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages moved decisively under their early August support points, thereby signalling the short term trend as downward, the market has rallied moderately into the present week. So far, this recovering movement, alluded to above, accompanied by mild volumes, has not exceeded the technical rebound limits normally to be expected in the wake of the preceding setback. Pending technical evidence to the contrary, such as would be furnished should both the rail and industrial averages move decisively above their July peaks, the question can be seriously raised as to whether the recent short term down-turn does not also inaugurate, or represent, the first stages of a primary or longer term downturn.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

L.G.B., Ladysmith, B.C. — I look upon the prospects for JASON MINES as rather interesting. While its property in the Patricia district is closed down due to the shortage of labor, the reopening will not lack for ore or finances, and as well there are good chances for locating more ore. Officially it is reported there is 45,888 tons of positive ore with a gross value of $738,152, also possible ore totalling 40,800 tons having a gross value of $698,496. At the time operations were suspended values were consistently higher on the third level than on the second. The No. 1 vein has been traced for several hundred feet to the north with its extention southward indicated by diamond drilling. At the end of 1943, the company had current assets of over $155,000. As regards the Twin "J" Mines, in which Jason is a large shareholder, the future depends on the markets obtainable for the base metal concentrates produced. The property has been shut down following cancellation of contracts with the Dominion Government.

R.B.K., Dundas, Ont. — The situation is that the extra dividend of $1 a share declared on the common stock of CANADIAN FOREIGN INVESTMENT CORP., to be paid Nov. 15, will bring total dividends for the year 1944 to a new peak of $3 per share, including the regular quarterly dividend of 50c per share for the final three months not yet declared. This compares with a total of $2.50 per share paid for 1943, $2 per share for 1942, $1.90 for 1941 and $1.40 per share for 1940 and 1939. The company had earnings equivalent to $2.72 per share common for the year ended Dec. 31, 1943, a new peak in history, and comparing with $2.03 per share reported for 1942 and at the annual meeting held in June, 1944, shareholders were told that operations in the current year were continuing on a satisfactory basis and peak operations shown in 1943 were being maintained. On April 1, 1944, the small balance of the 8% cumulative preferred stock still outstanding was retired, leaving the 73,416 shares of no par common stock as the company's sole capital obligation.

A.C.W., Toronto, Ont.—Yes, if purchased for a hold, I think the long-term possibilities for BEATTIE GOLD MINES are promising, however, I am no more able to hazard a guess as to what the shares will be worth a year after the conclusion of the war than I am when the war ends. The status of a mine can quickly change as exploration and development proceeds. Production was resumed in December at 600 tons daily against a normal rate of 1,800 tons but the manpower situation has made it impossible to even maintain this tonnage, hence, milling operations have been discontinued for a period of six months. All efforts are now being concentrated on development and rehabilitation and it is expected this will then permit handling a tonnage of 1,500 tons daily. Through its acquisition of the Donchester and Dumico properties, Beattie has a length of nearly three miles of favorable porphyry formation west of its main workings. The Donchester claims are shaping up in an important manner and show a grade of ore much higher than on the original property. The vein is narrow compared with usual Beattie widths, but the grade more than compensates for this and it should provide a much needed sweetener for the large tonnage of low grade ore which pre-

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DIVIDEND NO. 231

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) in Canadian funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1944 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Wednesday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1944. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. Wedd,
General Manager

Toronto 22nd September 1944

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October, 1944.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of November to Shareholders of record of the 2nd day of October, 1944.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of November to Shareholders of record of the 16th day of October, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

Montreal, September 25, 1944. C. B. ROBINSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that The Eagle Fire Company of New York has received from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C.979 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Water Damage Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire insurance of the Company, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

E. M. WHITLEY,
Chief Agent for Canada

Toronto, August 8th, 1944.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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McCALLUM HILL BLDG. . . . . REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING . . . . SASKATOON, SASK.

viously provided the Beattie output. On the sixth level on the Donchester property diamond drilling disclosed a main zone of good values for a continuous distance of 2,300 feet. The average width is around seven feet with the grade better than $10. Good values were also secured from another 1,600 feet but drilling was widely spaced. Development work is now to be increased on the fourth, fifth and sixth levels in the Donchester orebody. The likelihood of dividends would appear to be at least a couple of years away. The financial position as of Sept. 1, 1944, showed an indebtedness of over $500,000 and it is estimated that in addition close to $600,000 will be needed to carry out the proposed program. The company is assured the necessary funds will be available.

E.C.H., Brandon, Man.—I do not see that you have any reason for concern. The facts are that net income of ECONOMIC INVESTMENT TRUST LTD. for the five months ended August 31, 1944, the first five months of the company's current fiscal year, amounted to $42,000, compared with approximately $51,600 for the corresponding period of 1943. The value of securities at August 31, 1944, based on market quotations was approximately $3,075,000, or about $52 per share. The trust paid a dividend of 62½ cents per share the first of October, covering the first six months, and it is stated officially that directors will await the results of the full year before declaring the final dividend for the current fiscal year. Net income for the year ended March 31, 1944, after all charges including taxes of $90,378, was equal to $2.26 per share and an increase from $79,552 and $1.99 a share for the previous year and the best reported by the Trust since 1931. Dividends aggregating $2 per share were paid for the 1943-1944 year, 62½ cents for the first six months and a final dividend for the year of $1.37½ a share.

H.L.G., Sutton, Ont.—Personally I favor the retention of KIRKLAND LAKE GOLD shares. While the milling rate is now down to about 115 tons daily a return to the normal rate of around 400 tons should not be long delayed as soon as the labor supply is again normal. All available manpower has been recently concentrated on preparing for development at greater depths. In the Southwest section of the mine from the 44th to the 54th level there have been important ore disclosures. Results on the new zone on the 5,450-foot level are said to be about as good as any other horizon and as J. B. Tyrrell, president, points out the question arises whether these veins may not be the upward extension of a deeper set of veins, or deeper ore bearing zone in the camp. In any case, a new internal shaft is to be sunk in the west part of the mine to serve the ore zone which has responded so favorably to development in recent years. The first sinking stage will be to the 5,450-foot level, but later on it is proposed to go to 5,800 feet. The main part of the westerly ore zone has only been partially mined between 3,700 and 4,900-foot levels and not at all between 4,900 and 5,450-foot levels. Drives from the main workings have already reached the area where the new shaft will go down on the 4,900 and 5,450-foot levels.

B. C. R., Galt, Ont.—Yes, SIMPSONS LTD. has been steadily reducing the arrears of dividends on its 6½ per cent preferred. The latest move in this direction was the recent declaration of another special dividend of $2 per share in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of $1.62½ per share, payable Nov. 1, 1944, to shareholders of record September 30. This marks the fourth such payment for the current year, so that shareholders will receive a total of $14.50 in dividends made up of the regular $6.50 per share plus $8 in special dividends. In 1943 in addition to the regular dividends, two payments on arrears were made, $2 on June 15 and $3 on Dec. 15, making total dividends paid in that year $11.50 per share. The result is that arrears will be reduced to only $9.62½ per share at Nov. 1, 1944 as compared with $22.62½ per share two years ago. In addition to this cutting down of preferred dividend arrears, the company has in the current year refunded its funded debt at a substantial savings in interest charges.

E.C.T., Brandon, Man. — While MASCOT MALARTIC MINES has locational interest and has been favorably reported upon by engineers, the shares are nevertheless speculative. The property is located between Malartic Gold Fields on the southeast and East Malartic Mines on the southwest. Indications of sulphide - bearing associated with basic diorite have already been located. The company recently arranged a drilling contract for a minimum of 5,000 feet, which exploration will indicate the possibilities held by the property.

A.G.C., Kenora, Ont.—The upturn in the price of O'BRIEN GOLD MINES shares followed the disclosure of a rich high grade pocket of ore on the 2,625-foot level and expectation that further spectacular values might be opened up. Attainment of a price of $4.50 established a new six-year high, however, since then the stock has reacted sharply due to the lack of further ore news of importance in drifting on the new deep levels. Scarcity of labor is hampering development work, and opening up of the four new levels has little more than nicely commenced.

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SAT. OCT. 14th to SAT. OCT. 21st
FIRST RACE 2 P.M. SATURDAYS
2.30 WEEK DAYS
ADMISSION (Including Gov't. Tax) $1.20
CHILDREN UNDER SIXTEEN NOT ADMITTED
"One of the Orpen Race Tracks"

Dominion Tar & Chemical Co. Ltd.

PRODUCTS manufactured and processed by Dominion Tar & Chemical Company Limited should be in good demand in the postwar years. The company in recent years has greatly diversified its products to include materials in use in a wide range of industries and other enterprises. These products include materials for the building, construction and electrical trades, tar and by-products, special oils, acids, ingredients for the manufacture of resins, varnishes and other products, etc. Operations include the creosoting of railway ties, poles and timber, and the recovery of salt for household and general purposes. The company's financial position and the position of the common stock have been improved by a substantial reduction in funded debt and retirement of preferred stock of subsidiaries. No dividends have as yet been paid on the common stock, but retained earnings are sufficient to permit distributions when Directors feel warranted in declaring dividends on the junior security.

Net profit for 1943 of $776,029 was equal to $1.32 per share, including 26c per share refundable tax, and that for 1942 of $770,778 equal to $1.28 a share, including 23c a share refundable tax. Earnings for both years were well above the net profit of $503,696 and 56c a share reported for 1938. Surplus of $902,606 at December 31, 1943, was below that of $1,055,736 at the end of 1938, with the decrease due to substantial write-offs for goodwill, bond discount and expense, and appropriation for annuity plan. In the period goodwill was written down from $3,696,087 to $600,000.

Although funded debt was reduced by $1,000,000 1938-1943, net working capital of $2,839,653 at the end of 1943 was close to the level of $2,955,788 at the end of 1938. Since the close of the last fiscal year the company has refunded the old bonds outstanding in an amount of $3,560,000 at December 31, 1943) with a new issue of $3,250,000 carrying a lower rate of interest to effect a saving in annual interest charges. Cash of $852,949 and investments in marketable securities of $1,020,000 at December 31, 1943, included in total current assets of $4,951,414, compared with total current liabilities of $2,111,761.

The outstanding capital at December 31, 1943, consisted of $5,035,000 of 5½% cumulative preferred stock of $100 par value and 373,884 common shares of no par value. The preferred stock is callable in whole or in part on 60 days notice at 110. Under a plan approved in 1937 the cumulative dividend rate on the preferred stock was reduced from 6½% to 5½% annually and dividend arrears of $30.87½ a share settled. Preferred shareholders under this plan received 2 common shares for each preferred share held. Dividends are paid to date on the preferred. No dividends have been paid to date on the common stock.

Dominion Tar & Chemical Company Limited (present company) was incorporated with a Dominion charter in 1929, when control was acquired from a British group. The company has been in continuous operation for more than 30 years and operates a number of plants for the production, manufacturing and processing of a wide range of products. These products include tar and by-products, wood preserving and other oils, acids, cresol, roofing and building materials, synthetic resins, chemicals, fibre conduits, etc. Dominion Salt Company and Industrial Minerals Limited, two subsidiaries, are engaged in the recovery and refining of salt.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Low
1943	10	6	$1.32-a	7.6	4.5
1942	6½	3	1.28-a	5.1	2.4
1941	6	3⅜	0.94	6.4	3.6
1940	8½	3	0.77	11.0	3.1
1939	7⅞	3¼	0.90	8.8	3.6
1938	10	4½	0.56	17.9	8.0
Average 1938-1943				8.5	4.0
Approximate Current Average				8.3	

a—Includes 26c. per share 1943 and 23c. a share 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profit	$ 776,029-x	$ 770,778-x	$ 643,320	$ 587,241	$ 629,594	$ 503,696
Surplus	902,606	834,646	1,153,171	1,159,588	1,111,899	1,055,736
Current Assets	4,951,414	5,601,040	4,706,015	4,030,023	3,893,954	3,572,949
Current Liabilities	2,111,761	3,000,230	2,303,892	1,611,672	937,389	617,161
Net Working Capital	2,839,653	2,603,810	2,402,123	2,418,351	2,956,565	2,955,788
Cash	852,949	606,850	439,331	302,634	524,105	695,087
Marketable Securities	1,020,000	900,000	—	1,611	43,040	57,004
Funded Debt	3,560,000	3,760,000	3,960,000	4,160,000	4,360,000	4,560,000

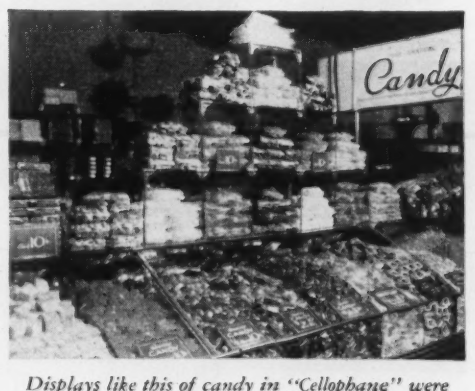
x—Includes $99,055 refundable tax 1943 and $86,500 1942.

Take a tip from Janus

When you think about packaging—especially post-war packaging—it's well, like Janus, to look backwards as well as forwards. For instance, in these days when the availability of "Cellophane" cellulose film for civilian use is sharply restricted, it's useful to recall the profoundly important role which this film played in successful merchandising before the war.

Do you remember when a wide variety of cakes, buns and cookies were packaged in gleaming "Cellophane", when the visibility and sanitation of this protective wrap was available on all kinds of baked goods?

Small wonder that these goods had a wide consumer acceptance. Detailed investigation has shown that *88 per cent* of Canadian housewives like their baked goods in "Cellophane". The reasons for this preference were varied. 47% mentioned *freshness;* 35% *sanitation;* 13% *visibility.* But the important point is that housewives are looking forward to the day when more baked goods will be available in "Cellophane"—a point which all grocers should keep in mind.



Displays like this of candy in "Cellophane" were a feature of pre war marketing.

A "Cellophane" wrap on baked goods ensures freshness, sanitation and visibility

Our market study also revealed a strong preference for a "Cellophane" wrap on candy. Over 83% of Canadian housewives want this wrap on the candy they buy—over half of them based this preference on the sanitation afforded by the hygienic "Cellophane" package.

These facts demonstrate what's going on in the minds of your customers . . . they emphasize the point that *now* is the time to remember the pre-war importance of "Cellophane" in sales promotion—and to make your post-war plans accordingly. "Cellophane" Division, Canadian Industries Limited, P.O. Box 10, Montreal 2, Que.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES C·I·L LIMITED

ABOUT INSURANCE

Task of Private Enterprise is to Meet All Requirements for Cover

By GEORGE GILBERT

One of the facts about insurance as a private enterprise which the public should not overlook is that it is not operated as government bureaus are operated but by highly competitive units each striving to win patronage by providing improved coverage at lower cost.

Another fact is that it does not add to the heavy tax burden already carried by the people, as government social insurance schemes do, but shares the burden by the taxes it pays. At present its job is to so extend its service and protection that there will be no valid reason for government intervention in the field it now occupies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the substantial increase in volume in recent years of the various forms of insurance protection provided by those engaged in insurance undertakings of one kind or another as a means of livelihood—whether in stock, mutual, reciprocal, fraternal, profit or non-profit organizations—the fact remains that they have not so far been able to come anywhere near doing the whole job required to be done, which is the furnishing of such protection to all who need it.

Until that has been accomplished, it is not likely to be admitted by the public generally that these private enterprise organizations, profit and non-profit, can and are adequately serving the needs of the people for protection, and that there is accordingly no need for the government setting up social insurance schemes at the expense of the general taxpayers.

What are the recognized needs of the people, and more particularly those with families, for insurance protection, and what proportion of these wage or salary earning family men are covered under the existing private enterprise systems? It is estimated that there are some forty odd million policies in force in Canada and the United States providing some form of disability coverage, while there are over eleven million subscribers to the various hospitalization plans in operation in the two countries.

What Survey Showed

Attention was recently directed by the president of the Health and Accident Underwriters Conference in his annual address to the results of a survey undertaken by the Curtis Publishing Company. This survey was conducted in cities along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Midwest. Only married men with families were included in this survey.

It was disclosed that 60 per cent of these men did not have any accident insurance and that 77 per cent did not have any sickness insurance. Thus the great proportion of these family wage and salary earners were without personal income protection in any form, while only 23 per cent had accident and sickness coverage, with an additional 17 per cent carrying accident insurance only.

One question asked in the survey, as quoted, was: "Without considering costs or amounts, what kind of insurance, in addition to what you already have, do you think you might need to complete your protection?" It was somewhat surprising to find in the answers that fire insurance on household goods came first, with accident and health insurance a close second. The need for coverage against accident and sickness was thus rated above every other line of coverage except fire insurance on household goods.

There is no question that insurance against loss of earning power through accident and sickness is one of the most important forms of coverage that can be provided to employed people to whom loss of time at work means loss of income. Another fact brought out is that a worker's time is no less valuable if it is lost through sickness which, though totally disabling, is not confining than it is when the worker is necessarily confined to the house. Yet most policies insuring against sickness provide only half the benefit when the insured is not confined to the house although he may still be totally disabled and still be suffering the same salary or wage loss.

Obligation of Private Insurers

This raises the question: Is it not the purpose and obligation of the private enterprise institutions offering this form of insurance protection to furnish indemnity for loss of time through sickness, regardless of the degree of its severity, provided it incapacitates the insured from working and earning his wage or salary?

It is noted that many companies which stress the provision they make of lifetime benefits for confining sickness, yet limit the benefit for total disability through non-confining sickness to a period of two months at a rate of 50 per cent of the full monthly indemnity for confining illness.

Indemnity for loss of working time through accident or illness is regarded as fundamentally more important than any other feature in accident and sickness policies, next in importance being the cash benefits which make provision for hospital, medical and surgical expenses. The question is asked: Why do not the companies provide the coverage needed to take care of the losses as they actually occur, and pay full indemnity for total loss of time through disability, whether confining or non-confining? It is pointed out that if such benefits can be paid for a lifetime, so much the better, but, if not, it is suggested that they should be extended for the maximum period possible consistent with sound underwriting and within the range of reasonable premium cost.

Extension of Cover

Special emphasis is placed on the need for the elimination of non-essential disability coverages and for the broadening of the essential and fundamentally basic coverages and for making them available not only to those now regarded as acceptable risks but to others who are not now regarded as acceptable but who are just as much in need of such coverage.

Reference is made to the fact that present underwriting practices preclude favorable consideration of what are classified as impaired or over-age risks. While it is admitted that it may not be practical for any one company to experiment in the field of impaired and over-age risks, it is contended that it would be practical to provide disability coverage to such persons through a pool of all or a number of the licensed institutions doing business in the country. Although it appears that such a plan has been discussed informally on more than one occasion, it is still classed as one of those old problems which have not as yet been solved because concerted action has not been taken.

In this connection it is pointed out that the hazards of civilian aviation, which at one time no single company would underwrite, have for quite a number of years been successfully and profitably underwritten by a pool of private carriers, with the result that individual companies now operate successfully in this field.

There can be no doubt that the broader and more extensive the coverage made available and sold to the public by private enterprise institutions, the less excuse there will be for the establishment of government health insurance and other social insurance schemes, and for the imposition of the heavy additional burdens upon the general taxpayers which such schemes inevitably involve.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Are any reliable figures available showing the ratio of losses to premiums of the fire insurance companies as a whole over a period of years on different classes of risks? I would like to obtain such information with respect to sawmills, lumber yards and mining properties.

—C. F. K, Ottawa, Ont.

Tables showing the net premiums written in Canada by the fire insurance companies operating under Dominion registry, together with the net losses incurred, and the ratio of net losses to net premiums on various classes of risks are published in the yearly detailed reports of the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance. The loss ratio on sawmills for the five years, 1937 to 1941 inclusive, the latest years for which this information is available, was as follows: 1937, 40.27 per cent; 1938, 37.01 per cent; 1939, 129.28 per cent; 1940, 39.93 per cent; 1941, 34.29 per cent, the average for the five years being 55.54 per cent. The loss ratio on lumber yards during the same period was: 1937, 20.88 per cent; 1938, 22.15 per cent; 1939, 25.00 per cent; 1940, 24.14 per cent; 1941, 35.31 per cent, the average for the five years being 25.82 per cent. On mining risks the loss ratio was: 1937, 79.52; 1938, 20.13 per cent; 1939, 26.62 per cent; 1940, 29.92 per cent; 1941, 17.03 per cent, the average for the five years being 35.08 per cent.

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NOTICE

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

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Economic Errors Can Breed Another Mess

By G. A. WOODHOUSE

There is nothing reassuring so far, says Mr. Layton, in the Allied handling of economic problems in liberated Europe. In Italy and France inflation is a curse which hasn't been relieved under Allied control. If this lack of economic foresight continues, he foresees the time when the thirst for the blood of the war guilty will overreach into serious mistakes when settling-up with Germany.

London

UNTIL recently it was the fashion to say that the United Nations had given plenty of thought to the economics of European liberation, but little to the politics of this supremely political matter. Now that the *de facto* liberation of France has been achieved, it appears that the political difficulties were exaggerated in most prediction. The people of France have not recreated the psychology of the Revolution; there is only a limited call for heads, and even among the French themselves there have been voices raised in anger against the custom of shaving the heads of the women who gave comfort to the Germans in and out of bed.

Nor is there as yet any sign of the rivalries between the various underground movements which had been expertly feared as a major problem for the future. It may be true that trouble is still possible as the great surging movement that had the common call "Vive la France" becomes cooled and solidified into its natural and various political patterns. But there is no symptom of it.

First in Urgency

On the other hand, the economic question has not been simplified. There is no lack of evidence that, for all the thought given to them, the economic difficulties are likely to bulk larger than the competence of present arrangements to deal with them.

The great problem falls into two general parts. The first concerns the allocation and distribution of commodities. The second concerns the basic resuscitation of productive activity in industry, commerce, and agriculture.

The former is self-evidently first in urgency. It is the great problem whose major reflection is in inflation. In Italy, prices have risen substantially since the invasion, and black markets, so far from disappearing, have been extended. The sociologist may argue that the root of the trouble is the lack of a sense of responsibility on the part of the Italian people, and this is plainly true. But it was the job of the United Nations to introduce an economic control that would prevent irresponsibility from manifesting itself, and this they have failed to do.

Inflation is the curse, too, of all the rest of Europe, whether under the Nazis or freed from them. In Greece it has reached fantastic heights, with the drachma a tiny fraction of its pre-war value, and here, and in the Balkans generally, the means of decent life are to be found adequately only in the black market.

In France it seems that the curious limitations put by the United Nations upon their economic operations are similarly out of all proportion to the need. To combat inflation, once it has really got a hold, much more is required than merely to fix "just" exchange rates or to adopt the soup-kitchen method of relief. Nothing less than the total economic control of the countries will do, and the scale and intensity of its doing must have for its model the British, whose economic regimentation has been the most complete of the United Nations, with the possible exception of Russia.

But, of course, France and Italy and the Balkans are only one part of the story. There is all Europe, and there is Germany. On the question of Germany, which is a crucial question, it is very difficult to see the economic wood for the politico-military trees.

Majority opinion among the United Nations is simply incapable of viewing the German post-armistice economic problem apart from the wide environment of German war guilt, the need to punish, the urgency of righting wrong, the desirability of reparations, and all the other paraphernalia of the typical punitive peace treaty. In fact, the things are distinct.

It is one thing to want to punish Germany and not to care how much suffering she has, and quite another to want to encourage inflation and economic collapse. The former is a proposition designed solely to affect the Reich; the encouragement of inflation in Germany cannot but encourage inflation and economic disequilibrium elsewhere.

Therefore, it seems reasonable to argue that the United Nations must conceive the economic problem of liberation as a problem for all Europe, and one that requires Continent-wide planning to solve. Have the plans in fact been laid on so wide a basis?

No Evidence

There is no evidence to suggest that they have. UNRRA, with its indefinite terms of reference, is not briefed for the job, while if it is intended that the native Governments of the liberated countries must be left to deal with their own problems in their own way then the entire principle of the one-ness of the problem is negated.

The same considerations apply to the secondary stage of economic rehabilitation, the development of resources. Here again the prime necessity is to see the problem as a whole, to examine the European economic potential and decide a Continental method for its full realization.

If only we would see it, here is a basic answer to the sponsors of German dismemberment and economic castration. Again, the two things are distinct. It is one thing to want to prevent the Germans from starting up another war. It is quite another to atrophy the major limb of European heavy industry

Nor are these economic matters alone. War is a hybrid, produced from political, economical and social disorders as well as from psychological distemper. If the economic side is less than adequately and intelligently dealt with, then the foundations of another war will be laid.

E. B. WILKINS

who has been appointed Vice-President and General Manager of Addison Industries Ltd., Toronto, which will manufacture Norge Household Appliances when victory permits the termination of its war contracts. For the past two years, Mr. Wilkins was assistant to the president of Wartime Shipbuilding Ltd., a Crown company which supervises construction of all cargo and naval vessels built in Canada. Previously he was Canadian manager of Frigidaire Division of General Motors, and chairman of the Refrigeration Advisory Committee to the Controller of Supplies, Ottawa.

Sending cigarettes to the boys overseas

Why not follow Joe's example and see that the boys in the firing line have a good supply of "fags"? There's nothing so comforting as a cigarette when the shelling's heavy—ask any old soldier.

Tobacco Companies and Service organizations will cooperate in this friendly gesture, so make it your regular habit to assure that a steady stream of good Canadian smokes will flow to the boys over there.

Contributed by

Dow

BREWERY — MONTREAL

LET'S ALL DO MORE TO WIN THE WAR

D-39

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

3,000,000 shares, of which 1,600,000 are issued, with 1,000,000 in escrow. A group of 10 claims are held in Louvicourt township, Quebec. An active drilling campaign is in progress, with two drills operating. Nineteen holes have been completed to indicate an ore zone 700 feet long and 600 feet wide in which four separate veins have yielded commercial ore sections.

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The broadening of interest in the Red Lake area was referred to in these columns recently and considerable of the renewed attention is to the east of Cochenour Willans where recent developments have been so favorable. Craibbe-Fletcher Gold Mines is diamond drilling its holdings east and south of Cochenour Willans in the hope of encountering extensions of its structure. To the east of Craibbe-Fletcher, Colin Campbell, a pioneer of Red Lake, has formed Campbell Red Lake Mines on which a find has already been reported. In formation said to resemble that on the Cochenour property, visible gold over a width of at least 20 feet is reported. The showing was uncovered in trenching the No. 2 vein, which has been partially opened at intervals for a length of 300 feet. Wilson Red Lake Gold Mines, with 22 claims on East Bay northeast of Cochenour, is preparing for resumption of work, consisting of diamond drilling, geological mapping and other surface work on its property.

•

While the importance of the gold discovery which recently brought about a staking rush in Midlothian and adjoining townships in the Matachewan area, cannot yet be estimated, Dr. J. E. Thomson, of the geological staff of the Ontario Department of Mines, who recently visited the area, states it will undoubtedly stimulate much prospecting and exploration along the belt of favorable rocks. The Roche discovery which is largely responsible for the current interest in the area, according to Mr. Thomson, is located in a zone of green carbonate lying along the contact between rhyolite on the south and conglomerate on the north. The discovery is in an area of green bush with thick underbrush and moss-covered outcrops. It is, therefore, impossible to size up the extent of trend of the carbonate zone at present, he reports. An aerial survey has been made of Midlothian and portions of adjoining townships and next summer the Ontario Department of Mines will carry out a geological survey.

•

Shaft sinking has been recommended by J. P. Norrie, consulting engineer, for Parbec Malartic Gold Mines, formerly Partanen Malartic, and this will be undertaken as soon as present government restrictions are relaxed on underground work. In the meantime a contract has been let for an additional 2,500 feet of diamond drilling in sections not previously thoroughly tested. Several gold bearing zones were indicated by previous diamond drilling of close to 40,000 feet. A shaft to a depth of 300 feet is suggested with lateral work at 150 and 300 foot horizons.

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Bralorne Mines, the only British Columbia gold mining company to maintain dividends at the rate established before the war, has announced the regular quarterly dividend of 20 cents per share, and an extra of 10 cents, payable October 14 to shareholders of record September 21. In 1939 Bralorne first paid $1.20, which included bonuses of 40 cents. Sheep Creek Gold Mines will pay three cents per share on the same date. Other dividends just announced include five cents per share by Kerr-Addison, payable October 27, with a like amount expected in December, making 30 cents a share this year against 35 cents in 1943. The third-quarter dividend on the common stock of Howe Sound Company will be 25 cents a share, as compared with 50 cents paid in June, and the previous rate of 75 cents quarterly.

TRUE STORIES OF CANADIAN WAR HEROES

By **GORDON SINCLAIR** *Internationally-famous journalist and author of several best-selling books on war and travel.*

ANNIHILATION AT 300 YARDS

In some of the fastest shooting ever done by naval or tank crews since the beginning of armored warfare, four Canadians shattered five German Panther tanks in one minute on D-Day . . . June 6.

Led by Lieut. Gordon Henry of Montreal, this crew included Archie Chapman, St. Johns, Quebec; Tom Reeves, Toronto; and Lloyd Seaman, Owen Sound.

Under a salvo of long range shells, their squadron splashed ashore two hours after the first Commando assault and moved a mile inland.

At that moment it was touch-and-go on the sands.

If the Nazis attacked with armor now, it was up to Lieut. Henry, and others like him, to cripple that attack. Otherwise, brave Canadian foot soldiers would be killed . . . perhaps pushed into the sea.

And the Nazis did attack!

Hiding in low willows, Henry watched the German Panthers rush forward through the sands.

By radio he quietly told his own gunners, and those in other tanks, to hold their fire. They could have shot, with accuracy, at a mile. Instead, they waited until the Germans were 300 yards away, then shattered the enemy leader with one terrific salvo.

The next salvo blew a tank to pieces, and within one minute of the first red hot shell, six tanks . . . the entire enemy formation . . . had been blown to pieces. Lieut. Henry's crew got five of the six. There were no survivors.

Then Henry and his Panther-killers rumbled forward and got three more Panthers within the next hour.

In one hour and one minute, they stemmed a German charge, knocked out eight Panthers, suffered no loss and consolidated their hold on a small piece of France. And that was just one isolated case of Canadian heroism on D-Day.

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